

Alice Christensen 2.
"IMPROVEMENT OUR MOTTO; PERFECTION OUR AIM"
Newton

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THE YOUNG MECHANIC—*J. T. Harwood.*

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No. 1.

The Wheel of Time.

By Josephine Spencer.

Awarded the First Prize in the New Year's Story Contest.

"Happy New Year," Paul whispered it cynically to himself—that stereotyped phrase, so cruelly unmeaning just now on this special New Year's eve.

Did it mean any more, he asked himself, to all those people voicing it, as they passed smiling on their way? Last year at college it had been fairly vibrant—and now—

If only he had kept his health, it might have been realized; but a man can't do things with his best arm in a sling, and the other propping a crutch. Beastly luck that fall into the ravine—a thing that will power, nor optimism, nor the physical strength which had all spelled pride, action, effort for him could avert. "Thoughts are things" the professor had told them in that last week at college, "and a man can well nigh mould his own life."

Well, what could he do with "faith" now? Ask Margaret to marry him, and trust to "faith" to give her roof, food, and clothes?

The words of the last lecture came back to him though, try as he might to put them down; he found himself repeating them over as a child speaks a piece at school. "Thoughts are things" a man is master of his fate; it depends on what amount of faith he puts into his desire and effort."

"Well," answered Paul to this memorized monitor, "I desire Margaret Elliot: I want her—I want her—I want her—bad!"

"You have never tried for her," whispered new resolution. "It would be something if she would promise to wait for you—till you had time to put your will to a fair test. Ask her."

"It wouldn't be fair to her," said opposing counsel. "It would be making a bid for her charity. You can't do it?"

"Thoughts are things," said back Paul in pitiful defiance; "and I want—Margaret."

James Elliot walked into the room with his confident swing, the one which the big stock market had learned to watch and fear.

"Margaret has told me your—your surprising—ah—errand here tonight. I cannot understand you're making it. Your condition alone—"

"Father," faltered Margaret.

"Has my deepest sympathy," finished her father, silenced more by Paul's own gaze than Margaret's plea. "But it militates against your proposition so forcibly, that I wonder—I may even say, I am astounded."

He paused abruptly. There was something in Paul's presence which even splints nor crutches could efface, something inherently manful, and true.

"My proposition had nothing to do with the present," said Paul, dignified, even, with his limp and bandages; "I had faith enough in my

own future to dare bid for something that means my life's best success."

"Youth is prone to air castles," said Elliot; "I had them myself. I was over forty before I saw the first of them materialize. You might possibly succeed in shorter time than I," (with a superlatively sarcastic accent), "but if you really care for Margaret, you—would not like to tie her up with a pledge for a possible two score years."

"I was counting upon the moral influence of such a pledge to aid my success in shorter time," ventured Paul; "if you knew something of that, too, in your day, perhaps it will help you excuse my presumption tonight."

"The girl I married was poorer, than I," boasted the other. "I raised her from the poverty out of which I took her to this."

He waved his hand about him, while Margaret, her pale face flushing for the first time, slipped out of the room.

Paul, leaning heavily on his crutch, managed with difficulty the descent of the polished stone steps outside the Elliot home.

"Happy New Year," said a familiar voice, from the sidewalk; and then casually, "It looks as if it might snow."

The Arizona plain lay almost as bright in the warm sunshine as if summer's solstice reigned, and shrubs and scant trees along the stream's edge pricked themselves green against the brown earth instead of sere, as they seemed a fortnight ago. A crisp breeze blew in the shadow, however, and Paul Peeves riding into the shade of the bluffs lining the stream's edge, took his coat from the saddle where he had hung it, putting it on as he

swung down to the cool water's edge. There was something in the big reservoir that brought him back to it again and again. It was there the thought had come for his prize idea; and he walked once more across the big cement arch that held the cuddling waters, with something of the appeal of a foster mother.

He remembered the day the thought had come to him—his brain tired, too, with the routine of the book keeping. It was inspiration of course; though it might never have come save for the college years through which he had specialized on his favorite engineering.

It meant much for him, now; though he had waited long, and in a mill of uncongenial drudgery. The men who had listened to his scheme, versed as they were in scientific mechanics, had had nothing but praise for his work. It would revolutionize the old theory of reservoir construction, they told him—if it proved practicable, and only a week was lacking now to its tryout.

It was marvelous to Paul, in the light of his sudden inspiration, that all those experts had not noticed the flaw which had set him thinking. It might have meant serious things in time, when some extra force came to test the faulty levels. It was something to have perceived even that, with his meager training, but in his careless study of it to have hit upon a literal invention—

Well, "thoughts were things" after all. This one meant wealth, prestige, power. The other, that mighty purpose to be well, to redeem his life from helplessness and hopelessness, the absolute blank that faced him that night on the slippery stone steps of the Elliot mansion,—that had become something, too. He already had his health; wealth beckoned in less than

a month's space—open doors, both of them, to the things that made life worth while. Only one thing was missing—Margaret. "Faith" could not make her his. Hope had died out that night of her faltered farewell; it had had burial deep and effective in his news afterward of her marriage.

Life, after all to him, would be something like the big reservoir, as it looked now; with plentitude, power, and sweep on one side, and on the other, a dry gulch, which granite walls heemed from grateful moisture.

Paul swung down the steep steps cut in the cliff, stooping once more to inspect the arch of rock, that had shown him the flaw. Something new came to him, each time almost, like a freshly opened page in a book.

Something new opened now, surely; something that blanced his face and set his hands shaking; something he had foreseen, and predicted, for the years that would come—but not so near.

He skimmed the dizzy stair like a bird, spite of his shaking limbs. Prince, browsing on the scant grass near by, started at his quick fling to the saddle—then leapt high at a touch he had never felt before—the cut of whip and spur.

The little schoolhouse down the valley had emptied itself an hour before, all save the three or four unruly pupils, "kept" for discipline, and the higher uses of learning. Sundry pleas had been made in vain for release; promises to "be good" to "study at home," to "have it all pat for review," had been in vain, "teacher" was adamant; and the half-dozen pupils had settled down to inevitable work, when a sound came that awoke new hope.

"It's thundrin', teacher; we better get home before it pours."

Teacher looked out of the window. "The sky is beautifully clear, Ben. I think we'll risk it."

"You can hear it, yourself," defiantly.

"Yes, she could hear it, a low, rumbling sound that grew as she listened.

"Teacher rose and walked to the door; looked, shrank, looked again, and came back—with strangely pale face.

"You all may put your books away. Ben, go quickly and close the windows. Harry, help him, and—be quick."

A frightened group clung at her skirts. "What is it, teacher, please?"

She did not have time to answer. The mumbly thunder drew near, roared like a thousand combined tempests around them, and then broke, a crashing, howling thing that shook the board structure as a mastiff might a rat, tore it from its base and whirled it like a log down the swirling vale.

The building, a one time spacious barn converted by the exigences of the meager population to its present use, turned half turtle, and in this wise sailed, a huge, unwieldy, porpoise-like thing on its uncertain way.

Midway down the valley it drifted on to a side hill and clung, a topsy-turvy ark on a hidden, uncertain Arrarat.

The water, seeping in at the door and window cracks, crept inch by inch up the plank walls, and the little group huddled on the heaped desks, clung to each other shivering. Teacher had been bravely calm through the sudden peril, and the children, noisily fearful at first, found gradual courage in her example. It emboldened Ben Hedson to say yes, even, when she asked

him if he dare swim out across that deepening pool in the room for the ladder floating at its furthest length.

It was easy getting over there—but once, in trying to get the big poles swung loose from the corner where a rung had caught a hook in the side wall, Ben's head had gone quite out of sight; and with the children screaming, and Teacher calling him quickly to come back, Ben came near giving up.

She made such a hero of him, though, when he reached them with the big ladder pushed stoutly in front, that he was almost glad, after all, that the flood had happened.

The tops of the desks were at least two feet under water by this time, and it took some maneuvering to get the ladder balanced against the wall. Then Sissy Lane came near falling from her perch, and there was more screaming, and—well, if one wants to sense peril in straining form, let him be one of six strung on the rungs of a ladder, with a constantly fed and rising flood creeping nearer and nearer his shrinking feet.

Teacher, of course, was the lowest on the rungs; and it was something to know that she was there to ward off, to the very last,—what might come.

Still, when it swept her feet, they all had to climb till Ben Hedson's yellow curls touched the window-pane on what now was the roof-top. Tillie Stromberg came near fainting, and it took the sharpest talk Teacher had ever made to keep down that impending epidemic of hopeless hysteria.

It began to get dark, too; with half the windows under water what could one expect? Teacher's face, down there in the gloom was like a white mask, and they could only

see her arms now—the rest was a gray, muddy swirl.

There were so many roof tops bobbing about in that spreading sea, that Paul would not have distinguished it but for the crashing glass. It was almost dark, and the cropped head that appeared where the sound came from was hardly big enough to be seen, without some sort of noisy advertising. Paul, with his improvised raft and oars, pushed out to the big brown ark, wavering perilously on its slippery side hill. He managed to press Ben's head inside, till he pried the window open, and then, one by one they emerged, those "kept ins" while the ark settled lower and lower in its deep bed. Water was pouring in at the window when "Teacher" was drawn through, and Paul had time only to notice that the eyes closed heavily, and the pale lips relaxed, as he placed her amidst the huddled group on the raft.

It was when the rest had all scrambled to safety on the sure foothills, that he had time to notice the prone figure.

Laying down his oars, he stooped over her compassionately. "Fainted, poor little woman," he murmured.

The heavy lids suddenly opened, and Paul, staring in the dim light wonderingly breathed a familiar name.

"It is a long and an old story," she told him afterward. "The crash came a year after you went away—in time, fortunately, to save me from a loveless marriage. They had both gone into the scheme—father and he—and both were wrecked. The blow killed father, and the other conditions. I have worked at one thing and another for two years, doing nothing well

enough to get to the best places, because I had had no training for the struggles of life. They have taught me all I know."

Paul from their nook on the veranda looked at the horde of happy, hungry throngs in the long "eating room" improvised by willing hands for a New Year's spread in the desolated vale, bereft by the week old flood of most of its cosy roofs.

"It has all strengthened my be-

lief in an aphorism learned years ago in my college days. I have yearned for you so, always, you see, and since the forces of finance, and nature, and who knows what else, have combined to bring you to me—how can I help but believe that—"

"A Happy New Year, Mr. Paul," said Ben Hedson's voice behind them. "Teacher, a Happy New Year."

Reflections.

By Florence L. Lancaster.

I.

THE LAKE.

Rose-red the Sunset and red-rose the Lake;
Grave parting-glance, and radiance slow withdrawn.
A Benediction's breath the soul to take
Back to life's primal hour of Love's pure Dawn.

II.

THE STREET.

Jewell'd with Lamplight set in silver Rain,
The narrow Street a Magic Mirror gleams;
While I, with home-bound footsteps, plod to gain
A little Room, made large with wid'ning Dreams.

III.

THE RED LAMP.

The crimson Lamp above the surgeon's door
The miry causeway lines with ruby glow,
Thro' sordid depths luring the gaze to lower;—
Symbolic of a city's paths to woe.

IV.

THE RIVER.

A ling'ring glimmer of the day-light's dole
The River renders to November skies:—
But light Promethean shines within my soul,
Since Love did steal the Starlight of thine Eyes!

Eliza Roxie Snow Smith.

By Elen Wallace.

A close study of the circumstances under which any article is written, either prose or poetry, usually reveals it to have been the outcome to some experience that has affected the writer's character. It is an expression or exposition of the feelings of the mind and heart at the time it was written. Given the circumstances under which they were written, and the writings, one can trace the growth and development of the character of the writer.

From these two points of view there is great interest in a study of the life and poems of Eliza Roxie Snow Smith, "Zion's Poetess," as she was named by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

She was of Puritan birth and training. Her parents, Oliver Snow, of Massachusetts, and Rose-etta Leonora Pettibone, of Connecticut, were both of English descent. Eliza, the second child of the family, was born at Becket, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, January 21, 1804. In 1806 the family moved to Mantua, Portage county, Ohio. Here two daughters and three sons were born. By occupation a farmer, Mr. Snow was an educated man, and held positions of public trust in the community. His daughter, Eliza, was his secretary. Very early she began to write. Not wishing to be known she sent her poems to the newspapers under a nom-de-plume. A patriotic poem, "The Fall of Missilonghi (written at the time of the war between Greece and Turkey) was acknowledged to be hers. The people who knew her were surprised at her talent. On July 4th, 1826, two famous

Americans, Thos. Jefferson and John Adams, died. Through the press Miss Snow was requested to write their requiem. Other poems brought her more favorable attention and her reputation as a poet began to spread. The future seemed bright with promise of greater public recognition.

Then came the circumstances that changed the current of her life. Mrs. Snow had been very painstaking in the training of her children. Not only were the daughters of the house instructed in all the arts of housewifery—spinning, sewing, mending, cooking, etc., but a careful religious training was added to their general education. Religion appealed to Eliza. She formed the acquaintance of Alexander Campbell and Sidney Rigdon, of the Campbellite church, and with them studied the scriptures. Early in 1835, the elder daughter of the Snow family, a widow with two children, went to Kirtland, then headquarters of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She met the Prophet Joseph Smith and was convinced of the truth of his mission. Returning to Mantua she told her sister Eliza she had found the truth.

Further investigation resulted in the baptism of Eliza Roxie Snow in April, 1835, and in December of that year she went to Kirtland. For a year she taught a select school for young ladies at Kirtland and boarded at the home of Joseph Smith, the Prophet.

The more she learned of the principles of the Gospel the deeper became her conviction of their truth.

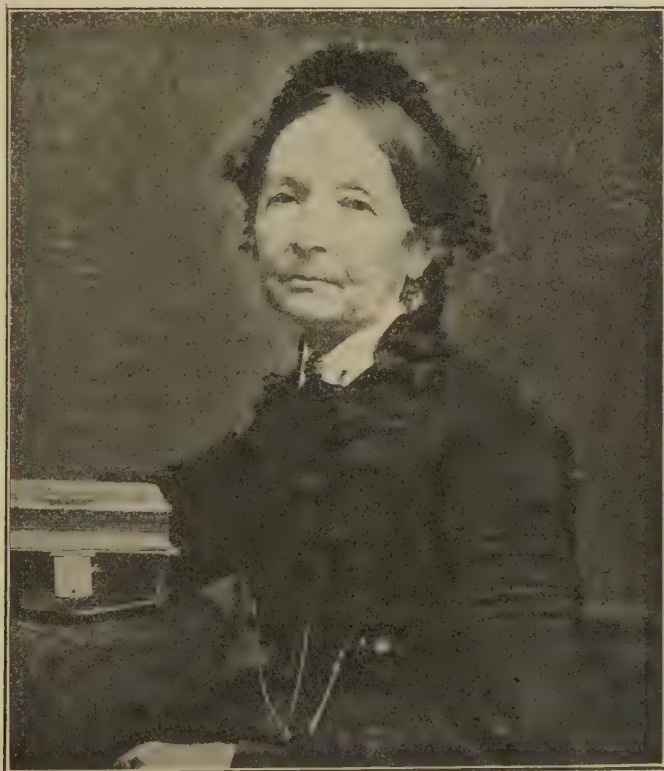
Their perfection appealed to her keen intelligence; their far-reaching power fired her poetic love. The persecutions endured by the Saints roused her deepest sympathy.

After a short visit to her parents, who had joined the Church, she finally decided to give up all other plans for her life and take up her abode with and share the joys and sorrows of the Saints. It was probably at this time that her poem "Evening Thoughts, or, What it is to be a Saint" was written. Read in the light of the events that led up to it one can see how she had counted the cost, made the choice, and the line of conduct she meant to exact of herself in being a Saint:

"But yet, although to be a Saint requires

A noble sacrifice—an arduous toil—
A persevering aim; the great reward
Awaiting the grand consummation
will
Repay the price, however costly."

Returning to Kirtland, Miss Snow became for a time governess to the children of Joseph Smith and companion to his wife. During this time, through conversation with the Prophet and earnest study, she gained a very thorough understanding of the principles of the gospel. Ever afterwards they were the theme of her poems and the subject of her conversation with her most intimate friends. She was present at the dedication of the Kirtland Temple. When the Saints were driven from Kirtland she shared their journeys going, with her father and mother, first to Missouri and



ELIZA ROXIE SNOW SMITH.

then to Illinois. At Lima, Illinois, she and her sister sewed for a living.

In 1839 Sidney Rigdon sent for Miss Snow to come to Nauvoo and teach his family school. The next seven years, spent in Nauvoo (1839-1846), developed into full power the ruling principles of her character, made her one of the most prominent women of the Church, and inspired with others the poem on which her fame as a poet will always rest. The time for the accomplishment of the full restoration of the principles of the gospel by the Prophet Joseph was getting short. For that reason new revelations were frequent. Work on the Temple at Nauvoo was rushed. The organization of the Relief Society in March, 1842, was the beginning of the part women were to take in the spread of the gospel. The Prophet's instructions to the women of the Church, especially those called to be leaders, was very clear and complete. They had a work to do as well as the men, Sister Snow was made secretary of the Relief Society. Constant association with the Prophet, intense love for the gospel and interest in the women's part led to many deep and earnest talks about the principles of salvation. In 1843 Eliza Roxie Snow became the wife of the Prophet Joseph Smith. The new light that the gospel turned on marriage and motherhood glorified woman. What was her place in the final consummation of God's plan of salvation? Would she, Eliza Snow Smith, know her mother in the future life? Taking all these soul-stirring questions to the Prophet she received from him the light and inspiration that resulted in the writing of the hymn "O My Father." So great was the inspiration burning within her, as she wrote that it did not leave her for days. And

part of it entered the poem, for it has never been read even by the most casual reader without attracting attention.

Read in the light of the circumstances under which it was written one can see it as the culmination of her study of the gospel, her faithfulness in living it, her understanding of her womanhood, and the Fatherhood of God.

1844 brought the death of the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum. Little time was given for the Saints to mourn. Mobs threatened their extermination. The sustaining thought with all was the trust of the outcome to the power of God. Brigham Young took his place as leader. The Temple was completed and the women further instructed in their offices as members of the Church. In February, 1846, the journey westward was begun. The want, the suffering among the poor driven people was enough to keep Eliza Snow Smith alive just to help minister. Had not the Prophet instructed her in her duty towards her sex? So she lived and suffered and toiled with the "camp of Israel" on its march westward. "Camp of Israel" No. 1 and No. 2, "A Journeying Song," "The Song of the Desert," "My First View of a Western Prairie" were written. The Saints made settlements along the way for the benefit of those who came after. With Stephen Markham's family, Sister Smith traveled as far as Winter Quarters. Here, as a result of exposure and hardship, she fell ill. So very ill did she become that it seemed it would be such an easy matter to let go her hold on life and find rest, as so many others had been forced to do, by the wayside. But again the inspiration of her husband's counsel came to her—the place of woman in the spread of the gospel, her mission

among her sex. Taking a firmer hold of her waning strength she renewed her determination to do her part and a measure of health came back to her. The remaining part of the journey to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake she made in Jedediah M. Grant's company, reaching there in October, 1847. Her ministry among the sick and downcast had added testimony and strength to her own faith so that she took up her work as soon as she made her home with Clara Decker Young, rejoicing in the sense of freedom that pervaded her soul. In poems she expressed her reverence for the Priesthood of God as borne by the men who stood at the head of the Church. Traced through the writings of all the years that followed can be plainly seen and felt that reverence of the authority of God. Her heart turned toward the group of faithful women with whom she had labored in Nauvoo: "Come to the Valley" was her call to them. On the arrival of the main body of pioneers, six hundred or more, a liberty pole was erected, and the Stars and Stripes flung to the breeze. Sister Smith voiced the sentiments of the Saints:

'I love that flag. When in my childish
glee—
A prattling girl upon my grandsire's
knee—
I heard him tell strange tales, with
valor rife,
How that same flag was bought with
blood and life.
And his tall form seemed taller when
he said,
'Child, for that same flag your grand-
sire fought and bled.'
My young heart felt that every scar
he wore,
Caused him to prize the banner more
and more,
I caught the flag, and as in years I
grew,
I loved that flag; I loved my country,
too.

* * * * *

We had to flee; but in our hasty
flight

We grasped the flag with more than
mortal might,

* * * * *

We took the flag and journeying to
the West,

We wore its motto graven on each
breast."

Does not this have the ring of patriotism in it when one considers the circumstances under which it was written?

From the date of the pioneers reaching Salt Lake there was an almost constant stream of emigrants arriving. The city and surrounding country grew in homes. Wards and Stakes were organized. A place for the administration of the ordinances of the gospel was erected. Then it was that President Brigham Young called and set apart for work in the Church among the women Sister Eliza Roxie Snow Smith and Sister Zina Diantha Young. They were instructed to call others to their aid. So began the work to which the remaining years of Sister Smith's life were given. She traveled throughout the Stakes of Zion, organizing the Relief Societies and later the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, and the Primaries; instructing the sisters in regard to their position, their powers, their responsibilities, blessing them, and teaching them to bless each other. The spirit of their calling rested mightily upon her and her fellow sisters. And during this time she wrote hymns for the Saints to sing, songs for the children, letters of encouragement to friends on missions. Have you a Latter-day Saints hymn book? Look through the index. You will be surprised at the number of familiar hymns—hymns that express your love of the gospel, sacramental hymns, hymns of promise, that bear her name: "The Trials of The Present Day,"

"Behold The Great Redeemer Die," "Zion Prsopers, All is Well." There are many others.

Shown by incidents in her life and very much in her poems and letters is Sister Smith's love for her brother, Lorenzo Snow. There was never a break in the bond of sympathy and affection during her long life—and circumstances gave it many chances for beautiful expression. Eliza Snow was ten years older than Lorenzo, who was the eldest of the three sons of the family. Naturally he looked up to his gifted sister, and equally big was her interest in the character and career of her first brother. She watched him at school and encouraged him to work. Being a splendid needlewoman she made his suits for special occasions, and he glowed under the praise of the workmanship as commented upon by his friends. When he reached manhood and college time, he had decided to be a soldier. Remembering the perils of life, she feared the outcome but helped him prepare to enter Oberlin College, Ohio. This was about the time she joined the Church. She wrote to him about it. On his way to Oberlin he met David W. Patten, one of the staunchest of the Latter-day Saints. They talked together, and the earnestness of Elder Patten's testimony made some impression on Lorenzo Snow's mind. At Oberlin, a Presbyterian school, though he enjoyed his studies and worked hard, he did not feel in harmony with the religion taught. However, he completed his college work there. Just prior to leaving he wrote to Eliza, at Kirtland. Knowing he meant to continue his study of Hebrew she urged him to come to Kirtland to the school in Hebrew which the Prophet Joseph Smith attended. Lorenzo went to Kirtland, studied at the school, in-

vestigated the gospel and became a member of the Church. How different, indeed, was the career now opened before him in the necessity of spreading the gospel among mankind. In this life work he had every sympathy of his sister. In his many missions,—to England, to continental Europe, to the Sandwich Islands, she was never failing in her letters of encouragement. She was a beloved aunt to his large family, a devoted temple worker with him for their kindred. On the occasion of family gatherings she always had her speech or poem. And as she watched his powers increase, as the priesthood of God developed him, her joy was full. One of the most fitting of expressions of their mutual affection was the journey together through Palestine and Europe in 1872-1873. With President George A. Smith, Apostle Lorenzo Snow and Eliza R. S. Smith, went to dedicate the land to the regathering of the Jews. The company numbered eight. Eliza Snow Smith and Clara Little were the two women who made the journey. Sister Smith was sixty-nine years old at this time, yet in answer to President George A. Smith's daily inquiry, "And how have you stood the journey today, Sister Eliza?" Her answer, with a touch of pride in it, was always, "Just as well as anyone else, I think." And this, too, after a month of all-day horse-back rides and sleeping in tents.

The religious significance of the journey possessed Sister Smith. Into the future when Christ should come again her prophetic spirit soared. Then, too, the joy of walking through the streets made holy by the ministry of the Son of God! The poetic fire burned within her. Her letters voiced her reverence and joy. Later she compiled and published her own and her brother

Lorenzo's letters under the title "Correspondence of Palestine Tourists." Of the poems written on that trip here is part of one:

"I have stood on the shore of the
beautiful sea,
The renowned and immortalized Gal-
ilee,
When 'twas wrapped in repose, at
eventide,
Like a royal queen in her regal pride.
* * * * *

I thought of the present—the past;
it seemed
That the silent sea with instruction
teemed;
Far often, indeed, the heart can hear
What never in sound nas approached
the ear.
* * * * *

Again, when the shades of night were
gone,
In the clear bright rays of the morn-
ing dawn,
I walked on the bank of this self-same
sea,
Where once our Redeemer was wont
to be."

Sister Snow took part in the religious services presided over by Geo. A. Smith. Other poems upon Palestine subjects and with the civilization of Europe as their inspiration were written at this time as their journey through Europe brought them recognition from the heads of the different governments.

More energetic than ever in the cause of woman, Sister Smith took up her work when she returned from Palestine. She was interested and a worker in the suffrage cause, an organizer of the woman's store in Salt Lake City, a constant traveler in the interest of the Relief So-

ciety, the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement and Primary Associations. Indeed her power of judgment, and discernment received its highest recognition when President John Taylor called her to organize and preside over the General Board of the Relief Society, and with her chose Elmina S. Taylor as president of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, and Louie B. Felt to preside over the Primary Association. She thus fulfilled the mission given to her by her husband, the Prophet Joseph Smith, and perfected the organization for the women of the Church. Perhaps it was this sense of duty done that inspired the poem, "Bury Me Quietly When I Die." It was written some years before her death which occurred Dec. 5, 1887. Perhaps it was the anticipation that when the call came to her she could let go her hold on life, conscious that it had been spent as her God and her husband had wished it.

* * * * *

"Like a Beacon that rises on ocean's
wave,
There's a light—there's a life beyond
the grave;
The future is bright, and it beckons
me on
Where the noble and pure and the
brave have gone;
Those who battled for truth with their
mind and might,
With their garments clean and their
armor bright;
They are dwelling with God in a world
on high;
Bury me quietly when I die."

James T. Harwood—The Strenuous Utah Artist.

By Alice Merrill Horne.

He who is gifted will find some means of self expression. Environment has so much to do with the choice of vocation that often the artist does not choose the vehicle that is best suited to convey what is in his heart.

None among our artists is gifted with a richer artistic temperament than is Alfred Lambourne. By mere accident he turned to paint and brush for soul expression. It took him many years, (although he now and then burst momentarily into the light), to discover that the only adequate means to his soul expression was poesy. The long period of almost inaction in Mr. Lambourne's great possibility is to be regretted. Time will do what she may to rectify the mistakes of environment. It has been made plain to this artist that he may reveal his innermost feelings only in verse. So we find him throwing aside the brush, and blossoming in poesy in the fall time of life.

Fate was more kind to James T. Harwood. His first contact with society in the grade of the A, B, C, furnished him with the right medium for self expression in the form of an old-fashioned slate and pencil. Harwood's powers of picture-making on that ancient slate is recalled by his old school mates.

The hasty art exhibitions, the stolen glances brought praise without stint to this hero who was exalted upon a pedestal—not by the school master. He elevated him to the dunce stool when he caught the boy in the act of drawing. After

all the child is the best critic and the pedagogue with his multiplicity of ungolden rules has at times been eclipsed by the little child's more responsive sense for the artistic. Even so this young artist's unsympathetic teacher lost out in his suppressive habits for little James grew to believe that his gift was worthy.

Harwood's parents, too, were appreciative of their son's talents and to both of them may be traced his gifts. His father and mother took leading parts in the dramatic efforts of the neighborhood and his grandfather was the town wit and poet.

The Harwood boys inherited the artistic temperaments of their parents, James turned to paint and brush for self expression, but his younger brothers, Don, Valentine, and Fred, entered other fields of art. Don satisfied his soul in music and is making a place and a name for himself in the East as well as at home. Fred is a writer and poet. All three brothers possess creative power, the kind that makes of men, poets, painters, and composers—so much for inherited talents.

Environment.

Lehi is well suited to the life of an observing child, the lake, the mountain, and the field are stored with riches. To young James the habits of living things—the bird, the insect, the waterfowl, and the fish, were known. The willows that feather the creek, the flowers and the weeds opened their secrets to

him. The distant mountains and the low hills, the lake, the mountain streams, the orchard, and the grain patches, the truck garden, and the meadows all were sources of inspiration. So among Lehi haunts James T. Harwood has found inspiration for a multitude of pictures.

Saving Money for Art Study.

Brought up to a life of usefulness, trained in early youth to a trade, and living in an atmosphere of thrift and sobriety our young artist grew thoughtful and industrious. He never ceased to love to make pictures and wanted to become an artist. So he began to lay by all that he could spare, for he heard of art teachers and art schools.

Strength, industry, thrift, and devotion were sufficient to lead him to Lambourne and Weggland for lessons in art at home. Then he struck out for California with enough money in his pocket to attend for one year the Academy of Design at San Francisco (one of the, then, finest art schools in America). His interesting teacher Vergil Williams had studied eight years in Rome, and had a great influence on his pupils, firing their determination to rise and win fame in the profession he loved. Harwood often recalls those days of first serious study. Williams would speak with great pride of the achievements of his pupils. At one time he said six of his pupils had that year exhibited at the French "Salon." Our Utah boy thrilled with the hope that he also might make his teacher proud.

Throwing his whole soul into the work at that school he won all the honors to be given there; before he set his face homeward. He re-

turned to open a studio in Salt Lake City and was successful in securing art students.

Harwood Hitches His Wagon to a Star.

The young man now decided upon a course which he religiously followed; this was nothing more nor less than to cross the sage-brush plains, traverse a continent, span a great ocean, and set his foot in the environment of art—to seek inspiration from the fountain head—even Paris.

The year 1889 found him at the "Julian." Dallin followed two weeks later and Evans, Hafen, Fairbanks, Pratt, and Clawson soon joined them making a most interesting group of Utah art students abroad. It is interesting to note that the first five all came from Utah county while the last two were from Salt Lake City.

Our pioneer to Paris soon drew so well that he passed the difficult examination and entered the Beaux Arts—the French government art school.

The realistic wave was on the swell when Mr. Harwood found Paris, and he was affected by that school of art.

Two years of hard work abroad brought his funds low and the artist returned to Utah, to teach, to paint, and to sell some of his pictures; but he soon flew back to Paris to remain until he was accepted at the "Salon" in an important picture showing figure and still life, "Preparation for Dinner."

A Wedding from the Latin Quarter.

Among the first art students who applied for study after Mr. Har-

wood's return from California was Miss Hattie Richards. This talented young woman took some honors in class, but perhaps her best prize was her teacher's heart. While Mr. Harwood was engaged in study in the centre of art, his fiancé was traveling with her father, Dr. Heber John Richards in various parts of Europe.

In Paris he met the Richards again, and there they were married. The wedding ceremony was quite unlike a wedding at home. The young couple left to spend their honeymoon in the north of France in the country. It was during this time that he painted his first Salon picture, and many other interesting sketches, and pictures were painted during this time both by Mr. Harwood and his bride. Another winter was spent in Paris when they returned home.

The Beginnings of Many Utah Artists.

For the first time a studio was opened in Salt Lake in which art was taught in much the same manner as in the studio of Paris. In Harwood's studio, then, began the careers of several groups of our Utah artists who have brought credit and distinction upon our state. There were Herman Haag, Rose Hartwell, and Mary Teasdel, all of whom won unusual honors abroad.

Another interesting group of students was Lee Greene Richards, M. M. Young, and A. B. Wright, these boys were born and reared upon the same block, attended art classes under Harwood, were at Paris together and have all won honors both in Utah, the art centres of America, and in Europe.

Louise Richards, now Mrs. Farnsworth, Myra Sawyer, Lu Deen Christensen, and Lara Rawlins,

formed a gifted class of girls to whom Mr. Harwood gave first training. They all went abroad for study and have, too, been recognized. Harry Stutterd and others of more recent date could be named.

While Mr. Harwood will be remembered as a painter he will never be forgotten as a teacher. He has satisfaction not only in the success he has earned as an artist, but in the achievements of the younger artists, whose beginnings he has helped to shape.

His thorough knowledge of art and his gift in teaching have brought him the position of art instructor in the Salt Lake High School. This has offered a rare opportunity for culture for the young people of Salt Lake City.

The course is as it should be, optional so that none enter the class except for the love of art. The result of this plan is a high standard of work. Mr. Harwood is aided now by Miss Teasdel, who is also a gifted teacher, so that now the opportunities for the study of art in this school are excellent indeed.

1903 saw the Harwoods with their little family back again in Paris. This third visit for art study, resulted in many honors for Mr. Harwood's pictures—both oil and watercolor, figure and landscape were "accepted" and hung in the "Salon."

Since that year he has sent paintings successfully almost every year; in fact he has been the largest exhibitor from Utah in the Paris "Salon."

This artist is not tied up to one means of self expression. He turns readily from one medium to another, oil, water color, the pencil, pen, charcoal, clay, he thus is able to refresh himself by change of tool.

Subject also offers a wide field;

the figure, landscape, still life, portrait, all have charms for him.

He loves many moods of nature: morning, evening, moonlight, wet weather, snow scenes, cloudy days, the four seasons, he often pictures.

Lake pictures he paints in various effects and with different medium: these are especially charming.

The truck garden, still life, fruit, and flowers, offer opportunities to this versatile painter—no one can

overtake him in this field—he paints them in perfection to perfection.

You may find a group of "old masters" in his studio, which he copied in Paris and which is valued at several thousand dollars. These are refreshing to those who have seen the originals in the Louvre and Luxembourg galleries.

Perhaps his most novel collection is his group of pictures which portray youthful activities, such as



MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

The Young Mechanic, The Boy Builders, The Boy Carpenters, The Girl and the Fowl, The Girl Making Jelly. He uses either oil or watercolor in these figure paintings. "The Boy Carpenters" was sent by the artist to the exhibition of the Society of Western Artists and brought him the great honor of being elected an *associate member of the Society of Western Artists*. Mr. Harwood has sold to various collectors of American art. His pictures hang in the homes of the people of Utah who value good art in the home.

ing, and have brought him honors from abroad.

His most noteworthy work is a collection of twenty-five water colors, which Mr. Harwood painted in one years time. These were all sketched in and about Liberty Park and represent the advance of the seasons. Each picture was painted in two weeks time. This set of works is the field where Mr. Harwood has most fully realized himself. They are prophetic of greater things. All the artists agree on the great merit of this collection. Mr. Alfred Lambourne was



PAINTED BEFORE MR. HARWOOD'S STUDY ABROAD.

Mr. Harwood, more than any other, is a painter of the figure. His "Modern Priscilla" is one of the most poetic. He has done some very interesting Christ pictures, but modern subjects seem better suited to artists of this age, however these pictures show his power in drawing and composition and dramatic feel-

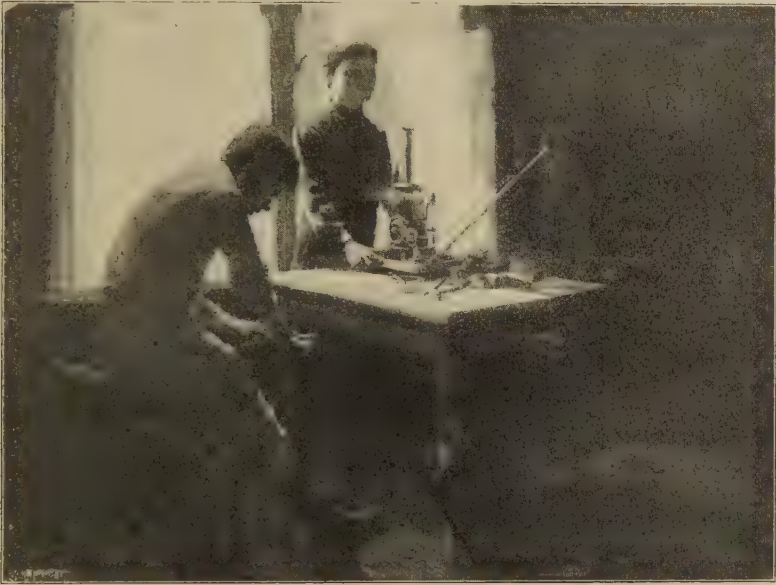
permitted to aid the artist by selecting a verse, or composing one, to suit the theme of each picture. Mr. Harwood refuses to sell one or more of this collection as it is his most representative work.

The writer has no hesitation in saying that Mr. Harwood has had greater influence on the develop-

ment of art in Utah than any other artist.

Physically, this painter is a magnificent type of manhood and strength and endurance. He has lived a life of temperance, never having used alcoholic drinks nor tobacco. He has figured out how

entious, and truthful, full of integrity, and noble in his conduct of life. Those qualities show in his work. An artist cannot get away from what he is. His work will tell the tale. The degree of sympathy, and tenderness of the painter somehow gets into the paint.



THE YOUNG INVENTORS.

to utilize every waking moment of time in work, and study and play. I have given some idea of what is his study and work; his play consists in keeping a small farm, a truck garden, and an orchard, and much reading of fiction (which occupies his evening hours).

Mr. Harwood's Art Qualities.

Mr. Harwood is versatile consci-

Mr. Harwood has nothing to learn from others; he has spent many years in mastering his tools and he has mastered them. He is entering the best era of his art career. Nothing need come between him and his soul expression. In the ripeness of life and art what may not James T. Harwood, undertake to its marvelous accomplishment?

Grandmother Barclay's Teapot.

Elsie C. Carroll.

(Not long ago a family relic which I had long coveted came into my possession. It is a quaint, old-fashioned teapot of the most antique design. As I sat looking at my prize, the half forgotten fragments of family history connected with it, wove themselves into the following story.)

The dull gray clouds which had been gathering for the past ten days, hung lower and lower over the mountains and early on the short December afternoon they began to sift out their soft, feathery flakes, silently covering the sombre landscape with a mantle of white. It was the day before New Year's, but as Marjory Thorne gazed out upon the dismal scene that her father's cattle ranch stretched before her, there was little of New Year's joy and eagerness in her brown eyes. And yet the long, comfortable living-room in which she sat, wore an air of expectancy that Marjory herself had helped to give it. A roaring log fire crackled in the great, open fireplace at the far end of the room, throwing a ruddy glow on the quaint old-fashioned furniture; festoons of evergreen and mistletoe hung on the walls and a miniature Christmas tree stood in the middle of the large center table. The kitchen door was slightly open and through it came savory odors and the sound of Aunt Molly's voice humming as she prepared the evening meal.

Presently there was the stamping of a man's feet upon the kitchen porch and Marjory heard Uncle Joe say as he closed the door behind him. "Ned jest got back an' he reckons the Squire'll be purty tole'ble late gittin' here on account o'

this storm, but the new missus is sure acomin' an' they're bringin' a crowd o' young people along." Then in a lower tone he asked, "Where is Margie?"

Aunt Molly nodded her head in the direction of the living-room and put her finger to her lips by way of caution to Uncle Joe's kind but sometimes reckless tongue.

"O, I was jest goin' to tell her 'bout the youngsters acomin'," said Uncle Joe striding toward the door. "An' that I saw old Pete awhile ago an' he's lookin' fer Charlie any minute. I thought as how the news might make her pinker up a bit," and he tried to give a careless chuckle to his words, but the forced smile on the girl's lips and the unmistakable signs that she had been weeping took the jovial twinkle out of Uncle Joe's kind, blue eyes, and in spite of Aunt Molly's quick look of remonstrance, he crossed to the window where Marjory sat and laid his rough hand gently upon her head.

"There now, honey, I know what's troublin' ye but I reckon it ain't goin' to be half so bad as you picture it up to be. An' ye mustn't forgit that you've still got Molly an' me to love ye as we have ever since ye wuz jest a litle mite when yer own purty ma died. Why, all the step-mothers in creation can't put Molly an' me out o' comission. An' besides, ain't there Charlie with a bigger an' nobler heart than half the men in God's kingdom, jest awaitin' fer ye to name the day. An' a mighty fine future he's got before him too, with that last promotion."

"There now, Joe Black, I jest knowed you'd go an' make a mess o' things an' me a tryin' the last week to steer ye clear of it." This from Aunt Molly, for Marjory's eyes had filled again with tears and her lips trembled in a vain little effort to be brave.

Good, old, honest Uncle Joe did not even then divine what the intuition of his wife had already discovered, that it was not so much the expected step-mother as something else that lay on the girl's heart.

"There now, child, I didn't mean to make it harder," and Uncle Joe blew his nose on his red bandana and wiped his eyes in sympathy.

"Now you jest git along after the kindlings an' night's wood," dictated Aunt Molly, "an' stop pesterin' around makin' folks feel bad."

Joe and Molly Black had been in charge of Squire Thorne's ranch for the last ten years, and to them the squire's motherless daughter, who was but eight years old when they came there, had grown as dear as flesh of their own could have been. The squire had other business interests in which he had prospered, and during the past five years had been very little at the ranch. Marjory had spent the winters until this one, at school in the city, but her heart still clung to her childhood home and the love of Aunt Molly and Uncle Joe. And besides there had grown during those long years of comparative isolation, another bond stronger than all that tied her soul to those country scenes in spite of all the charms of city life that might have tempted her.

Across the gulch a quarter of a mile from Squire Thorne's, lived queer old Pete Marshall and Charlie. To the neighboring ranchers the mystery connected with the lives of the two had long since ceased to be a topic for household gossip. Of

course everybody knew that old Pete had no real claim of kinship upon the boy who had grown up as his own. And, if questioned, the older people would relate that there was a strange story about a young woman dying alone and unknown under old Pete's roof. It was long ago before Liza, Pete's wife, had died. And they remembered, too, that the strange lady had left a little baby boy to the mercies of the hospitable old couple. But all that was forgotten now, and the frank, honest youth who had grown out of that little waif was never pained by a hint of disgrace in the fact that he knew no name save that of his foster father.

The friendship between Charlie and Marjory extended back to babyhood. As children they had played together as brother and sister. Then as the years went by they had still been comrades, fishing together, hunting birds' nests and flowers, and riding over the fine country roads in the summers, and studying, cracking nuts, and eating apples by the same log fire on long winter evenings. But now for the past three years that comradeship had been developing into a shy, tender love.

Even though Charlie was left at three years of age to the sole care of queer old Pete, he had grown into as fine a specimen of young manhood as one is usually permitted to behold. There was a natural dignity and refinement that placed him without question upon a plane higher than the ordinary in the regard of his associates and the intimate relationship which so naturally existed between himself and the Squire's daughter, none of the other country lads would be presumptuous enough to assume.

Now that Marjory was through with her school the deeper meaning

of life was beginning to dawn upon the young lovers, and they had already begun to picture and plan for the future. Charlie had recently been promoted as general foreman in the cattle company by whom he was employed. That meant that they could soon have a home of their own, and live out their life's dream together.

No cloud had shadowed their love until a few weeks previous, when Squire Thorne made one of his irregular visits to the ranch. He had been so much engrossed in business that he knew very little of his own daughter's inner life. Conceding to her preference to country life with Uncle Joe and Aunt Molly, and knowing that they were tried and trusty guardians, he had given little thought to anything but her temporal needs, so it was with a shock that he awakened on his late visit, to the fact that his little girl had suddenly slipped into womanhood. It was with alarm that he learned of the intimacy existing between her and old Pete's foster son, and not without a pang of guilty conscience at his own neglect of paternal duty. But not until he had told Marjory of her lover's questionable origin and read the look of wondering pain in her eyes, did he even guess the depths of her own heart's love.

For a moment after the cruel revelation had been made the girl stood as if stunned, and then as the real meaning of it all slowly came to her the look of despair gave way to the light of love and trust as she weighed within her woman's soul the relative values of character and reputation. Her father thinking that what he had done would be all that was necessary to break off the relationship, was not prepared for his daughter's answer. Slowly she raised her eyes to his:

"Of course, papa, you did right to tell me this, but you see nobody knows that those stories are true, and true or not, all such cruel stories in the world could not make Charlie himself any different to what he is. I love him, papa, and he loves me," and Squire Thorne read in the look accompanying those words, that to the girl, all else in the world could not matter since love meant more than life itself.

But Squire Thorne was a proud man and he was about to connect himself with another of the proudest names in the land when he should claim in marriage the beautiful widow, Mrs. Fanny B. Martin, daughter of the late Col. Charles W. Barclay. The alarm he had felt at the first discovery of his daughter's feelings, deepened, but he only became the more resolved that the relationship must cease. He was too wise, however, to force the issue at that critical moment. So after explaining kindly the seriousness of the matrimonial step, and the value of an unsullied name for happiness and prosperity in this life, he had left the subject for the time being, making his wishes clear but as yet demanding nothing. He determined to take Marjory with him when he returned to the city, and leave her with his affianced until after the wedding, thinking that when the girl was surrounded by new and interesting scenes this fancy would soon be forgotten.

When the day for the squire's departure arrived, however, Marjory was suffering with a severe attack of influenza and Aunt Molly persuaded him that it was out of the question for her to take the long cold ride to the station. That is why the squire was bringing his bride to the ranch to spend New Year's. Then Marjory was to ac-

company them to their new city home.

She well knew her father's determination to break the bond of her love. Never yet had she questioned in thought or act the right of his will over hers, and yet she knew within her heart that she could never relinquish her natural claim upon the soul that she believed had traveled down the destinies of another world to meet her own.

She had not seen Charlie since her father's visit, as he had been away upon an extended trip, delivering a consignment of cattle. He would be home for New Year's also. Then the test must come—the supreme test of her life when she must stand alone and choose between a father's wish and the world's approval, or a lover with a shadowed name. It is not strange that, as she sat gazing out upon the whirling storm of that New Year's eve, she felt that the storm within her own breast was whirling just as madly.

When Uncle Joe had gone from the room, Aunt Molly sat down by Marjory and waited for the story that she knew must come. For the past weeks she had watched the girl's sad face and listless manner with a yearning love, but she knew the girl's confidence was hers and was wise enough to wait for a voluntary unburdening of the troubled heart.

To be sure Aunt Molly remembered those vague stories of Charlie's past. But it had been twenty years since she had given them a thought. She heard of the squire's wishes to break up the match with incredulous ears. She listened, however, as the girl went over the entire situation.

"Why, sakes alive, honey," she said after a moment's thought.

"You don't really believe your pa meant that, do you?"

"Yes, Aunt Molly, I am sure papa is determined that I shall never marry Charlie, and you know what it means to say he is *determined*."

"Well, child, for the life o' me I can't believe he is so unfair an' unfeelin'. Why, everybody that ever saw Charlie couldn't help knowin' that he was a born gentleman no matter who his parents wuz and anybody that ever set eyes on the pair of ye couldn't help seein' that ye wuz jest made fer each other and that God intended it that way." Aunt Molly paused again in an effort to solve the mystery.

"Why, I see through it, honey! Yer pa's jest a foolin' ye. He's givin' ye a test to see if yer really woman enough to think o' marryin' yet," she said brightening. "So don't ye worry about it, dear. He's goin' to surprise ye, I reckon, with his consent for a New Year's gift. So come now and wash the tear stains of yer purty cheeks an' show him a smilin' face when he does come."

Marjory permitted herself to be led to her own room. She knew well enough that the matter was no joke with her father, but she decided to leave off worrying for the present, leaving her trouble in the hands of fate.

In the meantime across the gulch queer old Pete sat by the window of his little room and also watched the whirling storm. He was old and bent and gray. The look in his wrinkled face that had made people call him queer, had become more pronounced the last few years. Some people might have said he had a sinister look, but there was scarce intelligence enough for that.

The little house in which he sat had been made very comfortable by

Charlie whom the old man loved as a sort of idol. Old Pete was watching for Charlie now. He would sit by the window awhile then pass back to replenish the fire, and all the while he talked to himself. This was another mark of his queerness.

The room was scrupulously clean and the firelight flickered upon a table neatly laid for two. The kettle was singing upon the hearth.

"I reckon the lad'll be ready fer one o' his daddy's snacks," the old man mumbled as he turned from a final satisfactory survey of the table, and again sat down at the window and looked out for some moments in silence, while a reminiscent look came into his dim eyes.

"It wuz jest sech a night—jest sech a night," he finally mused. "It wuz New Year's eve too." He lapsed again into silence. "My, but she wuz a purty young thing with them big blue eyes so wild an star-rin'. Charlie's got her eyes sure an' sartin'." Another pause and then he went on.

"An' even after we'd got her warm an' comfor'able in bed she'd keep a startin' up an cryin' so pitiful. 'O, Charlie, Charlie, wake up, wake up,' an' then she'd moan 'My God, he's dead, he's dead.' That's what made us call the baby Charlie—it must have been his father's name. It wuz pitiful the way she prayed for God to take care o' her baby that wuzn't yet born—none but a honest mother could have prayed like that."

Old Pete mended the fire again before he resumed.

"Mebby it wuzn't right to keep the things an' let folks keep on thinkin' as how she was a poor unfortunate sinner. But that wuzn't any o' our doin's. Liza usto worry an' say we wuz commitin' a crime

an' had orter advertise about the baby so if they wuz any relation they'd come. But somehow she never pushed it like she did most things she sot herself at. I think she wuz jest a mite afeare we'd lose the little feller and she thought a heap o' him same as I did.

"Then Liza died makin' me promise to do right by the lad, sayin' as how it wuzn't Christian to let him grow up with a shadow 'round his life when we wuz the only ones as could clear it up.

"But somehow it wuz so lonesome with Liza gone, that I reckon it 'ud a been purty hard fer me to give Charlie up if his own father had come along an' claimed him. Then I got to jestifyin' myself, tryin' to think as how God sent him to me seein' I didn't have nothin' else. An' I don't see as any harm has ever come out o' it. I've been a good father to him an' now he's goin' to marry the squire's purty little gal, an' I don't reckon a king's son could do any better.

"But sometimes I don't feel jest right inside about it, 'specially when I git to thinkin' 'bout the times he's asked me to tell him all about his mother an' I've sorter held in about it fer fear he'd blame me an' I'd lose him after all."

There was another long pause and then the old man rambled on.

"It's funny the pore thing should be hangin' on to that ole teapot the way she wuz when she got here. Her mind wuz clear gone an' I reckon she thought it wuz something valu'ble. I allus feel queer when I think o' that an' I ain't dared to look at it since Liza stowed it away twenty years ago. I know it belongs to the boy an' I've allus intended to give it to him but when I'd think of it something 'ud seem to tell me I'd lose the lad if I did."

"Well, I'm 'bout to lose him anyhow," old Pete resumed, "to purty Miss Margie." He rubbed his withered old hands and tried to chuckle.

Then he sat for some moments as if a new thought were trying to shape itself in his dulled old brain.

"I'll do it," he said at last, rising and crossing the room to a deep chest. "An' then if she has it, the lad won't blame me fer keepin' it so long." The new resolution seemed to put new life into his decrepit body. He dived deep into the chest and soon brought from its depths the queer old teapot. He lifted the lid and fumbled at some papers inside.

"I'll jest leave the papers in," he finally said. "Liza could read some but said she couldn't make out much to 'em, but I reckon Miss Margie'll like 'em, knowin' they wuz Charlie's mother's."

The old man wrapped the teapot carefully in a paper, then put on his great coat, overshoes, and cap, adjusted another pitchy log to the fire and went out into the gathering night.

"It ain't fur," he mumbled, as he went, "an' I reckon I'll get back afore Charlie comes. If I don't everything's real cheery an' he'll know I won't be gone fer long."

At the Thorne ranch a merry crowd was gathered around one of Aunt Molly's excellent suppers. The new Mrs. Thorne's cousin, three nieces, and a nephew and his friend, had accompanied the bridal pair to enjoy a country holiday. After supper the company gathered around the great fire in the living-room, where they were busy eating apples and nuts, amid the lively chatter of jokes and stories, when a sudden rap came upon the door. Marjory's heart leaped into her throat. She longed, yet dreaded to

see the door open, for she thought of course it must be Charlie. But when the door finally did open to Uncle Joe's hearty, "Come in," the figure on the threshold looked, at the first glance like a veritable Santa Claus with the snow flakes clinging to his fur coat and long gray hair.

"Well, I'll declare, if it isn't Pete," exclaimed the squire. "Come in, come in." The squire's heart was glowing with new happiness. He shook the old man's hand warmly and drew him to the circle about the fire.

Old Pete seemed bewildered by the strange faces confronting him.

"No, I can't set down," he protested as Aunt Molly offered him a chair. "I must be gittin' back fer the lad'll be comin' I reckon. But I jest thought as how I'd bring this little gift over to Miss Margie bein' as it's New Year's time. It ain't much but I thought she'd like it, it bein' a little trinket o' Charlie's mother's."

Marjory received the parcel with trembling hands. She felt more than saw, the sudden change that came over her father's face.

"Thank you, Pete," she managed to say, though her heart was beating wildly with a strange tumult. The old man was turning to leave when Mrs. Thorne said:

"Do get warm before going, and you surely want to see how Marjory likes her gift when she has seen what it is."

At this gentle suggestion, Marjory unwrapped the teapot and held it up for the company to see, but the eyes of all were suddenly drawn from it to Mrs. Thorne who seized it from Marjory's hands, and turned to old Pete, crying:

"Where did you get that?" Old Pete stood transfixed with surprise

and fear while the other looked on in wondering bewilderment.

The squire was at his wife's side trying to solve the mystery.

"It is Grandmother Barclay's teapot that she gave to brother Charlie the day after he and Dora were married, when they left for the west. Speak, man, speak. We have never heard of them since, and that was over twenty years ago."

The squire's eyes now opened wider in astonishment, for he had heard the sad story of his wife's young brother, who, marrying against proud old Col. Barclay's will, had been disowned and disinherited, and had gone with his young wife to seek a home and fortune in the West. He remembered, too, how the old colonel had relented when it was too late, and the long vain search he had made for his son. And how, grieving till his death, he had left part of the fortune over which the squire was now guardian, to any of his son's family, should they ever be found.

"Are you sure it is the same?" asked the squire not much less excited than his wife.

"Am I sure? Why, I could stake my life on it. There is the B. on the side, put there by the order of the countess herself, when she gave it to grandmother on her wedding day, and there is the same queer figure on the handle that I've looked at a hundred times when I was a child, while grandmother told us the wonderful story about its good luck charm; and here is the same tiny crack on the bottom. Of course it is the same. When grandmother gave it to Charlie, she said it had been a talisman in her life and she hoped it would be to him."

All this time old Pete stood too much overcome by his bewilderment to do anything but open and

shut his mouth and gaze about in a dazed sort of way.

"Why, here are some papers," cried Mrs. Thorne who had lifted the lid from the teapot. "Here is Charlie's and Dora's marriage certificate, and these are scraps from letters or a diary in Dora's handwriting."

She moved nearer the light to view more closely the faded contents of the papers.

Then she read:

"Craig Ranch, Dec. 10—

"Charlie is growing weaker and weaker since he fell from the ledge. I fear he cannot live long and there is no help within miles and miles, and then only strangers. I dare not leave Charlie alone and fear I could not go so far in my condition if I could leave him. O, if God would only send some one. I feel that I shall go mad.

Dec. 23—

"Charlie is dead and I know I shall soon follow him and we shall be happy again. I'm going to try to find the other ranch for the sake of my unborn baby. I shall put this and our marriage certificate into the old teapot and trust to Grandmother Barclay's talisman for my child's future. How I can write at this terrible time is strange, but it must be the calmness of despair that nerves my hand. I feel the shadow of the end, both of mind and body, creeping upon me. God save my child!"

The company stood in open-eyed wonder as Mrs. Thorne faltered through the stained and faded lines. When she had finished reading, she sank into a chair, overcome by the tragic revelation she had just made.

It was some time before the excitement had subsided and the squire had succeeded in drawing the rest of the sad story from old Pete who was too dazed to take in the situation. But at last the tangles were all straightened out and the cold, sad past began to give way to the live, warm present.

"And Charlie's boy, you say, is a grown young man? I can hardly wait to see him," Mrs. Thorne was saying as the door opened and a tall, handsome figure stood on the threshold.

"You will not have to," exclaimed her husband, drawing the young man in and leading him to his wife's side. And to the great astonishment of the new-comer, who of course knew nothing of what had happened, the squire continued: "He is not only Charlie's son but is soon to be mine and yours," and he placed Marjory's hand in that of her lover.

Of course explanations had to be all gone over again for Charlie, and while his heart ached at the sad story of his young parents it grew glad and thankful in the knowledge that the shadow hanging over his life was lifted, and in the new joy of honor, friends, and fortune all

smiling upon him as if by magic power. He was careful that no word of censure should fall upon old Pete who had wronged him, perhaps, but out of the very love under which the boy had grown.

After all it was a happy company that finished up that New Year's eve around the old log fire in the squire's ranch house. When the others had said good-night and retired, Charlie and Marjory sat before the glowing coals with hearts too full for many words. The separation that had threatened them, drew them nearer together.

Long and tenderly they gazed at old Pete's gift.

"We owe all our bright future to this," said Marjory at last.

"Yes, indeed," said Charlie, and he touched the teapot reverently. "We shall always thank God for Grandmother Barclay's talisman."

Whom Shall I Love?

By ANNIE PIKE GREENWOOD

"Whom shall I love, O Lord?—whom shall I love?

One that I loved I prized not, till too late;

Another that I loved is dead;

And yet another threw my love aside;

I have nor kith nor kin.

I eat, yet hunger; drink yet thirst;

Whom shall I love?—

Giver of Love—ah, answer!"

A cry rent the dull bitterness of this my prayer:

A voice shaping my name.

I opened wide my door, and there

With cut finger, tremulous lips, and dew-wet eyes,

I saw—My Neighbor's Child.

A Tribute to Rachel Ivins Grant.

Susa Young Gates.

Into the web and woof of every human life is woven threads of dull brown or brilliant gold, cast there by the careful or the careless hands of those we love or hate, and by those who love or who hate us. We weave the pattern of our lives with willing or with wilful hands; and if we will or if we will not, these down-dropt threads of brown or gold are caught into the meshes of our lives, braiding thereon their own beauty or their own ugliness.

Some months ago I sat within the chapel walls which held a softly sorrowing company. Beneath the pulpit, on a shrine of flowers there lay the form of one of Zion's queens. She was so calm and sweet beneath the coffin-lid that even death was beautiful in her. She was attended by kings and queens, priests and priestesses. Her son, her only child, sat very near—and in his lofty eye there beamed the courage she had planted; upon his bearded lips there trembled all the fond devotion which her character had waked in him.

They spoke—the mighty ones!—within whose grasp the God of Heaven has placed the keys of life with death's own issues. Each speaker dwelt upon her grace, her faith, her fair nobility. As tribute after tribute was dropped from honoring lips upon that mute but shining confined-face, my own love pressed its burden o'er my aching eyes till tears of tender loss bedewed my cheek. For I, too, had lost Aunt Rachel for a time! In all the tributes that were paid, no one remarked upon the deepest lesson of her life to me, and to all women.

How could they so remark—for they were men. And so I've waited till my loss and gain in her great life and death have settled into lines of clear distinctness—and now I too would offer on that shrine a woman's tribute.

Out of the large silence that atmosphered Aunt Rachel's soul her mighty spirit rose with more than earthly dignity. In youth she saw and sweetly scorned the scorn which swept her from her home with bitterness. In after months she felt about her fingers the thrilling grasp of the Prophet's hand. Within that clasp—at last—she placed her own. But not till Death had stilled that thrilling touch upon the Martyr's altar; and not till Life was closing all about her its life-long wall of human silence. She lived her life as other uncrowned saintly queens have lived, in poverty and pioneering toil. When love and husbandly cognizance came to her, she exulted not; within that husband's hands were held the hands of other noble women—and they all rejoiced. Again, in one short year, death crossed her troubled threshold. With infant son she faced the world alone. Other women have been widowed. But in her silent widowhood, she wove a spell of peace about her hearthstone which blessed and hallowed every soul who bowed beneath her humble portal. Not e'en the stranger could escape the pregnant charm of her soft silence.

She lived to see her son rise high and higher in the councils of the good and great. She smiled and blessed him as he rose. He was the glorious sun which brightened her deep soul-horizon. That was

the secret of her matchless peace. That was the pregnant lesson of her life to all of Israel's daughters, mothers! Go shine and glow with heavenly self-effacing radiance while suns, and stars, and rising planets fill the world with glory! Aunt Rachel did not learn her Christly lesson of self-effacement through poverty alone—nor yet through life's continual afflictions. Death nor Life, Joy nor Sorrow were her sole instructors. For with-

in the sacred silence of her life there dwelt a soul so big that she could smile and smile at others' rising fame while they beheld her matchless patience and dumbly wondered. She daily fed the vestal fires of her own soul—and long communion with herself and God had made her very wise.

She was beautiful and dominating in her regal presence. The conservation of her thousand unused gifts and graces affected all who



RACHEL IVINS GRANT.

knew her with a subtle, bright, elusive charm. Whenever Aunt Rachel entered into gathered multitudes her presence filled the room. So white, so light, so pure! She rarely spoke, she heard no word, and yet her forceful personality crept into the remotest corners and we knew Aunt Rachel Grant was there. When she formed one of those sacred few "who gathered oft to speak of Christ to one another," she never failed to strike the key-note of the tender harmony with her few well-chosen sentences. Her spirit-ears were very keen and very quick.

No high position was ever given her. For many, many years she meekly, grandly stood as leader of her sex in one small ward. Her presence overflowed the city—but she dwelt far, far above it all, horizoned by her own gentle self-effacement. The petty jealousies of the great, and the great jealousies of the petty ebbed and flowed unheard beneath her star-bespangled silence. She loved them all, both great and petty, and smilingly held up the mirror of her love turned so each star and sun might view its fair proportions in the clear blue of her sky-like eyes.

I saw her white-robed form first break the waves in two of Zion's Temples, in passionate desire that God would put forth His hand and by faith unstop her ears. Both times I watched in breathless silence to see the miracle performed. Both times my soul was comforted; for on her beaming face no shadow fell as she still felt her heart beat silently against its unresponsive earthly walls. I saw my miracle, and oh, my heart rejoiced. What woman can do, woman may do!

So that—when Death turned deafened ears to me again and still again for eight long, agonizing times—the vision of Aunt Rachel's beaming smile at God's refusal to her prayer gripped my soul with power to bear—and I, too, tried to smile.

Poverty, widowhood, obscurity in office, and total deafness—soul-handicaps which would have crushed or stultified a weaker woman—these were but ladder-steps on which the angels fitted up and down between Aunt Rachel Grant and God. I see her saintly face e'en now, as she watched the eager faith of her only son when he sent letters broadcast for the priesthood everywhere to help him gain the ear of heaven in her behalf; and if the cultured tones of her penetrating voice quivered at this new disappointment, 'twas only lest her son might not then quite see into the depths of her bright, spiritual horizon. Exquisite in her soul-capacities, her one care was lest others might not always catch the harmonies which throbbed and pealed within her sacred silence.

Thus on the crooked pattern of my humbler life, I find woven here and there rich broideries cast upon the knotted threads of youth, or softly laid upon the strained strands of maturer sorrows by the silent hands of sweet Aunt Rachel Grant. They bade me clothe her for her last repose; and as we folded meekly o'er her breast the silent hands and drew the snowy veil about her quickened ears, we murmured softly:

"O, now she hears the music of the spheres."

Accepting the Inevitable.

By Edwin F. Parry.

The late President George A. Smith is credited with saying that the exiled Saints came to these valleys "willingly, because they had to." The statement that they came willingly was intended, no doubt, as a bit of irony, for the people generally would have been willing to remain where they were, had they not been driven from their homes. They were comfortably situated in Nauvoo, Illinois, and naturally desired to stay there, if they could do so unmolested. Had they known, however, the greater destiny that awaited them in these mountains, they would, perhaps, have been ready to come here willingly even if they did not have to. It is plainly evident today that the removal of the Church to the west has been a great blessing to its people, notwithstanding the toils, the hardships and the lives it cost.

But it is not the intention here to dwell at further length upon the expulsion of the Saints from Illinois, nor upon their colonizing these once barren wastes. Mention of these facts is made only to show that many of the greatest benefits result from doing or enduring things that are forced upon us. To be compelled, against our will, to do that which is for our own good, may seem an unfavorable reflection upon our foresight or our disposition, yet it frequently happens that we are thus forced.

I have met scores of people, and without doubt there are hundreds of others, from foreign countries who would have gladly returned to their native lands directly after their first arrival here, had they been able to

do so. The strangeness of the country, of the language, and of the customs of the people here brought upon them a yearning for their old homes. But, having no means to take them back, they were forced to remain until they acquired means, and by that time the desire to return had left them, and they began to enjoy the blessings for which they had made temporary sacrifices.

Many people earn their living by daily toil, "willingly [more or less] because they have to;" and not always with the feeling that it is a blessing and a privilege to work—one of the greatest blessings of existence.

Some years ago I heard a man say that he believed it would be a good practice to discharge every man from his employment when he had labored in a position for ten years. I asked his reasons for so believing, and he told me. He said that when he was a young man he worked in one place for about ten years, and the feeling grew upon him that it would be a great calamity if he were discharged. But what was practically the same as the thing he so much dreaded eventually came. He was required to give up his job, though much against his wishes. He sought other work, and, to his surprise and delight, found a better position than the one he relinquished. Some years later he found a still better job; and so from his own experience he concluded that it was sometimes good for one to be forced to do things against his will.

A new convert to "Mormonism" stated to the writer that he heard

the teachings of the Latter-day Saints several years before he accepted them. "At the time I first heard the Latter-day Saint Elders preach," he remarked, "I paid but little attention to their teachings. I was prosperous then, and was not interested in religion. I was so independent in my mind that I did not feel the need of any assistance from the Lord or from any of my fellow-men. But after a time reverses came. I lost my business and was obliged to endure poverty. That humbled me, and then I was willing to listen to the gospel message. I feel very thankful now," he added, "that the Lord in His kindness permitted me to suffer misfortune, for were it not for that, I do not believe I should ever have accepted the gospel."

This man is not the only one who has been turned to the Lord by misfortune or other force of circumstances.

A lady of my acquaintance said that when she was a young girl, in her parents' home, she was often required by her mother to do things against her inclinations. One thing she was strictly forbidden to do was to associate with certain girls of

her own age and neighborhood who seemed to enjoy much more freedom than she was allowed. That woman is now a respected mother, of noble character, and has a family of boys and girls that honor her, and are a credit to the community in which they live. One of the girls whom she envied because of the liberty her parents gave her is now a most wretched creature. She too is a mother, but she has not even the respect of her own children; and they are without character, having been reared without proper teachings or restraint. This poor mother is prematurely aged, and looks old enough to be the mother of the other woman of her own age. What is more sad, she is losing her mental faculties, and is an object of pity. Other girls of her associates, while not so depraved as this one, are not enjoying the respect and happiness of the one who was so strictly guarded and trained by her parents in her youth.

We are often reminded that we should be thankful for the prosperity we enjoy: should we not be grateful, also, for adversity, and try to bear it cheerfully, if not willingly, when it cannot be avoided?

UNREQUITED

BY HAROLD GOFF

A DAISY LOVED A PRETTY BLUEBELL
WHICH GREW IN A MEADOW LANE;
AND ITS HEART'S DESIRE IT TRIED TO TELL,
BUT FOUND THAT IT LOVED IN VAIN.

FOR THE BLUEBELL LAUGHED—AS BLUEBELLS DO
WHEN THEIR HEADS ARE PUFFED WITH PRIDE—
AND ONLY THE LITTLE GREEN GRASSES KNEW
WHY THE DAISY DROOPED AND DIED.

Ralph's New Year's Joy.

By Mary Grant.

Ralph Groo knocked at the door of his mother's house, then mechanically shook the snow from his heavy umbrella. His usually bright face wore a worried look, and he moved restlessly about while waiting for the door to open. The maid, who let him in, was not surprised to see who the caller was, for since his marriage three years before, Ralph had been a frequent visitor at the house. What did surprise her was, that the usual cheery, "How are you, Amy?" was missing, as was also the five dollars which had come to be expected on the day before Christmas.

Ralph walked at once to his mother's room. Rapping on the door, he barely waited for an answer before he was inside.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, noticing at once the troubled look of his face.,

"I want to talk to you about Margaret, mother."

"About Margaret?"

"Yes. I had hoped not to trouble you with our affairs, but I must have advice from someone."

"I don't understand, Ralph, explain yourself."

"As you know it is almost a year since the baby died, yet Margaret grieves as if it were yesterday. She is morbid, hugging her sorrow to her as something almost sacred. When I try to divert her thoughts, she looks at me with scornful eyes, thinking that I cannot appreciate her grief. From the first because I have tried to hide my sorrow, she has thought me unfeeling. God knows I felt the loss as keenly as she! Yet it is as if I were an out-

sider who had no share in it; as if our son were only Margaret's and not mine. Our sorrow, that should have drawn us closer together, seems separating us."

"Isn't she making any plans for Christmas?"

"No, not any. You know it was just after last Christmas that our child died, and neither of us can forget how happy we were last year."

"Can't you do something? Try to get her out for a ride. It is unhealthy to live in such an atmosphere of gloom. I can't think of anything else, dear, except to be brave and I am sure everything will come out all right."

Ralph left for home a few minutes after, thanking his mother for her encouraging words, and feeling more cheerful because of them.

But Christmas came and went and Ralph's hopes with it. Margaret wanted nothing but to be left alone she said, and went to her room crying. Ralph found her there a few minutes later, with the baby's picture before her, and one of his small toys in her hand.

"Margaret," he said, "for my sake can't you be happy just for today?"

"How can you talk of being happy," she asked, "when it is less than a year since the baby died?"

"I can talk of being happy," Ralph answered, "because I think it is wrong to give up completely to sorrow. I do not intend to let the death of little Ralph ruin my life. There are worse sorrows than death that may come to parents through their children, and how are we to

say that it was not in mercy to us that he was taken from us?"

Margaret looked at her husband with swimming eyes, and thought again how shallow was the love of a father, for his child, compared to that of a mother.

It was afternoon of the day before New Year's. Ralph came home with determination written upon his face. He carried a large green box under his arm which he opened, and proceeded to fill all of the bowls and vases he could find in the house, with the bright red rose-buds it contained. Then he threw up the blinds, letting in the bright sunshine, that even the cold of the December day, could not discourage.

When his wife came down-stairs, he asked her to go with him to the children's hospital, and in her pity for the little patients there she could not refuse.

A few hours later Ralph saw her passing from one small bed to another, speaking a word of encouragement here, or smoothing a pillow there, and seeming herself for the first time in months.

As they were about to leave the hospital, Margaret noticed a poorly clad woman talking to one of the doctors. Her deeply lined face showed traces of struggles, endured and overcome. While Margaret was thinking that she would like to speak to her, a nurse came up and laid her hand kindly on the woman's shoulder. Margaret was not near enough to hear what she was saying but she saw a look of pain follow the one of hope, that had first shown in the woman's face. When the nurse, followed by the doctor and the woman, left the hall and entered the charity ward, she followed them.

Something, she hardly knew what, drew her to the open door of the room wherein the woman was kneeling by the bed of a dying child. Mother-love, resignation, almost joy, were in her face at the thought of the release coming to her child.

The boy was beyond human aid, so the nurse and doctor stole quietly from the room to leave the poor mother alone with him.

Margaret stopped the nurse to ask if there was no hope for the child.

"None," was the reply, "the end has come at last. Poor little fellow he has suffered so long, and even if he had recovered his strength, his mind would have been deranged, so it is much better that he should go."

"And the poor mother," Margaret asked, with tears of sympathy starting in her eyes, "has she no other children?"

"None," was the reply, "yet her courage is wonderful."

"Do you think she would let you give her some money?" said Margaret, as she felt for her purse. "I know how powerless money is, at such a time; but I would like to do something for her. She need not know where it comes from."

The nurse accepted the money gratefully, saying she knew it would do good.

Then Margaret went back to her husband, and as he saw her coming towards him, he knew that his experiment had succeeded.

That night the hundreds of bells chiming out their welcome to the New Year, seemed a fit accompaniment to the joy, singing in his heart. As he sat gazing dreamily into the fire, thinking how much brighter the outlook for the New Year was, than he had dared to hope, the door

opened and Margaret stole softly in, to put her arms around his neck and say, "Ralph, I couldn't go to sleep, I was so happy. And oh, I want to thank you for what you have done for me today. How blind and selfish I have been and you have always been so patient."

"There dear," Ralph said almost fearfully, "let's not talk about it any more, now. Tomorrow when you feel rested will be time enough.

I want to think only of the new joy that has come to us."

"I am going to make the New Year very happy for you, dear," she said.

"And I for you."

"Hear the bells, Ralph. Did they ever sound so beautiful to you before?"

"No, never before."

"Good-night, dear. A Happy New Year."

"Good-night, Margaret."

Heimweh.

By Maud Baggarley.

*Beyond the deepening twilight,
Past the poplars grim and tall,
And the mighty snow-clad mountains,
Shutting out my home and all,
I can see with eyes of memory,
With a joy akin to pain,
With a gladness born of heart-ache
My dear childhood's home, again.*

*The quiet farm, the orchard old,
The sun-kissed fields of green,
The firs—low chanting even-song—
And mother! my heart's queen.
The little church on the hillside,
The graves where loved ones sleep,
Where the air is sweet with eglantine
And the river its vigil keeps.*

*O sad, that the path of duty
Oft leads from mother and home,
That from out youth's land of glamour
Life calls us, afar to roam.*

LINES
WRITTEN AT MARBLEHEAD,
Massachusetts.

O fair this spot, with sunlight overspread,
This slope where golden-rod and wood-wax sway;
These gentle cliffs where waves of ocean play.
And is it here the sailor's life is sped,
His body shoreward hurled in nights of dread?
'Tis told uncanny sights and sounds dismay,
The one who lingers here in twilight's gray,
When stalk the spectres on lone Marblehead.
Bright glitters, now, in noon, the far stretched brine,
Along the marge the smoke-plumed steamers go,
On sails of passing craft the hot beams shine,
A sunny peace doth storm and fear outgrow.
Yea, so the days are symbols and a sign,
Of what each life and what each heart must know!

Alfred Lambourne.

THE THREE GRACES OF ART:

~~~~~ Alfred

Music touches the Soul; Poetry makes perfect,  
the Song of Worship, it chronicles the deeds of  
heroes, sings the praises of beauty, and gives to  
"airy nothings a local habitation and a name." Art  
covers the earth with palaces, with majestic cathed-  
rals, carves the statue, and keeps before our eyes

LINES  
WRITTEN AT THE OBELISK  
In Central Park.

---

Art thou not lost, thou gray and time-worn shaft?  
Full strange must be, after the desert gleam,  
The whirl of desert sands, this sea of green!  
And didst thou know when Cleopatra laughed,  
The priceless pearl unto her lover quaffed?  
Yea, then thy granite caught the scorching beam,  
Where rainless arched the sky o'er Nilus' stream—  
Thou thing of those now mummied, handicraft!  
On this new soil thou of the ancient prate,  
And listen not to us, why we to thee?  
And yet sphinx-like thou seemst dull, senseless stone!  
The riddle we would know of our own fate—  
O, that we might into the future see,  
As many thousand years as thou hast known!  
Alfred Lambourne.

MUSIC, PAINTING, POETRY

Lambourne 

the features of loved ones gone. Between Music, Painting and Poetry there can be no strife, only a sweet companionship. They blend in sweetest harmony, to use the beautiful simile of Keats, the golden thoughts of their enraptured votaries, as the perfume of the violet melts into that of the rose.

# An Alphabet of Women.

*For why should men do all the deeds?*

SARAH MARGARET FULLER (Marchioness Ossoli), the noted American authoress was born in 1810 and lost by shipwreck off Fire Island near New York, 1850.

After the death of her father, Congressman Fuller, she taught to support herself. Then she turned her attention to literature, and edited the Boston *Dial*. She wrote *Women in the Nineteenth Century*. At Horace Greeley's invitation she contributed much to the *Tribune*, taking up her residence in New York. She traveled in Europe, and at Rome met Marquis Ossoli, whom she married. The marriage caused considerable comment amongst her friends as the Marquis was much younger than his wife. They, however, decided that they were congenial, that they loved each other sincerely, and that it was nobody's business but their own. She became greatly interested in Italy's struggle for freedom, and during the siege of Rome, opened a hospital. When the city was captured, she and her husband were obliged to hide from the French, but they were enabled after sometime to set sail for America. A great wind wrecked the boat. The body of their little child was picked up on the beach, but the parents were never found.

LADY FANSHAW, born in London and died there 1679 was a great traveler and observer of people and their customs. Her many truthful and well-written articles she combined in a book called "Memoirs," which has become of distinct historical value.

MILLCENT FAWCETT, an English woman, born 1847, was a leader in university education for women. She has written many books. Two of them deal well with political economy, one, "Jane Doncaster," is a novel.

SUSAN E. FERRIER (1782-1854) has written three tales of her native land (Scotland) that are full of wit and strong delineation of Scotch character. They are, "The Inheritance," "Destiny," and "Marriage."

KATE FIELD, that popular and brainy newspaper woman, author and lecturer, was born in St. Louis. She was foreign correspondent for New York papers, and established a periodical of her own. She is one of the best known women of America. She died in Honolulu, May 18, 1896. Her name was Mary Katherine Kemble.

ANNIE ADAMS FIELDS (born Boston 1834) is best known for her "Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe." She tells us "How to Help the Poor," among other books, and also has written poetry.

ELLA FARMAN (Mrs. Pratt) is a well-known writer of children's books. She was editor of *Wide Awake* first, and afterwards of *Our Little Men and Women*.

MARY HALLOCK FOOTE is our Rocky Mountain novelist. She is a descriptive writer, an illustrator and novelist. Her stories are the popular "Led Horse Claim," "Chos-



en Valley," etc. She is, of course, not a "foremost writer," but her stories are pretty and interesting. She was born at Melton, N. Y., 1847. Her husband was a mining engineer.

FAUSTINA was the wife of famous Marcus Aurelius of ancient times. She was believed by her husband to be the most perfect wife and the best woman in the world. She was the mother of eleven children. She died while accompanying her husband on an expedition of war, and he made the little village she died in take the rank of city, naming it after her. He also founded an orphan school in her honor.

MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN was born at Randolph, Mass. Her stories are descriptive of New England country life and are thoroughly delightful. She is probably best known through "A New England Nun," and other short tales and the novel "Pembroke" which is a strong portrayal of the "sotness" of people who can't give in.

MRS. FISKE is undoubtedly the greatest American actress in her line. Only Julia Marlowe, our

foremost Shakespearian woman has a right to claim first place with her. Mrs. Fiske has had many ups and downs, and her fight against the syndicate is a big part of theatrical history. She made an assured success in Thomas Hardy's fine heart-breaking story, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and "Becky Sharp," the fascinating little woman of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." She is a favorite portrayer of Ibsen women. As a player she is both tense and intense. Probably no other actress since the world was born has been able to hold her audiences through long silences as Mrs. Fiske can.

FRANCISCA (da Rimini), celebrated in art and literature from Dante to the present day, was the daughter of Guido (ge'do) da Polenta, lord of Rimini, a city in Italy. She was betrothed by her family to Giovanni Malatesta, a brave soldier, but lame and much more uncouth in his manners than his handsome younger brother, Paolo, whom he sent to bring Francesca home. She and Paolo loved each other, and the enraged husband slew them both (1288.)

Note: Margaret Fuller will be found in Vol. 10, page 471.



# The New Year for Principal Mansfield.

By R. A. A. R.

*Awarded the Second Prize in the New Year's Story Contest.*

As Principal Mansfield sat in his study preparing examination questions for general history, he overheard a girl say, "Eve, did you know we're not going to have Christmas holidays this year?"

"Why, I guess not," returned Eve, lightly. "Who ever heard of missing them?"

"It's that way this year. Professor Mansfield said so."

"The idea!" cried Eve, in a loud tone. "I don't believe nonsense like that."

"Well, they're going to call a meeting and let the students vote on it, and we know they'll not go against it when the principal—"

"Doesn't everyone want holidays? Mr. Anson," she inquired, as the young professor came out into the hall, "is there anything to this nonsensical rumor?"

"Yes, I suppose so. It's feared that if the students scatter out over the country some contagious disease may be brought back, and school have to be closed."

"Oh," cried Eve, "and who has heard for years of disease originating anywhere but right in this town? And how much more likely will it start if the students all stay here mingling together in dances and parties, overtaking their strength while they are going to school. Pshaw! and if it should start in some other little town, the students could be prevented from coming back."

Although Eve's manner had been boisterous, she had made it so purposely in order that if Principal Mansfield was about he would hear.

Action was to be taken concerning the proposition on Friday. Eve realized that it was indeed a serious matter.

How she had looked forward to holidays, for Fred might come. It was now two years since they had told their love. Each week since they had told it over. She wasn't sure he would come, but if he shouldn't she would never have the heart to study through her disappointment. She must go to see the home folks at least.

"Not have holidays, we'll see about that," she said with a stamp of her foot.

As the students assembled in Chapel Friday morning, anxiety was plainly depicted on every face. The instructors composedly took their seats. Principal Mansfield was genial and smiling. After singing by the students Professor Dalquist spoke a few words, telling them to vote as they wished after considering the question, and to be careful to use their best judgment. Then Principal Mansfield came forward with his confident smile. He was a favorite with the students.

It was a hard thing, he said, to let reason rule instead of feelings, but the wisest man always does so. It was well to consider both sides of the question, discover the side of reason, and be willing to accept that. As his reasons for the change he spoke first of the danger of disease which had already been discussed. Second, many of the boys were under the necessity of leaving school in the spring before the full term was completed, holding school during the usual periods of holidays would give them two weeks more school.

Third, the latter part of May is usually warm, and two weeks could be spent on the farm or in the workshop more profitably than in the winter. Fourth, the period of

holidays is usually entirely wasted, even dissipated away, wearing out strength, and leaving one in a poorer physical and mental condition than was the case before holidays. Fifth, the journey homeward for most students took several days, and meant exposure to cold. Sixth, but few would be able to spend more than a week at home, anyway. Seventh, much money is yearly wasted on useless bric-a-brac and extravagant gifts; by not going home it would be saved for a better use. Eighth, school would not be held on Christmas or New Year's as they come on Sunday. Finally, since every student is under great expense both as to time and money, and since he is under obligations to those who made sacrifices to send him to school, each student having his own best advantage in mind; and since, holidays would not further his interests, but detract from them, the wisest course for this time was to let reason have its way.

With a smile of assurance he sat down.

Any of the students wishing to make comments was privileged to do so before voting. A painful hush followed. Many eyes were centered on Eve, who sat in the front row. Her face darkened like an ominous cloud, her brown eyes became black, she stood up, and with an angry tremor in her voice, said:

"As for dissipating, students will do it whether they have holidays or not. I don't care for that. I'm tired. I need a rest. We all do. Our health demands it. Besides," she added, "it's our right to have holidays. It is an understood contract."

Principal Mansfield could not forbear a chuckle, for Eve belonged to his commercial law class.

Christiana Morton, a devoted student, arose, "For my part," she said, "Christmas and New Year's will be worth nothing to me unless I go home. I've been expecting to go so long, I can't study any way."

"It looks this way to me," came from a bright fellow in the back, "if we don't have holidays this year, we'll establish a precedent. Next year there will be reasons for no holidays, and the year after till finally we'll never have any holidays at all." A subdued laugh followed.

"I don't think the boys are the only ones to be thought of," ventured a slender, pretty girl, in a tearful voice, "some of us girls have to make our dresses during holidays or have nothing to wear."

"I think," said a philosophical member, "that we can use our own judgment about money matters, and enjoy holidays too."

"Time's up," announced Professor Dalquist, "put it to vote."

An overwhelming majority declared for holidays.

"Professor Mansfield," shouted some one on the majority side, "let's postpone the decision. Perhaps the students haven't had time to think it over well."

But the students went downstairs in great disorder.

Eve was so angry she almost stumbled down. "A trick," she flung the words half aloud. "Sat down and thought out a neat, logical set of arguments, and none of them would hold water. Professor Mansfield's selfish."

"What's that, Miss Eve?" It was her favorite teacher, Mr. Dalquist, that spoke.

"I say," she repeated with emphasis, "that Professor Mansfield is selfish. I really believe he is, too."

He gave her a half reproving smile, and passed on.

On the following Friday, few students remained for the afternoon classes. Principal Mansfield met Eve, who was one of them, coming rapidly down-stairs with a load of books. "And so I've found out the secret of your opposition," he said, roguishly.

The color spread over the girl's face. "Well, what is it?" she asked, for he had barred her passage.

"Oh, didn't I see somebody with a valise get off the stage last night?"

"How do I know?" she replied helplessly, casting a tell-tale glance from her brown eyes, as she broke away.

"Merry Christmas and Happy New Year," he called to her. "I wish mine were as sure as yours," he added, to himself.

\* \* \* \* \*

Principal Mansfield turned the key in the lock, easily swung into his chair, lifted first one leg and then the other on to the most convenient article of furniture within reach, and leaned back to take solid comfort. He was so weary. The strain of school work at best is great. Out here, as principal of a large high school in the country, it was doubly hard. It required tact and solid worth. Nathan Mansfield filled the position with marked success, and always had with him a carefree, genial air.

It was not, however, an exact expression of his inner self. He had other ambitions to steal his peace of mind, and it was to further them that he had hoped to convince the students that it would be to their advantage to omit the holiday season. Two weeks in the spring was just the time he needed to clear up his affairs and go East.

To be defeated—by a slip of a girl, too.

"A hard pill to swallow," and he

mused, a sarcastic smile playing over his features. "A most original piece—that girl. She saw her way clear and started them out. Clever—clever! Got a head for law, philosophy, literature, almost anything—could be the belle of society—anything she chooses. And she chooses to be true to that college boy of hers—just an ordinary fellow, too, doesn't own a red cent. I see a vision of her in about five years—let's see, not so long as that, two, three years at most. Nineteen or twenty, hair done up, white dress, blushing cheeks, and hubby. Then the children—good-bye to fame and fortune that stare her in the face. No need to fear supremacy of females as long as some of the male sex adores them, and he smiled more broadly. They can't resist our pleading. Yet a change of expression came into his face, as he drew a photograph from his pocket. "You—you angel of light, you are different," he murmured, and as he gazed, the sarcastic smile was gone, and a sincere look of longing took its place.

"O Marion, why be so foolish over religion. I am the son of good Latter-day Saints. 'More is expected of you with all your advantages, and you are indifferent.' I remember her words." A sort of mist came over his eyes. "God made man in His own image, in the image of God made He him." The words came to him, as they often did, reminding him of the great purpose in living, as beside the paltry things of man's ambition. "Do others or they'll do you," he had often repeated, sarcastically. The vulgarity of the thought. How far up the heights to something true and great! How far removed was his ordinary thought from dreams of Marion. She, the personification of



his ideal. A year ago they parted, just because, as she said, his worldly ambitions could never make a happy and a righteous life. She gave him her hand at parting and let him press it. A calm sadness showed in her eyes and in the pretty lip curves. "Goodbye," she said, there were no tears, yet somehow he felt that her golden dreams were shattered.

Tears filled his eyes for the first time. He stretched his arms out on the desk, and laid his weary head down to let his thoughts drift as they would.

He was brilliant, popular, strong, well-to-do. A career was before him. Yet, for all that, life would be for him a dull, dark nothingness without her. And she, so true to principle, so wise and brave, she understood where his ambition was leading; he knew, too, that he would become entirely severed from the faith of his parents in time. For the last few years his interests had been along educational lines alone, with fame and profit at the end. He would investigate a little more, yes, and see Marion on New Year's day.

On New Year's day Nathan Mansfield was walking up the village street toward the meeting-house in Marion's home town, for there he expected to find her, it being a Sabbath morning. He was one of many going in the same direction. Quite a number of vehicles stood outside the Church, and people streamed in. They seemed not very gay for the first day of the New Year. He went in, and stood near the door, for there was no seat room. In dainty white, overloaded with flowers, he saw in front of the pulpit, a casket. A solemn feeling crept over him. He did not look for Marion, but he listened to the

sad sweet funeral songs. Somehow he did not take this death so philosophically as he usually did, passing it by simply as a phase of life. He began to weep with the others.

An aged brother arose:

"My brethren and sisters, it is New Year's Day, and more sad for us all than we can say. But let us believe that for this bright spirit it is a New Year behind the veil. 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' Her place is prepared. We miss her sweet and mighty influence for she has labored among us. Beyond the veil she is received with rejoicing. She will be sealed to some good man, and her endless progression is assured. Blessed are we, for our great hope.

"Alas! for him who never sees  
The stars shine through the cypress  
trees,  
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
Nor looks to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marbles play."

Aye, we shall meet again. The soul of Marion Kiser."—

Nathan Mansfield heard no more. He seemed to be sinking down, down into an awful chasm of never ending darkness.

The setting sun cast its slant rays through the window pane, as Nathan Mansfield, wildly staring, raised his head from his desk.

"A dream! She lives. My Marion! God willing, she shall be mine for the rest of this life, and *through all eternity* if I have to go through the doors of a Temple to receive her. Father in heaven, forgive me. I have been blind. May I, for the brilliant talent Thou hast blessed me with, do Thy will; and find the noble purpose Thou hast designed. May I begin with the New Year."

It was a prayer. The man had sunk to his knees.

# A Glorious Promise.

*By Mary A. Freeze.*

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever"—Dan. 12-3.

So declared that grand captive prophet Daniel to whom the Lord gave such great power that he interpreted the king's dreams, also the handwriting on the wall foretelling the calamities that were to come upon the profligate king, Belshazzar. That wonderful promise reaches down through all the ages, to those who engage in true missionary labor, in whatever capacity. You, my dear sisters, who are officers, leaders, or teachers in Zion or out in the world, as well as our brethren, are heirs to this promise and will surely claim it. Do you realize this? Did you ever stop and question your own heart thus. What am I working for? What induced me to accept this great responsibility which often requires a sacrifice of my personal desires and feelings? What do I hope to gain by thus devoting my talents to the welfare of others?

If you so question the answer will come in this way. Not to be seen or heard of men, nor for any worldly consideration. Not to obtain the praise of your fellows, but because you felt in your heart that God required it of you, and no thought of reward ever entered your soul, only the favor and blessing of your Heavenly Father whose work you are engaged in.

At the time of your acceptance you knew not of the joy which would come to you while engaged in this labor of love, but you have since known that joy and peace

which the world cannot give, neither take away.

In one of our hymns we sing,

"Fading are all worldly treasures,  
With their boasted pomp and show,  
Heavenly joys and lasting pleasures,  
None but Zion's children know."

Since doing missionary work you have learned that great truth.

Jesus once questioned Peter saying, "Peter, lovest thou me?" The answer was, "Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee." Then Jesus asked him again, receiving the same answer, and giving the same admonition. And the third time He asked the same question. When Peter said, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." "Feed my sheep," He again commanded, apparently desirous of making an impression upon the mind of Peter that he would not forget what was required of him, if he loved the Lord. He did not ask him to do anything for Him personally, because he loved Him, but to "feed His sheep;" or in other words, labor to save souls, to teach, warn, counsel, and strive to turn them to righteousness, which he faithfully did all his life.

You, my sisters, also, have been called to "Feed His sheep" and when filled with the spirit of your calling, your hearts yearn over our Father's children, especially those of the household of faith, and you are willing to labor by day and by night for their advancement, and enlightenment. You know the promise is sure, that if you should labor all your days, and be the

means of saving one soul, your joy would be great with that soul in the kingdom of our Father. There is an over-mastering desire in the breasts of all the peoples of earth, for happiness. All are striving to obtain it, though in various ways. Some think wealth will bring it, others seek positions of prominence, others give their whole attention to worldly pleasures, each believing the course pursued will yield the greater happiness. You, my dear girls, also wish for happiness, which is natural and right. And now let me assure you that true, earnest missionary work in whatever line, will bring you greater happiness and satisfaction than anything else in this world. Yea, than all else combined, because it is the work of God, and He has the pow-

er to bestow this greater happiness. He pays well those who labor for Him, and besides paying for work done, He gives many good gifts to His children, which they have not earned, so we are told in Holy Writ. You, my sisters, are working in the Lord's vineyard because He has called you, in accordance with the mission He gave you, ere you left the spirit world. That you are wise has been proven by your responding to the call of the Master of the vineyard; thereby meriting the first of the promise quoted in the beginning of this article, and you have already, and will, through your diligence, have influence and power to turn many to righteousness, and will shine as the stars forever and ever.

## Death.

*By May H. Marsh.*

*The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away—Blessed be the name of the Lord.—Job I: 21.*

How sad the hour—but it must come to all,—  
Death's angel has for each a silent beckoning call,  
And come when that call may—the time to us unknown,  
We must give heed when Jesus calls us home.

Why should we weep? when God above thinks best,  
To take one of His own to His bright home of rest,—  
Where pain, nor toil, nor strife, nor evil hath a place,  
And souls are pure and filled with love and grace.

We all miss them—their fond caress and love,  
The sorest trials here reward us most above.  
Though now our minds are dark—the blessing seems not plain,  
But it will be sure, we'll meet them all again.

May sorrow cease—our tears be kept away,  
Let us look up to God and wait that brighter day,  
Be happy in the thought, if we do keep from sin  
In realms above we all shall meet again.

# The Case of Dick Kingston.

*By Grace Ingles Frost.*

The street was shadowed in darkness save for a gleam of light that shone from the window of a cottage, where a woman paced to and fro watching and waiting until the curtain of night was raised, for footsteps that came not.

When the gray shadows of morning hovered over mountain and plain, a carriage rolled down the avenue, stopped before the cottage door, and two men carried him for whom the woman had been watching, into the house, laid him upon a couch, and without even glancing in her direction, re-entered the carriage, and were driven away.

They were not strangers to the woman, they had performed this same service for the wreck, lying unconscious before her, many, many times.

Her lips curled scornfully as she thought of them. "It is the old, old story," she sighed. "I suppose he would not be here now if he had not exhausted the contents of his purse." But only for an instant did her mind dwell upon them. Her thoughts immediately returned to this charge, and her face assumed the gauntness of death as she gazed upon him, while from her tortured heart a prayer for strength to endure, ascended into heaven. She fell on her knees, covered her grief-stricken face with her hands to shut out the sight, and cried aloud in the agony of her heart, as did David: "My son, my son, would God I had died for thee!"

Poor Martha Kingston! Her life had been a most unhappy one. When her husband, Richard Kingston, was consigned to the grave,

(death having claimed him all too soon through the demon drink), she lavished the entire love of her heart upon their boy; vowing again and again that even though the Good Book says the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the heads of the children, the Lord helping her, their child should be free from the taint of that deadly poison.

How she guided and shielded him, what sacrifices she made for his sake, only her Creator knew; yet he had come to the state in which he is introduced to us. And why?

Dick Kingston was gifted with intelligence far surpassing that of the average person, blessed with a healthy body, a prepossessing appearance and a mother of whom kings might have envied him.

At nineteen years of age he was a college graduate, with a future before him that looked very rosy, indeed. He became a civil engineer and fortune smiled upon him as she smiles upon few. He lived but for his mother. She was his all in all. His evenings when not spent at meetings where chiefly spent at home. Zion's fair daughters even, possessed no attraction for him, until he met Lillian Crawford, then there came a change.

With fear and trembling the mother saw him become interested in the pleasures and pastimes of youth, yet she knew that it must be so. But, oh, how persistently she cautioned him never for one moment to yield to temptation in the slightest degree.

It was wonderful how greatly Dick Kingston was influenced by



his mother's teachings. Although he often associated in his daily labors with men who professed neither religion nor morals, men who called him "goody, goody," and laughter at him, he had been strong in the hour of temptation. [Oh, that he might have always proved so!].

It remained for one whom he loved and who claimed to love him, to forge the first link in the chain which eventually bound him securely.

It happened in this way. One New Year's Day, Dick and a number of his friends (like himself, Latter-day Saint boys) decided to call upon all of the young ladies of their acquaintance. Of course, refreshments of some kind are always served upon such occasions, and this proved no exception to the rule.

At the first three hourses they visited, chocolate was served with cake, but at the fourth, which was the home of his finance, punch was offered to them. When first urged to partake of this beverage, Dick refused, much to the amusement of his friends, but when Lillian insisted upon him tasting it, because she had prepared it, telling him that it contained only a small amount of claret, just enough to give it a flavor, and that if he

refused she would think him extremely unsociable, he yielded; making peace with his conscience by telling it that surely he was not a child to fall through drinking a glass of punch now and then.

After calling upon Lillian he and his friends called at a number of houses where they were offered and accepted some variety of liquor, until Dick, being unaccustomed to intoxicants, was—Heaven pity poor Martha Kingston—carried home in a state of inebriation.

Had Lillian Crawford known the story of Dick Kingston's father, she would rather have cut off her right hand than have offered him that social glass.

During that year Dick's meetings knew him no more. During that time he urged Lillian to set the day for their marriage, but she refused telling him that she would never marry a man who neglected his duties for the wine shop and the gaming table. This but added fuel to the flame which was already consuming him.

Martha Kingston was only human. If, as she knelt by the side of her son there crept into her heart a feeling of bitterness towards her whose hand had wrought this ruin, shall she be harshly judged?

There are many people who insist that there is not any sin in partaking of the social glass to celebrate the birth of our Savior. Have they ever thought how inappropriate such a celebration is? Christ came to save man's life, while those who indulge in the practice of serving wine to celebrate His birth, are doing something which is liable to ruin, both in body and in soul, those whom He came to save.

Let us forever banish from our houses that which causes, if not ourselves, others to offend. We should not only be preachers of the word, but doers also. The best way to preach the Gospel is to live it.



# GIRL · QUERIES

*Conducted by Catherine Hurst.*

*Address all communications in this department to Question Box,  
Bishop's Building, 40 N. Main St.*

Will you please give me some hints on the care of the feet?—Vera D.

Bathing the feet is, of course, as necessary as bathing the hands and face. Just as much care should be used in selecting soaps and ointments. The skin of the feet is more tender than that of the hands, and callouses more readily. To avoid unpleasant odors, bathe the feet two or three times a day, adding to the water a tablespoonful of salt and a little ammonia. A tablespoonful of listerine is also good. Rub briskly after the bath and change the hose once a day. A good powder for softening the feet, also to remove odor arising from perspiration, is composed of equal parts of French chalk and alum. Where an odor is very offensive make a powder of the following and dust the feet each morning: Three oz. boric acid, four oz. oxide of zinc, three oz. salicylic acid, ten grains of carbolic acid. Any druggist will prepare this for you. A good ointment is made of, boric acid two parts, vaseline 30 parts, and glycerine 3 parts. Perfume as desired. The same attention should be paid to the nails of the feet as to those of the hands.

Should kissing games be played at parties or social gatherings?—W.R.M.

I would advise not to play them. There are so many intellectual games which are very instructive, that can be played, so the other sort seems entirely out of place. Kissing promiscuously is quite harmful, as many diseases are contracted in this way. Get on a higher plane as soon as possible.

"Bertha" sent an addressed envelope but forgot her query. Please forward it.

Please give me a good disinfectant for bath room and toilet.—Mrs. J. Y.

Columbia Chloride of Lime is very good to cleanse the pipes. "Diozo," manufactured by the Parker Chemical

Co. of Chicago is an excellent disinfectant to hang on the wall. It is guaranteed to last for two years, and then the inner bulb can be renewed at a small cost.

Should a young girl go out with a young man immediately after being introduced to him?—Hope F.

Ask your mother and father what they think about it. Is the young man objectionable in any way? Do you know anything of his former life or family? Is he a clean, moral young man? What of his associates? Is there something about him which appeals to your higher self? These and many other questions should be answered to your entire satisfaction before you consent to "go out" with him.

I would like some simple remedy for hair that is oily, although washed frequently.—Autumn Leaves.

Powdered bicarbonate of soda,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. Borate of soda,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. Eau de Cologne, 1 fluid oz. Alcohol, 2 fluid oz. Tincture of cochineal,  $\frac{1}{2}$  fluid oz. Distilled water, 16 fluid oz. Apply every day until improvement is noticed.

Please give me a simple remedy for unwelcome hair on the face.—Joy and Cris.

There are many preparations of "depilatory," all are made about the same, and are advertised as harmless. They may be so, but I would not recommend the use of any. Should there be an abrasion or pimple on the face you might contract some dread disease which would prove much worse than the small growth of hair. The only safe remedy would be to see an expert and have them removed by Electrolysis or the Xrays, both of which are very expensive. Should there be one or two hairs growing from a mole, Rexell's preparation would remove them without harm, providing you follow directions.

# OUR GIRLS.

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## Listen to the Spirit's Voice.

*By M. A. Stewart.*

Oh listen to the Spirit's voice,  
    'Twill guide you through each day,  
And plant your feet more firmly in  
    The straight and narrow way.  
Oh listen to the Spirit's voice,  
    And then you'll be secure;  
Then Satan's hosts may do their best  
    Your pathway to obscure.

Oh listen to the Spirit's voice;  
    Oh listen while you're free,  
For unto whom you list to serve,  
    His servant you will be.  
Oh listen to the Spirit's voice  
    While youth is in it's bloom,  
Wait not until your friends have lain  
    Your body in the tomb.

Oh listen to the Spirit's voice,  
    The tempter then will flee;  
If you will heed that warning voice,  
    He'll ne'er return to thee.  
Oh listen to the Spirit's voice,  
    When your cross seems hard to bear,  
For close beside that cross I see  
    The Savior kneeling there.

Oh listen to the Spirit's voice  
    You will be happy then,  
For Father said: "My Spirit will  
    Not always strive with men."  
Oh listen to the Spirit's voice,  
    His call is one of love;  
'Twill lead you back to Father's house—  
    To His mansions up above.

# Domestic Science.

*Blanche Caine.*

## PROTEIN FOODS.

To study foods intelligently a clear understanding of what food is must be had.

Food is that which, taken into the body, builds tissues or yields energy.

The five food classes are protein, fat, carbohydrates, mineral matter, and water. The special function of these five food classes is to perform one or the other of the requirements of a food in the body, namely, to build tissue or to yield energy.

Protein is chiefly a tissue builder in that its most important work in the body is to build and to repair muscular tissue. Protein gives the body some heat, but this is not its chief work.

Protein is obtained from lean meats of all kinds, from fish, from albumen in the egg white, the case in or curd of milk, in the gluten of wheat and other cereals, in peas and beans and in small quantities in nearly all vegetables.

The chief source of protein however is from animal foods.

This gives an idea of the foods which must be eaten in order to build up and to repair the muscles.

In the absence of meat, eggs, peas, or beans will supply the necessary nourishment for the muscles. Beans are a pleasing change from the regular meat course and are very much cheaper than meat.

The amount of protein foods required by the body depends upon the person's occupation as a man doing office work does not require as much as one doing hard manual labor.

In many cases a great deal more meat is eaten than is necessary or essential to a strong, healthy body.

Meat, as the chief source of protein, will be considered in this lesson.

### MEAT.

**Cooking**—Among the chief objects of cooking are the loosening and softening of the tissues, which facilitates digestion by exposing them more fully to the action of the digestive juices. Another important object is to kill parasites, and thus render harmless organisms that might otherwise expose the eater to great risks. Other objects are the coagulation of the albumen and blood so as to render the meat more accept-

able to the sight, and the development and improvement of the natural flavor, which is often accomplished in part by the addition of seasonings.

If a piece of meat is plunged into boiling water (boiled meat) or very hot fat (fried meat) the albumen on the entire surface of the meat is quickly coagulated, and the enveloping crust thus formed resists the dissolving action of water and prevents the escape of the juices and flavoring matters. Thus cooked, the meat retains most of its flavoring matters and has the desired meaty taste. The resulting broth is correspondingly poor.

If both the broth and the meat are to be used it should be stewed. The meat cut into small pieces is put into cold water so that much of the juices and flavoring materials may be dissolved. The temperature should then be raised until it reaches about 180 degrees Fahrenheit where it should be kept for some hours. Treated in this way, the broth will be rich and the meat still tender and juicy.

**Roasting** differs from boiling only in that the meat is surrounded by hot air instead of boiling water. The shrinkage in a roast of meat during cooking is chiefly due to a loss of water. It is important to remember that the smaller the cut to be roasted the hotter the fire should be. An intensely hot fire coagulates the exterior and prevents the drying up of the meat juices. The broiling of a steak, or chop is done on exactly this principle. An intense heat should be applied to thoroughly coagulate the albumen and stop the pores, and thus prevent the escape of the juices. A steak exposed to an intense heat for ten minutes is thoroughly cooked and has yet that rare, juicy appearance which is so desirable.

### *Beef Loaf.*

1½ lbs. cold cooked meat chopped very fine, fat and lean, but no skin or gristle.

5 soda crackers rolled fine or bread crumbs. Add to the meat and crumbs:

1 tablespoon butter.

2 beaten eggs.

1 teaspoon salt.

½ teaspoon pepper.



$\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon sage.

A little scraped onion.

Moisten enough to pack well with a little broth or milk. Mix very thoroughly.

Make into a loaf, rub over with softened butter and bake slowly about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Use hot or cold.

#### *Cannellon of Raw Beef.*

1 lb. beef from round chopped fine.

1 beaten egg.

1 teaspoon salt.

1 tablespoon butter melted.

$\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon white papper.

1 teaspoon mixed spices.

Work well together and make into a roll. Lay on greased pan and bake  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour. Baste well with melted butter.

Serve hot with "Brown" or "Tomato Sauce."

#### *Meat Scallops.*

Any cold meat may be used with cold potatoes or rice for a scallop. Fill pudding pan (in alternate layers of meat and potatoes or rice) about  $\frac{3}{4}$  full. Season well and moisten with brown sauce, gravy, any meat broth or milk. Put cracker or bread crumbs on top dotted with bits of butter.

## OFFICERS' NOTES.

### REPORTS.

Report blanks have been sent to all stakes. If they have not been received by either the stake president or secretary notify the General Secretary at once. The new office address is Room 33, Bishop's Building, No. 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Ward secretaries should apply to the stake secretary for report blanks at once if they have not already received them. Full instructions for making them out will be found in the December Journal.

### DIME FUND.

Should be sent by local treasurers to the stake treasurer as soon as possible. Please remember that it should correspond to the enrollment as it stands December 31st, 1909.

Stake Treasurers will kindly forward same to the General Treasurer, Mrs. Alice K. Smith, at No. 127 N. Second West Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

### LEAFLETS.

Containing the poems by the home authors are now ready at the Journal office. They are 5c each or 6 for 25c.

### THE TRAVELING LIBRARY.

#### BOOK REVIEW.

"An Old Fashioned Girl," written by Louisa May Alcott, is wholesome and helpful as all her books are. There isn't a dull page; and yet it is just the

everyday life of boys and girls—some sadness and a very great deal of brightness. The story centers around Polly, whose country home is poor, but full of love and goodness. The scenes are in a big city, chiefly at the elegant home of the Shaws. Polly makes a long visit to her friend, Fanny Shaw. She is pained to find selfishness and discontent. Fanny and her fashionable friends, though but fourteen, ape the manners of vain and silly young ladies. They are so artificial and showy that sensible and refined Polly is ill at ease. Tom, Fanny's brother, a little younger than she, teases her shamefully. Maud, the baby sister, is spoiled; the mother is an invalid and the father wholly absorbed in money-making; grandma is lonely and neglected. She regrets that modesty and kindness have gone out of fashion. She and Polly soon become happy companions.

Her wise mother's teachings, that even a little girl can have a big influence for good shows Polly the way to bring sunshine into this rich home. She succeeds so well that her home-going is regretted by all the household. Six years later she comes to the city and gives music lessons to help her brother through college. It is hard, discouraging work, for she is sometimes slighted because she works for her bread. These troubles she overcomes by doing kind deeds and so keeps sweet-tempered and sunny. Through the benevolent woman of the

house where she stays, she gets acquainted with Jane, a poor girl of seventeen, who tried to end her life, because, she said: "There don't seem any room for me in the world, and I'm not afraid to die now, though I should be if I stayed and got bad because I hadn't strength to keep right." These bitter truths by contrast made Polly feel rich and ashamed because she cried when she couldn't go to a party. It wasn't easy for shy Polly to go to Fanny's fashionable sewing circle to tell Jane's story and ask help in the way of needle work, because she knew these idle girls regarded her as queer and old-fashioned. She conquered her pride and did it, winning work and friends for the unfortunate one.

Because she is aching for some fun, she accepts an invitation to go to the opera with Fanny and Tom. She allows herself the extravagance of a new bonnet and gloves, and yields to Fanny's entreaties to borrow her bracelets, opera cloak and fan. Her gorgeous apparel, with the excitement and pleasure, tempt her to indulge in a mild flirtation with Tom and Mr. Sidney. She is blithe and happy; but discovers later that some mischief is done, for Mr. Sidney's admiration for her blossoms into love, and Tom, engaged to a frivolous society girl, has his eyes opened to her charms.

When Polly learns, accidentally, that her friend, Fanny, loves Mr. Sidney, remembering her mother's expression "that girls will make trouble if they live in a howling wilderness," she searches her own heart and finds that she does not love him and therefore ought not to marry him. Though she admires his many good qualities, and is not insusceptible to the advantages of wealth and high social position he could give her, she is true to herself and will not let him make a declaration.

Fanny's love begins to make her dissatisfied with a shallow life—she longs to make herself worthy of the affection she covets. In this Polly aids her by introducing her to such people as Becky, the ambitious sculptor, and Grace, the author, who show her the sunny side of poverty as well as the joy of good work.

Mr. Shaw becomes bankrupt. Fanny accepts the changes bravely, tries to mend her faults and, in time, wins her lover by becoming a girl of heart,

sense, and goodness. Tom, released from his engagement to Trix, hurries off to the west to carve out his own fortune. He makes a man of himself and in the end comes home to claim Polly for his bride. It was harem scare Tom she had loved all those years.

#### ONE WAY FOR RECORDING HOME READINGS.

Read at the Pocatello Convention, by Stake Secretary Edith Harrison:

Have the girls report their home readings the last meeting of each month. It will take only a few minutes for them to report the number of chapters they have read at home during the month, in poetry, essays, history, theology, miscellaneous, and fiction.

Have them report all readings by the number of chapters. Let the Secretary have, at the top of the page in her note book, the names of the different kinds of readings as: fiction, poetry, essays, history, theology, miscellaneous, and put the number under each heading as the girls report them. Then the Secretary should total her slip for the month—Fiction, so many chapters; poetry, so many chapters, etc.

In the Summary, in the back of the roll book, she will find some extra lines. Mark them the different kinds of readings as mentioned above: Say, for instance, in the last meeting of September, 1909, all the girls together reported in fiction, 23 chapters read; poetry, 13 chapters read—you would record in the Summary, on fiction line, under date of last meeting in September, 1909, merely the number 23, on the poetry line under same date the number 13, and so on with all the six kinds of readings. Let this be done every month, then at the end of the year she simply adds together the numbers recorded under each heading for the entire year, and enters it in the report blank under the corresponding heading.

Note.—This way is quite satisfactory, but it is given here only as a suggestion. Some one else may have another method that is equally good. If they have, we should be glad to hear from them.

Please remember that all readings are to be reported by chapters, as books vary so much in size.—General Secretary.

# THE RELIGION CLASS.

A question has been asked concerning the instructors' meetings in the ward and the stake. In answer, we have this to say—

It is expected that the principal and the instructors in the ward will meet once a week and that the stake officers, together with the ward officers and instructors, will meet once every month. In addition, the stake superintendency and the stake board should meet as often as may be necessary to keep abreast with the work. All this after each one has made individual preparation of the lessons.

What should be done at the ward instructors' meetings? Generally speaking, anything is pertinent here that would tend to help along the Religion Class work, in the ward. Specifically, such points as the following might be considered: (1) How many children are there in the ward of Religion Class age? (2) How many actually attend the classes? (3) What is the reason why certain children do not attend? (4) How can we get them to attend? These questions might be classed under the general heading, What to do before the class convenes. Next comes the matter of what to do to keep the attention of the children while they are in the class. Hence we have (5) How can this particular lesson be presented? (6) Where can we get material to illustrate the point in the lesson? (7) What is the best way to get the children to act out what they have been taught? Nor should the answers be guessed at. They should rather be given careful study with a view to getting at facts, present conditions, and results.

Some of these points might also be

considered at the meeting of the stake officers and the ward instructors. As many hands make labor light, so many heads often make thoughts clear. The difficulties too hard for instructors in one ward may have been overcome in another. In a multitude of counsel there is much wisdom. Then, too, some attention should be given the needs and activities of the children in the various wards of the stake. What are they doing? What ought they to do? What is the best way to appeal to them with a view to correcting this or that fault and planting this or that virtue instead? It may be desirable to study and discuss a book on education, such as James' "Talks to Teachers," an excellent, easily-comprehensible, and practical work, containing much that would appeal to the untechnical teacher in Religion Classes. Some stakes have already requested that members of the General Board aid in conducting such work in stake meetings.

In the meetings held by the stake board probably the main thing done would be to hear and discuss the reports of visits made. Special attention should be given those wards in which the work is not progressing so well as could be wished, or where there are particular obstacles to overcome.

With lively, well-conducted meetings such as we have outlined above, how could the Religion Class work be anything but first class? But emphasis in these meetings should be put upon such problems as seem too hard for solution by the individual preparation of the lesson.

## Young Woman's Journal

ORGAN OF THE YOUNG LADIES' MUTUAL  
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS.

IMPROVEMENT OUR MOTTO,  
PERFECTION OUR AIM.

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SALT LAKE CITY. - JANUARY, 1910

## Helpful Thoughts from Members of the General Board.

Weeds will grow in every man's garden. Only by persistent and continuous labor can they be kept in abeyance.

So it is with our faults, never for a single day are we exempt from the admonition "Watch and pray."  
—*Ruth May Fox.*

Let God bear part of your burden. Remember He too has an interest in the work you sometimes feel rests entirely on your frail shoulders.—*Mae Taylor Nystrom.*

Step out of your groove occasionally and take a glimpse from another person's standpoint.—*Ann M. Cannon.*

Trials overcome are the stepping

stones which lead us on to greater heights. Our friends are like the flowers which blossom on the way. The gospel of Jesus Christ is the perfect guide to eternal happiness.  
—*Lucy W. Smith.*

There is no quality in the young that shows more nobleness of character than the kind consideration of the aged.

These white-haired men and women were young as we, not so many years ago, and while their bodies are old and frail, their spirits are young.

They are quick to take a slight and just as quick to respond to a kindness. If every girl within the sacred membership of the Mutual would cultivate the desire this New Year, to add some joy to the lives of the aged of her acquaintance, how much happier our old people would be, and she would grow more noble for her kindness.—*Letitia Teasdale.*

"Many 'Happy New Years,' unbroken friendships, great accumulation of cheerful recollections, affection on earth and heaven at last for all of us."—*Charles Dickens.*

This is my sincere wish for all our dear "Journal" readers, but to bring about this happy result our lives must be filled with cheerful, honest toil either of brain or brawn. Gentle, loving, encouraging words must be spoken, and willing kindly service rendered to all around us. We must shed forth sunshine and gladness in our pathway and learn to love our fellowmen. The world needs more love, more light, more true, heartfelt sympathy, more real honest effort to bless and uplift our Father's children. Let us pray at the beginning of this New Year for strength and power to do and then ask our Father in Heaven to guide and sanctify that service to Him.—*Emma Goddard.*



Do the thing and you shall have the power.

If you do not the thing you shall not have the power.—*Elizabeth McCune.*

The power to think is God-given, and one cannot begin too young to cultivate this principle of action which will bring all nearer the great Master, because through its development we grow more like Him.—*Sarah Eddington.*

Dear girls, among your resolutions for the New Year include this one—Discard the dress of Gush and Mannerism and clothe yourself in the becoming gown of Sincerity.—*Alice C. Tuddenham.*

In our mutual work there are wonderful openings for us all to be pillars of strength in our ward organizations. Little duties are so often neglected. We may speak a kind word to the discouraged, comfort one in sorrow and distress, show interest and love for the wayward and indifferent. The sick are to be remembered and the absent, not forgotten. So many are the requirements left undone, simply from thoughtlessness, selfishness, or indifference.—*Laura Bennion.*

Through obedience to the calls made upon us by proper authority we will accomplish the work given us by our Father on leaving our primeval home.—*Mary A. Freeze.*

A fault finding-spirit is not of God, and cannot dwell in the soul that is actuated by the Holy Spirit.—*Nellie C. Taylor.*

In girlhood the same interest should be taken to develop the physique, and preserve the health that is given to the education of the

mind. Physical vigor is a good preparation for any life, but it is particularly necessary for motherhood. The mother is also responsible, in a large measure, for the mental status of her child, and for his sake she should keep her mind growing. A growing mind, other things being equal, will give wiser care to the child and juster discipline: it will win his confidence and inspire nobler ambitions.—*Estelle Neff Caldwell.*

Every girl has the right to her own thorough self-respect. It rests with her just how she conducts herself when in the society of young men, or among her girl companions.

If she would preserve her womanly dignity, she should submit to nothing that her own pure girlish heart tells her is wrong.

She should have pure thoughts, act like a lady, and the purity that surrounds her will be a safeguard from impolite advances.

She should not allow rude actions, nor by any means listen to small talk from other people, that is not good for every girl to hear.

If she will hold herself to this level, she will command the respect of all who are near her.

If she is good and generous, and heedful of the well-being of those around her, she will never lack friends or kind words.

To be a woman is the truest and best thing beneath the skies.—*Edith R. Lovesy.*

God has endowed woman with those qualities of mind and heart that qualify her to reign queen of the home. Girls, let your first ambition be to develop in the highest degree those God-given talents and traits of character that will enable you to reign in the hearts of your loved ones.—*Joan Campbell.*

# GUIDE DEPARTMENT.

## The Apostasy.

### LESSON VII.

#### INTERNAL CAUSES, CONTINUED.

Note.—For a more detailed treatment of the subject treated in this lesson, see Talmage's "The Great Apostasy," pp. 130-149, also pp. 105-107.

Among the most powerful influences contributing to the progressive apostasy of the early church is the departure from the form of organization and government established by Christ and upheld by the apostles. The Primitive Church was officered by apostles (Luke 6: 13; Mark 3: 14), pastors (Eph. 4: 11), high priests (Heb. 5: 1-5), seventies (Luke 10: 1-11), elders (Acts 14: 23; 15: 6; I Peter 5: 1), bishops (I Tim. 3: 1; Titus 1: 7), priests (Rev. 1: 6), teachers (Acts 13: 1), and deacons (I Tim. 3: 8-12).

Except in the case of Matthias, who succeeded to the position from which Judas Iscariot fell, we read of no successors called to take the place of the apostles ordained by Jesus Christ. Ecclesiastical history tells us, however, that wherever a branch of the church—or as it was then called, a church, was organized, a bishop was placed in charge. It appears that while the apostles lived they selected the bishops, and submitted the nominations to the vote of the people. The principle of common consent was respected in apostolic days with a care amounting to sacred duty. The bishops were assisted by presbyters, deacons, etc. After the apostles had gone, bishops and other officers were nominated by or at the instance of the existing authorities.

As the form of church government changed more and more, many minor orders of clergy or church officers arose; thus in the third century we read of sub-deacons, acolytes, ostiars, readers, exorcists, and copiates. As an instance of the pride of office, it is worthy of note that a sub-deacon was forbidden to sit in the presence of a deacon without the latter's express permission.

At first there was a recognized equality among the "churches" or branches, and among the bishops who presided over them. In the second and third century, however, marked distinctions arose among the bishops, those of large and wealthy cities assuming an authority and dignity above that accorded by them to the "bishops of the suburbs and the fields." The bishops of the largest cities took to themselves the distinguishing title of Metropolitans. Church councils, composed of bishops, undertook to direct, where originally the presiding officials had submitted questions to the vote of the people. Needless to say that with such assumptions came arrogance and tyranny in the government of the church.

Rome, so long the "mistress of the world" in secular affairs, arrogated to herself a pre-eminence in church matters, and the bishop of Rome claimed supremacy.

It is doubtless true that the church at Rome was organized by Peter and Paul. Tradition, founded on error, said that the apostle Peter was the first bishop of Rome;

and those who successively were acknowledged as bishops of the metropolis claimed to be in fact the lineal successors of the presiding apostle. The high but none the less false claim is made by the Catholic Church in this the twentieth century, that the present pope is the last of these lineal successors—not alone to the bishopric but to the apostleship.

The rightful supremacy of the bishops of Rome, or Roman pontiffs as they came to be known, was early questioned; and when Constantine made Byzantium or Constantinople the capital of the empire (see Lesson V) the bishop of Constantinople claimed equality if not superiority. The dispute divided the church, and for five centuries the dissension increased, until in the ninth century (855 A. D.) it developed into a great disruption, in consequence of which the bishop of Constantinople, known distinctively as the patriarch, disavowed all further allegiance to the bishop of Rome otherwise known as the Roman pontiff. This disruption is marked today by the distinction between Roman Catholics and Greek Catholics.

The election of pontiff or bishop of Rome was long left to the vote of the people and clergy; later the electoral power was vested in the clergy alone; and in the eleventh century the power was lodged in the college of cardinals, where it remains vested today.

The Roman pontiffs strove with unremitting zeal to acquire temporal as well as spiritual authority; and their influence had become so great that in the eleventh century we find them claiming authority to direct princes, kings, and emperors in the affairs of the several nations. It was at this, the period of their

greatest temporal power, that we find the pontiff assuming the title of *Pope*, the word meaning literally papa, or father, and applied in the sense of *universal father*. Not content with assumed supremacy in all church affairs, the popes "carried their insolent pretensions so far as to give themselves out for lords of the universe, arbiters of the fate of kingdoms and empires, and supreme rulers over the kings and princes of the earth." (Mosheim, Cent. xi). They claimed the right to authorize and direct in the internal affairs of nations, and to make lawful the rebellion of subjects against their rulers if the latter failed to keep favor with the papal power.

They assumed to impose punishments of fine, imprisonment, bodily torture and even death for violations of church laws, and then provided for remitting such sentences on payment of money. This led to the infamous practice of selling *indulgences* or pardons, which practice was afterward carried to the shocking extent of selling such before the commission of the specific sin, thus literally offering for sale licenses or permits to sin with assurance of immunity.

The selling of indulgences was at first confined to the bishops and their agents, and the practice dates as an organized traffic from about the middle of the twelfth century. It remained for the popes, however, to go to the blasphemous extreme of assuming to remit the penalties of the hereafter on payment of the sums prescribed. Their pretended justification of the impious assumption was as horrible as the act itself. As formulated in the thirteenth century, the explanation was thus set forth.

"That there actually existed an immense treasure of *merit* composed of

the pious deeds and virtuous actions which the saints had performed *beyond what was necessary for their own salvation*, and which were therefore applicable to the benefit of others; that the guardian and dispenser of this precious treasure was the Roman pontiff, and that of consequence he was empowered to assign to such as he thought proper a portion of this inexhaustible source of merit, suitable to their respective guilt, and sufficient to deliver them from the punishment due to their crimes" (as quoted by Mosheim.)

In illustration of the *indulgences* as sold in Germany in the sixteenth century, we have the record of the doings of John Tetzel, agent of the pope, who traveled about selling forgiveness of sins. Says Milner:

"Myconius assures us that he himself heard Tetzel declaim with incredible effrontery concerning the unlimited power of the pope and the efficacy of indulgences. The people believed that the moment any person had paid the money for the indulgence he became certain of his salvation; and that the souls for whom the indulgences were bought, were instantly released out of purgatory. \* \* \* John Tetzel boasted that he had saved more souls from hell by his indulgences than St. Peter had converted to Christianity by his preaching. He assured the purchasers of them, their crimes, however enormous, would be forgiven; whence it became almost needless for him to bid them dismiss all fears concerning their salvation. For, remission of sins being fully obtained, what doubt could there be of salvation?"

A copy of an indulgence written by the hand of Tetzel, the vendor of popish pardons, has been preserved to us as follows:

"May our Lord, Jesus Christ have mercy upon thee and absolve thee by the merits of his most holy passion. And I, by his authority, that of his Apostles Peter and Paul, and of the most holy pope granted and committed to me in these parts, do absolve thee, first from all ecclesiastical cen-

tures, in whatever manner they have been incurred; and then from all the sins, transgressions, and excesses, how enormous soever they may be, even for such as are reserved for the cognizance of the holy see; and as far as the keys of the holy church extend, I remit to thee all the punishment which thou deservest in purgatory on their account; and I restore thee to the holy sacraments of the Church, to the unity of the faithful, and to that innocence and purity which thou possessedst at baptism; so that when thou diest, the gates of punishment shall be shut, and the gates of the paradise of delight shall be opened; and if thou shalt not die at present, this grace shall remain in full force when thou art at the point of death. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." (Milner, Ch. Hist. Cent. xvi, ch. 2.)

Remember that the power to remit all sins was claimed by and for the head of the so-called church from the 12th century down; and that for four hundred years this remission was granted on the basis of a regular schedule of charges. Is other proof required that the "church" itself had become apostate? We no longer need to speak of apostasy *from* the church, but rather concerning the apostasy *of* the "church." Blasphemy consists in part in taking to one's self the divine prerogatives and powers. Here we find the pope of Rome, the head of the only church recognized at the time, assuming to remit the punishments due in the hereafter for sins committed in mortality. A pope assuming to sit in judgment as God Himself! Is this not a fulfillment of the dread conditions of apostasy foreseen and foretold as antecedent to the second advent of Christ? Read for yourselves:

"Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition; who opposeth and



exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshiped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God." (II. Thess. 2: 3, 4.)

By increasing changes and unauthorized alterations in church organization and government, the earthly establishment known as "the church," with popes, cardinals, abbots, friars, monks, exorcists, acolytes, etc., lost all semblance to the Church as established by Christ and maintained by His apostles. In keeping with these departures numerous practices tending to foster the spirit of apostasy grew up in the church. Among these a few may claim our attention.

*Martyr-worship.* As early as the third century, the practice of adoring the remains of martyrs prevailed, and this later developed into actual worship of martyrs, some of whom were "canonized" or declared to be "saints" by the pope. This practice doubtless originated as an imitation of heathen rites. As an instance to what it led, the following description of conditions existing in the twelfth century is instructive. Referring to the methods adopted for raising revenue, Mosheim says:

"The abbots and monks, who were not qualified to grant indulgences, had recourse to other methods of enriching their convents. They carried about the country the carcasses and relics of the saints in solemn procession, and permitted the multitude to behold, touch, and embrace these sacred and lucrative remains, at certain fixed prices. The monastic orders gained often as much by this rareeshow as the bishops did by their indulgences." (Mosheim, Cent. xii, Part ii, Ch. 3: 3.)

*Perverted view of life.* Another heresy of early origin and rapid growth in the church was the doctrine of antagonism between body and spirit, whereby the former was

looked upon as an incubus and a curse. This was due to a grafting of heathen philosophy upon the true vine of the gospel. This led to hermit practices in which men sought to weaken, torture, and subdue their bodies, that their spirits or "souls" might gain greater freedom. When the church came into the favor of the state under Constantine in the fourth century, there sprang up many orders of recluses who

"maintained that communion with God was to be sought by mortifying sense, by withdrawing the mind from all external objects, by macerating the body with hunger and labor, and by a holy sort of indolence, which confined all the activity of the soul to a lazy contemplation of things spiritual and external."

Mosheim, the author just quoted, continues:

"The Christian church would never have been disgraced by this cruel and unsocial enthusiasm, nor would any have been subjected to those keen torments of mind and body to which it gave rise, had not many Christians been unwarily caught by the specious appearance and the pompous sound of that maxim of the ancient philosophy: 'That in order to the attainment of true felicity and communion with God, it was necessary that the soul should be separated from the body, even here below; and that the body was to be macerated and mortified for this purpose.'" (Mosheim, Cent. iv, Part ii. Ch. 3: 12, 13.)

The fruit of this ill-sowing was the growth of numerous orders of monks, and the maintenance of monasteries. Celibacy was taught as a virtue, and came to be made a requirement of the clergy, as it is in the Roman Catholic church to-day. An unmarried clergy, deprived of the elevating influences of home life, fell into many excesses, and the corruption of the priests has been a theme of reproach throughout the centuries,

"The Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone" (Gen: 2:18); and again "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh" verse 24). His inspired apostle proclaimed: "Neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord" (I Cor. 11:11).

Nevertheless an apostate church decrees that its ministers shall be forbidden to follow the law of God.

*Disregard for truth.* As early as the fourth century, certain pernicious doctrines embodying a disregard for truth gained currency in the church. Thus it was taught "that it was an act of virtue to deceive and lie, when by that means the interests of the church might be promoted" (Mosheim, Cent. iv, Part ii, ch. 3.) Needless to say, other sins than those of falsehood and deceit were justified when committed in the supposed interests of church advancement, and crime was condoned under the claim that the end justifies the means.

Surely a pall of darkness had fallen upon the earth. The Church of Christ had long since ceased to exist. In place of a priesthood conferred by divine authority, a man-created papacy ruled with the iron hand of tyranny and without regard to moral restraint.

In his scholarly work "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," Dr. Draper gives a list of pontiffs who stood at the head of the so-called church from the middle of the eighth to the middle of the eleventh centuries, with biographical notes of each.\* And

\*The list referred to is too long for insertion here. It has been quoted in Talmage's "The Great Apostasy," pp. 144-148.

what a picture is there outlined! To gain the papal throne no crime was too great, and the immoralities of the popes and their subordinates are too shocking for detailed description. In commenting on the facts set forth in his terrible arraignment of the church of Rome, Dr. Draper says.

"More than a thousand years had elapsed since the birth of our Savior, and such was the condition of Rome. Well may the historian shut the annals of those times in disgust; well may the heart of the Christian sink within him at such a catalogue of hideous crimes. Well may we ask, Were these the vicereagents of God upon earth—these, who had truly reached the goal beyond which the last effort of human wickedness cannot pass? Not until several centuries after these events did public opinion come to the true and philosophical conclusion—the total rejection of the divine claims of the papacy. For a time the evils were attributed to the manner of the pontifical election, as if that could by any possibility influence the descent of a power which claimed to be supernatural and under the immediate care of God. \* \* No one can study the development of the Italian ecclesiastical power without discovering how completely it depended on human agency, too often on human passion and intrigue; how completely wanting it was of any mark of the Divine construction and care—the offspring of man, not of God, and therefore bearing upon it the lineaments of human passions, human virtues and human sins." (Draper, Int. Dev. of Europe, Vol. 1, p. 382.)

1. State what you know as to the plan of organization and government in the Primitive Church, particularly during the ministry of the apostles.

2. Name some of the additional offices established in the church as the apostasy progressed.

3. State what you know as to the beginning of the supremacy claimed for the bishop of Rome.

4. Discuss the contention for supremacy between the bishops of Rome and Constantinople. To what condi-

tion of the church did this lead?

5. Explain the origin, meaning, and present application of the title *pope*.

6. Sketch the rise of the temporal power of the pope. When did this reach its height?

7. Discuss the origin of *indulgences* granted by the Roman church, and show to what the practice led.

8. In what respect was the assumption of power to remit sins a species of "blasphemy?"

9. State what you know as to the

origin and growth of martyr worship.

10. Explain the origin of monkish orders.

11. Show the error of assuming that the hermit life is a sure means of securing spiritual power.

12. Show that the rule of celibacy is unscriptural.

13. Summarize what Draper says as to the apostate condition of the church of Rome.

14. Explain the vital distinction between apostasy *from* the church and the apostasy *of* the Church.

## The Home Beautiful.

### LESSON VII.

#### CARE OF CHILDREN—CONTINUED.

#### *Training of Children.*

"Love demands some sacrifice."

"Do not fight evil, overcome it with good."

There is good in every one, seek to bring out the good in the child. Teach him to *do right*, rather than *not to do wrong*. He should not always be hearing "*don'ts!*" or he may be under the same impression as the little boy who, when asked what his name was, answered, "*Wil-lie Dont.*"

Consider their rights if you want them to respect yours. Be polite to them and consid-

erate of them if you  
Children's Rights. expect the same consideration from them. Teach a child to say "please" and "thank you," by saying it to him whenever it is right, he will unconsciously imitate you, and you will have no real training to do in this regard any more than you will have to take special pains to teach your child to use correct language if he never hears anything else in his home.

Discussion:

Mention some rights that you think children are entitled to.

Is it proper for a parent ever to apologize to a child?

Do you believe in corporal punishment?

Have parents or others a right, because of superior size or strength to inflict punishment?—in anger?

If the child could change places with us, sometimes, would it be beneficial,—to us?—to him?

What do you think of the child who is allowed to rule the whole household?

Use a low voice when correcting a child, it carries greater conviction. If you are angry and talk in a loud voice, he becomes angry, too. Sometimes parents use *too many* words little children do not always understand all the words used by older people, and what is taken for disobedience comes from a failure to understand. We can teach better by example, by action, which a child more readily grasps. Don't try to "conquer a child, to "break

his will," this method used too often may result in a weakened will power which will affect a child all his life. When a child is really "in a temper," do something quickly and without his realizing what your object is, to change the trend of his thoughts. Say or do something to attract his attention to anything that will interest and amuse him, and he will forget what he was crying for. One sweet little mother who is very successful in governing her children says, "Heads down and count ten," and generally by the time this is done the heads come up with a laugh. A little boy who made strenuous objections to being washed, would walk up with genuine pleasure when it was suggested as a favor that he "come and have his face and hands *bathed* in this nice warm water."

Always try to see the humorous side of everything with your children. Don't make too many rules, don't moralize too much, some children cannot endure "preaching." Do what you think is right for *your* children without regard to what the neighbors say.

#### Environment:

"No amount of music, art, and literature can make up for the free life in the fields and under the sky which all these arts describe and interpret."

Environment has much to do with the proper mental and moral development of the child.

#### Discuss—Pictures, music, books.

What kind of pictures will develop an appreciation of art in the child? What effect will soft, soothing music have on a child? Harsh, noisy music? the excitement of play just before bed time?

For reading see that the children have the best, both as to literature and to ideas, for it is only this that

will make them appreciate the best. Read *to* them until they are able to read for themselves. Let it be a part of every day's occupation.

#### Discuss Bible stories, fairy tales.

How can children best be taught to love nature, to understand her works and appreciate her beauties?

What time of day do you think best for the "Children's hour," when father, mother and the home are wholly given over to the children?

#### Financial Training.

A child should not be taught that saving money is of the very greatest importance, but that spending it wisely should be the great aim.

#### Discussion:

Should children have an allowance?

Should they be paid for every task they perform?

What about children paying tithing?

If they wish to give for charity, where should the money come from?

Should they ask their parents to give for them

"Come, let us live with our children."

Don't expect perfect children, be "a little blind, a little deaf, a little dumb." Make their play work and endeavor by it to cultivate their imagination, attention, will power, spirit of helpfulness. Work and play with your children part of the time that you may be able to teach them to entertain and employ themselves alone when necessary. Kindergarten work in the home is greatly to be recommended, turn their work into games, children love to work when they are very small, and if they are led in the right way they will always be interested,



# Helpful Hints for Juniors.

## LESSON VII.

### SELF-CONTROL.

The success of this lesson depends upon the teacher; upon her depth of character as also the enthusiasm she may manifest. It can be made very impressive because of having a bearing on daily conduct. You ought to be able to get quick responses from the girls. In assigning the lesson bring the subject right home to them; ask them to observe the lack of self-control in their homes and other places, and the effect of such. If you can obtain Vol. 12 of the "Journal" you will find on page 223 an excellent article on this subject. Let one girl relate what Margaret E. Sangster says on this topic. Another give incidents in Napoleon's life showing lack of self-control. One in relation to Alexander the Great. Have another girl repeat the hymn "School Thy Feelings." Let others call to mind the lack of self-control

in their homes and social gatherings, and note effect. As on other nights, have the placard with self-control in bold letters. Be sure and personally invite the mothers and some fathers to attend "Mutual" on this night.

Self-control.

- a In the home.
  - (1) What is it?
  - (2) Should it be cultivated?
  - (3) What is your self-control?
  - (4) How can you cultivate it?
- b In social gatherings.
  - (1) What can you do?
  - (2) Effect on others.
  - (3) Are you happier?
- c In Mutual.
  - (1) Of teacher—Why? Effect.
  - (2) Of pupil.
  - (3) Effect on visitors.

# The Literary Lesson.

## LESSON VII.

### FOR THE JUNIORS.

"The Great Stone Face."

Nathaniel Hawthorne is generally acknowledged to be the greatest American novelist. He was born in the quaint little town of Salem, Massachusetts, on July 4, 1804. The home he was born in is a plain two-story affair, side by side with other houses, and having its doorway directly on the street. There is a tab-

let to mark it. And small as Salem is, and important as Hawthorne is, you may sometimes ask a dozen times before you find his birthplace! The country of Hawthorne is most picturesque and fascinating. It is quite true that we have things in "America first" that are very, very interesting, even if they are not so old as the things across the water. Concord, where Hawthorne after-

ward resided, has been described in the *Journal* several times, and most recently in a comprehensive sketch by Mr. Reynolds, instructor in English at the University of Utah.

Hawthorne was a classmate of Longfellow. Both were graduated from Bowdoin College, in 1825. His first successful books, were, *Twice-told Tales*, his first, a novel having been a failure. *The Scarlet Letter* must even rank high among the characteristic stories of the world. The *Great Stone Face* has had more universal attention, and influence upon the growing mind, probably than any other short story written in this country.

1. Read the story.
2. Have five girls tell of something it has taught them.
3. Do you think it would have been possible for the rich man, the statesman, the warrior, and the poet to have become like Earnest? Why, or why not?
4. Do you believe that by having a high ideal we may grow to be like what we contemplate? Why, or why not?

FOR THE SENIORS.

"Rhoecus."

"Best American Poems," (at 35 cts), is a very worth while little

book to have in one's library. Besides the poem given for study, read especially Poe and Walt Whitman; memorize The Star Spangled Banner; refresh your memory upon the old Oaken Bucket and the Night Before Christmas; enjoy again the familiar ones, and become acquainted with at least, the poems found on pages, 78, 98, 16, 19, 71, 72, 7, 88, 89, 10, 11, 13, 49, 52, 100, 92, 96, 97, 41, 43, 62, 79, 22, 54, 74, 27, 76, 45, 25.

"Rhoecus (re'cus) is in two parts, the introduction and the story.

1. Give briefly in prose the principal statements made in the introduction.
2. Read the poem.
3. What connection is there between the introduction and the story part?
4. What meaning do you think the story has? (Have three girls answer).
5. Do you or do you not think the statements in the first paragraph are true? Do you think it is right to criticize other people's religion or believe that there is nothing good in them? And do you think it possible that any one creed could contain all the good there is?
6. Read some passage that you like for the thought in it?
7. Read some passage that you like for the poetic expression.
8. Read the last paragraph.





JOHN HAFEN.

From a sketch drawn for the *JOURNAL*, by Will Vawter, illustrator for James Whitcomb Riley.

*See page 87*



# YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL

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## A Teton Tale.

*By Emily Clowes Burke.*

"The breath of morning moves, and the planet of love is on high—" In fragments of song, a girl's warm contralto floated out on the breath of morn, blowing down the Teton canyon.

"You're not statin' facts, zackly," Mrs. Peggy. A redheaded boy grinned in the stable doorway.

"Fetch me the saddle-bags, Teddy—there! Good dog—but drop 'em, now—drop 'em, I say sir. How? what is this you're telling me, Pinky?"

"Why, that there planet you're singin' about haint peeked over the peaks, yet."

"The treat's on you, Pinkey, he's peeping this minute, and I must be hitting the timber—Steady, Range, steady! What ails you? Here, Pink, the butter and coffee—now, the beefsteak, and the can of cream—there! How beautifully the load fits. Let's be off, pack and pony!"

Peggy sprang to the saddle. The horse danced.

"It's the tang of the pines," laughed the girl; "it's strong on the breeze, this morning, and he sniffs it; he's as restless for the climb as I am."

"He sure smells sumpin strong," said Pinkey, dodging the queer capers, in his efforts to hand up the whip.

"A keen eye to the store in the morning, Pink; it's Monday, you know. and that means customers be-

fore I can possibly make camp. Be patient, Range, and Teddy, too! I'll give you a mad chase in a minute—anyone would think an Indian—"

"Oh, lookee!" shrieked Pinkey, following the point of the bull's ears.

"As I live, the Bannocks!"

"The stage, too," shouted the excited Pinkey, as he waved his arms in the other direction, "an' a couple o' guys in it."

"Oh, where? I don't see it!"

"Jest druv into the holler—you'll see it in a minute."

The girl swung to the ground. "Then, it's all up with me, Pink, and you must ride for your life to the timber and back."

"Gee, goody! I'm it. The wind and greased lightnin' won't be in it—"

"Not so swift, and listen! If you value your well-bedded stall, you'll never say 'Bannock' to Jim, remember. He'd be headed for camp at a breath; tell him this—that the stage is in, and passengers on it; the round-up's over on Lees, and all's well; that I'll be up in a few days; and, now, Pinky, remember.

"Ah! I savey, all right; I never knows nothin' out loud."

A dashing steed, a shock of brilliant hair, a cloud of dust, and Peggy Maguire found herself alone with her problem, and gripping the bull terrier by the collar.

"There's work ahead for us, Teddy," she said.

The girl's joyous spirit had flitted all too quickly, to be replaced by a seriousness born of anxiety over one untimely appearance of the Bannocks. But her brain and energies suffered no relapse by the shock, however, and almost instantly she had mounted a saddleless, bridleless pony, and was bounding away to a neighboring claim.

"Old Dan! Old Dan!" she shouted to a bent figure hobbling from a little cabin to the chicken house. The old man paused, endeavoring to straighten himself.

"Ah, Peggy Maguire! The top o' the mornin' to ye, and what bes your stress? I supposed ye off to yer Jim lo this many hour."

"Can you come over and help me out at the store?" breathlessly.

"What! Sunday, girl?"

"Yes, I know, but the Bannocks—I sighted them at Badger Creek, and that means but a few hours, when down they'll swoop, with their cry for Jamaica ginger and extracts. You'll come, won't you? They've such respect for you and will behave themselves; I'll hide these drinks away. Besides, I've two passengers by stage and the cattle to watch."

"Of course, I'll come, my girl, but I know not how long I'll last out—my rheumatiz is bad, and I'm afeared."

"I'll take care of that, and you, too, Old Dan, never fear."

"Where's the lad?"

"Gone to Jim with provisions."

The stage and Peggy Maguire made a simultaneous halt at the store. There was but one passenger, after all, and he, a tall lean man with an Uncle Sam-like aspect, alighting first, stood in speechless amazement at the agility with which

the rider slid from the back of her pony.

"Good mornin', Mistress Maguire," yelled the jovial stage-driver. "I aimed to catch ye before ye could start for the timber, as this passenger did not care to loaf around a hull day before attendin' to important business."

"But it's Sunday, you know, and my husband—"

"Yes, yes, he knows about your husband; I told him."

"I am here to confer with you," said the stranger, at length finding his voice. "Montgomery is my name, and I come in the interest of your Uncle Trueman Skinner."

"My Uncle True!" Peggy stepped back, while a brilliant color flamed in her cheeks. But she quickly bethought herself, nor forgot William, stage-driver and carrier of news, nor lost sight of the stranger and her hospitality.

"The log cabin, yonder, by the spring, you will find fairly comfortable for your small needs in this country," she said to the passenger. "Help yourself to the stable, William. Breakfast will be ready in one half hour."

"Newana!" she called, as she entered her house adjoining the store. "Newana! Breakfast for two."

A dusky Bannock matron of flabby proportions expressing no surprise, whatever, at the unexpected return of her mistress, produced a short gutteral and set about her task.

The presence of a squaw in a Basin household was unusual. Harmless, silent, clean, and a good worker, Newana had attached herself to the Maguires for a year past. And right glad had Peggy been for this strong right arm of bronze in times of stress and trouble. The previous year, Newana had started out for the annual Jackson's Hole

hunt, with her sole survival of kin, a stalwart son. But during the encampment at the store for provisions, the young hunter had fallen ill, and the two were obliged to tarry, while the tribe, several hundred strong, moved on. Full many a day did Mistress Peggy, and Old Dan, the Basin's wizard of herbs, work early and late in their efforts to save the lad's life. But one dark day a strange and silent messenger called, and he went to join his people in the happy hunting ground.

In the spring the wild flowers bloomed in profusion upon a lone grave beneath the sheltering shadow of the Teton peaks, and nearby a wigwam continued to remain. And Newana watched and mourned beside her sacred dead by night, and expressed her gratitude in mute service to Squaw Maguire by day. Faithful and punctual had she been in all things, until the past few weeks, when she had taken to mysterious disappearances for days at a time, leaving her night watch to the solemn pines with their sobs and sighs, but no clue to her movements. Her return was uncertain and announced only by the aroma of coffee floating on the air in the cold, gray dawn.

"And so you are here in the interest of my Uncle True?" said Peggy. The breakfast was over, and such a breakfast! of fresh trout and light biscuit. William had gone on his way rejoicing to the upper rim of the Basin on Trail Creek. There was a deal of caution and shrewdness about Peggy, and not until she had refreshed the inner man of the passenger, placing him in a peaceful state of mind toward all mankind, did she allow herself to proceed with the conversation pertaining to her Uncle True. She had conned her lesson well of stak-

ing sure her claim before pitching her tent.

"The interest of my Uncle True is of no possible interest to me," she continued; "had my Uncle True sent you in my interest, I might begin to sit up and take notice."

"Then my errand, you think, is useless," said the messenger with an expression of mingled astonishment and incredulity.

"Entirely useless; unless without more ado you have come to bring me what is lawfully my own. Otherwise, I've more important business."

"It's plain to be seen, you are a Skinner."

"Pardon me; you make a most serious mistake. I am not a Skinner," with decision. "I am a plain, honest Brown, born in the West; and I hope you note the word 'honest.' The messenger glared. "My mother was a Brown, a thoroughbred, and born in the West, also."

"But your father was a Skinner."

"In name only. He was his mother's own boy; just and generous, and as far as I glean from fragments of family history, told by my father during our short sojourn together, she came of a noble and most generous-minded Southern family, while the Skinners were, for the most part, poor white trash. My poor father erred in thinking my Uncle True as trustworthy as himself, else I am sure he never would have placed the interests of his orphan child in his hands. I suppose my father was very ill at the time, and not quite rational, and my Uncle True took advantage of him."

"You are hard and bitter, Mrs. Maguire, and—"

"And I've every reason to be, thanks to my Uncle True; and how my grandmother ever made the mistake of calling him Trueman, is a mystery to me, but of course she

couldn't tell just how he'd turn out. Skinner fits him exactly. True! He'd better come West and learn how. He never took the trouble to look me up, and he never sent me the rent for my support, save as he saw fit to dole it out in mere pittance. I made myself, educated myself, supported myself. And not till after I was married, and my husband fell ill, did I call upon Uncle True for money that rightfully belonged to me. I begged him to sell and let me have my share, but no; he would not sell, and what was his insulting answer? That my husband was too officious; that he'd better get to work and keep his hands off what did not belong to him. Think of it! think of it! Oh, I'm sorry you've come to call this all up again." Peggy was mighty in her wrath and indignation, and Montgomery seemed to shrink into his very chair, as she stood before him, now. "Think of it, will you, and my Jim too ill to know anything, and the physicians holding out one chance for his precious life. And that? to get him into this country of high, dry air, and the healing balm of the timber—"

"Well," said Montgomery after a long pause. But Peggy's wrath and strength were spent.

"There is nothing more," she said quietly. "I severed all connection with my Uncle True, returning his several letters unopened. I'll some day come in for my own, of course. We are doing very well, now, thanks to our friends who set us up in business; it was a terrible struggle at first.

"And your husband is ill, now?" said the agent, with a slight show of interest, hitherto withheld.

"No; a slight return of the old weakness drove him into the timber for a time to freeze the enemy out for good and all. Don't think him

idle," she added quickly, "he looks after the books, up there."

Peggy had grown gentle in talking of Jim. But of a sudden the old spirit blazed in her eyes again. "I suppose my Uncle True could bear the silence no longer; it is like him to spy on my movements; he has done it before, fearing I might be spending my allowance extravagantly, and—"

"I am no spy!" said the stranger with warmth.

"But my Uncle True sent you to—"

Newana was in the room. Her intrusion was ever a sign of warning. Peggy understood, and bounded away. Old Dan was at the store door; the Bannocks in war paint and feathers were slowly trailing across the field—buck and blanket, squaw and pappoose, pack and pony—while the leaders were rushing wildly into camp. And the stranger within the gates was slowly petrifying with fright.

"Hist! Pinky, are the horses ready?"

"No," whispered Pinky, sliding down a rope from the loft, "the bay's gone."

"Newana!" exclaimed Peggy beneath her breath. "She's gone, too."

Whereupon Pinky took fire. "Ah, I jes knowd that squaw wuz crooked, ever since she got to sneakin' off; yer kin jes bet she's been meetin' that Skulkin' Coyote, somewhere and puttin' him wise on the bunch. He wuz with her in the kitchen about an hour ago, whilst you and Old Dan wuz swappin' goods in the store."

"Hush Pinky, some of them may be hidin' about the slide."

"Nop, I've been watchin' from the roof."

"We've not a minute to lose,



Pinky, but what can you do about a horse, and where are the dogs?"

"Ted's staked out in the corral, but Shep's gone. I'll light out across field and jump on old Yaller, and meet yer where yer hit the brush."

As the Maverick fled in the darkness, Peggy tapped softly on the agent's door.

"Mr. Montgomery!" she called in muffled tone.

"Yes, what is it?" the man gasped in terror—he had not found his breath since the morning at the onslaught of the Indians.

"It's Peggy—listen!"

And by the fumbling and tumbling within, the girl in silent mirth knew that chairs and a table were being shoved from the door. A face peered through a thread-like opening.

"Get into your clothes and go up to the store," said Peggy.

"Not for a million," returned the excited Montgomery, "and my clothes have never been off."

"But you must."

"But I tell you I won't!" It was a moment too tense for politeness.

"Listen to reason, will you? Old Dan's down on his back, and—"

"There! I knew those devils would commit a foul—"

"No, man, nothing of the kind; Old Dan's down with his rheumatism; Newana's gone; a few Bannocks are about, and there's no one to guard the store, and stay with old Dan."

"Then, he must stay by himself—but—stay—I'll go."

And Peggy caught his thought—his money was in the safe. "The Bannocks are harmless as babes," she ventured, "but they have notions, sometimes, and they may just carry off the safe."

As she whirled away to the westward, she said to her faithful pony,

"Ah, Range, old man, we're having some revenge on Uncle True, though we're a bit hard on his brave and trusty spy."

Montgomery had passed through a most harrowing and blood-curdling day. With mingled terror and amazement he had stood by the safe, watching the unconcerned Peggy and Old Dan go through the tedious process of barter and sale with the Indians. First a pair of gloves, in exchange for a dollar, and then five and ten cent purchases, with the change handed back each time. The clamoring for Jamaica ginger and the various extracts, and the grunts upon being refused. Finally as the night came on, and the air grew chill, and the squaws hovered witch-like over camp kettles, and dusky hunters chanted wierdly over dice and cards by the flickering light of the camp fires, Montgomery withdrew to the shadow of his cabin in a state of mind most uncanny, and wholly expectant of trouble and sure death at the midnight hour. When Peggy's muffled tap fell upon his door, his fears were about to be realized.

It was, therefore, a ghost of a man that stood before Old Dan quivering from tip to toe.

"The cold is too keen fer ye in these parts," said the old settler, tactfully. "Draw up to the fire, man. And isn't our Peggy a brick? And she off to see about the steers, now, the Bannocks letting out so sudden made her suspicious; they usually hang about for days. There's not another woman of her pluck in the whole world, and it's all for love of her Jim, too. She's put up a glorious fight for as fine a man as ever sit on God's footstool, and, she's won out all right. And now she going in for me; but I'm too twisted, and beyond straightenin', the twig had no gal to train it

straight or to prop it. Jim's a lucky man."

And all the while, Montgomery listened, and stroked his chin, and started and paled at every stealthy noise; and Old Dan talked on for Peggy's sake, for he knew the wretched story concerning her uncle, and watched the jumps and starts of the unnerved stranger, and chuckled beneath the covers.

At noon the following day, just as the tall and dignified Montgomery was making frantic dashes at brewing a pot of tea for himself and the helpless Old Dan, Peggy and Pinky rode into camp in a state of utter dejection—the former with her riding skirt torn to shreds, and the latter with his legs scratched and bleeding.

"The steers are gone," they announced in one hopeless voice.

"I knew those devils were up to some evil the minute I clapped eyes on them in the morning," vouchsafed the wise man from the East, as he stroked his chin, while Peggy turned away, and proceeded to wait on the cowboys and settlers thronging the store door. Montgomery sat about watching, her the whole afternoon, making no further effort to state his errand, and he was leaving in the morning. The girl's every move astonished him, as she went about quietly taking care of these rough though honest settlers, her obliging manner, and withal her keen eye to business. Her capability in every line was a revelation in womankind, and she hailed from the West, too.

The Tetons had gleamed in the sunset, reflected the afterglow, and passed into the shadow of night, as Peggy closed the store and entered her long comfortable living-room to partake of a supper pre-

pared by Pinky under the direction of Old Dan in the corner on a cot.

"A home made up entirely of strays and strangers," mused Montgomery, as he sat in the flickering light of the fire place, "yet living in perfect harmony; sleeping like babes in the midst of Indians and all the dangers besetting the frontier; with cattle at large, and doors without locks, wide open to receive good, bad, and indifferent."

"You're living in the West, Mr. Montgomery," said Peggy, as though she had read his very thoughts, but she was really about to offer apologies for his erstwhile experience and broken rest. "You see, in the West the unexpected is always happening, and—hark!"

A muffled patter of hoofs, a soft and mellow lowing, and, as though she had passed through the wall, the squaw stood within the room.

"Newana!"

"The steers!" screeched Pinky, upsetting a kettle on his wild rush for the corral.

Old Dan, despite his stiffness, found his feet, while Montgomery looked startled and stroked his lean chin.

Newana, with a queer gesture of assent and her peculiar guttural, passed on to her wigwam and her grave.

"Where, when, why, and how, will ever remain a mystery," said Peggy. "Newana ceased talking at the death of her boy. But we know that gratitude is the cause of her faithfulness, and we know now what took her away for days at a time—"

"Keeping cases on the bunch," rudely interrupted the excited Pinky.

"And you've no word for your uncle?" asked Montgomery, the fol-

lowing morning, as the stage rumbled up from the south.

"No word for my uncle!" and Peggy looked away to the peaks. "Jim would have died at his hands. A pleasant journey, Mr. Montgomery."

It was hours after the departing stage, that Peggy found a long envelope addressed to herself, in the safe, and a brief note which ran:

"Herewith, please find and take final

possession of your own. I am coming back next year to learn 'how.'  
"Your Uncle True."

"The old man, himself, and I called him 'spy!'" gasped Peggy.

"And the shoe fit him," consoled Old Dan.

A wild dash and a clatter of hoofs, brought the mute and wondering Newana to the door of her wigwam.

"I'm going to Jim!" shouted Peggy.

## "If any Man Offend Not in Word."

—James.

By *Louisa L. Green Richards.*

"I want you to cultivate a more careful manner of speech."—President Brigham Young.

Speak with a purpose; modulate the tone;  
Put all the heart's best meaning in the sound;  
Not cold, indifferent tolerance alone;  
For now, "because iniquities abound,"  
So little love and confidence are found.

We are so rushed and jostled to and fro,  
Small chance we find for nourishment and rest;  
At times we're forced to hasty "yes!" or "No!"  
In answer to some urgent, grave request,  
And oft we harshest seem to those loved best.

Parent and children, brothers, sisters, friends,  
What shall we do to keep our love alive?  
So much on every utterance depends,  
How can we think, how shall we seek and strive  
To have the worthless go, the good survive?

What shall I do, my portion to fulfill?  
I'll cultivate more careful form of speech;  
I'll be more diligent and earnest still,  
To know and touch all hearts within my reach,  
And by my words and ways all kindness teach.

Help me, O Father! grant me of Thy love,  
Thy strength and pow'r, Thy tenderness and grace,  
Sufficient that my light shall shine above  
The gath'ring clouds, their darkness to efface,  
And make their frowns to Faith's fair smiles give place.

Till I shall speak with purpose high and pure,  
Nor give offense by any word of mine;  
But able be to bridle and secure  
My froward self, and cause my light to shine.  
In mortal life, reflecting life divine.

# Historic Pageantry.

*By Florence L. Lancaster.*

Millions of Moslem worshipers call Allah by many names, yet they have a motto saying, "There is no God but God." The history of religious belief assures us that it is only by a multiplicity of creeds that men have learned the lesson of tolerance—as well as many another lesson. Even today, give full potency to the powers of ecclesiastical Rome, and who dare aver that the Holy Inquisition would not be re-established "for the good of men's souls?" Or let a sect animated by a spirit of undiluted Presbyterianism become predominant, and who should say that the dehumanizing rigours of New England's colonial days would not again be imposed? The extremes or corruptions of certain religious communities have from time to time resulted in modified forms of practice or belief, while the original community and the new have grown to react on each other for the common good. Thus, while Rome became purified in high places after the Reformation, the Church of England, retaining much of its ancient symbolism, has in these latter days followed the lead of William Booth and established a Church Army for the slums. The great historic scenes recently presented on the sward of Fulham Palace, with four thousand performers taking part, brought vividly to one's mind how closely has been interwoven the progress of civilization with the various phases of religious movement. Whatever our out-post of belief or chosen creed-badge today, we can all look back into those ages of the past, and consider what learning and literature and art owe to

the church. Enthusiasm of religious belief it was that gave the supreme inspiration in modern Europe to architecture and painting. Everywhere in Europe the church fostered the national drama under the form of miracle plays. When our Anglo-Saxon and Celtic forebears were rude fighters engaged in constant internecine warfare, the first heroic missionaries brought the seeds of civilization and learning from Rome. In the subsequent ages, when might was right for village-burning kings, and the war-dogs were ever at bay, in cloistral walls only could the scholar and the man of spiritual mind find retreat. By and by, when Latin so prevailed among scholars that the mother-tongue was spoken of as "a dead language," John Wyclif quickened the new impetus of its growth by his translation of the Bible into the language of Chaucer.

In front of the grand stand built to accomodate upwards of six thousand people was a stretch of green, with here and there a towering old chestnut-tree, divided from the rest of the grounds by a battlemented structure with postern gates, the simulacrum of a Roman wall. Through these gates came travel-worn saints and mounted knights, abbot and bishop, king and queen, white-robed Druids and wild hordes of Picts, and many a tonsured monk, with bands of meek nuns, and women in costumes varying through thirteen hundred years. The nineteen scenes of the program, with Prelude and Finale, were divided between an afternoon and an evening performance, each taking just over three hours to perform.



Several of the roles representing ecclesiastical dignitaries were reverently taken by clergymen. Words were spoken by the principal actors in blank verse. There was much ecclesiastical music, and solemn chanting in procession, each scene being followed by the singing of a choir in front of the grand stand, grouped in alternate green and red; after the fashion of the old Mystery Plays, which, a French writer in describing them states, were followed by sacred singing in which the actors joined. As for scenery, the exterior of a building was sometimes presented, as an early church or a monastery door. When an enclosed space was required, property walls entwined with greenery were put in place, everything of course having to be moved in sight of the audience, as there was no curtain nor stage nor any roof but the sky. For these reasons, the one or two scenes representing events within a church or other building hardly equalled the others in convincing effect. But in the great out-of-door scenes, when the green became rife with moving throngs, living pictures of the past arose, kaleidoscopic in color, and often was suggested the burnished page of an old missal with all its glow. Rarely, indeed, in market-square or ceremonial now, do we see those indigo mantles, such as the first celtic converts wore; or those mossy, greens and deep violets, massed against russet liveries, or contrasted with blent reds or terra-cotta mingling yellow, as in the scene representing St. Augustine and his train received by Queen Bertha and her court. Rarely do we get such reminders of transfigured saints as the dull crimson, gold-embroidered, of an archbishop's train. Rarely do our eyes revel in the hues of a fired

sunset or a field of poppies seen through ruby glass—the effect enveloping a cardinal. The costumes, historically accurate, were well worthy of study. Flow of line and elegance for long characterized the common dress of men and women, as well as the robes of ecclesiastics. A mediæval rider, for instance, wore a long mantle which, spread over the loins of the animal, united to the eye man and horse. The simple costume of full gathered skirt, ruff, and pointed hat, which women wore in the time of Elizabeth, were impressive with dignity and grace. In these days of fashion-freakishness however, a note is frequently borrowed from clerical vestments. Examples are in “bishop’s sleeves,” and mantles voluminous at the arms like a surplice. The little linen collars with two tags, in evidence a few seasons ago, were miniatures of the neck-linen of John Wesley.

#### PART FIRST OF THE PROGRAM.

The Prelude and the first five scènes, dated from the “dark ages” (313-635), display much typical of the people’s lives in those early times, and take us to the first events in the history of the north-western church—the coming of the first missionary saints. Men of the noblest, endowed with self-sacrifice and courage, by whose enthusing faith and exemplary lives the first converts were made. The connecting link of their influence was often some royal woman, however. Queen Clotilda, in France, had her counterpart in Bertha, Ethelbert’s Queen, whom we see winning the king’s favor for a courteous reception of Augustine and his forty monks.

In these early scenes, we are made to realize the racial differ-

ences that characterize the Britain of the time. Now the temporal ascendancy of the Roman is apparent, and mounted envoys rise up with the emperor Constantine's edict of toleration, which is read aloud to a mixed Pagan and Christian crowd. Now we see the simple fisher life of a Celtic island—afterwards known as Iona—while the Christian founder—Saint Columba, has an argument with two Druids, wreath-crowned like Pan. Now we are in Wales, and witness the "Alleluia Victory." Two missionary bishops are surrounded by their converts who each wear a small white cross in token of baptism, when an alarm is raised—a breathless messenger announces the near approach of a band of belligerent Picts. The bishops and one or two clergy confer, and the converts are advised to hide themselves. Then the scene is augmented by a band of wild men with tousled red hair, clad in hide tunics, and brandishing long spears. Instead of resistance or receding fugitives, they find a dauntless band imperturbably chanting "Alleluia." The turbulent Picts amazed, stand still, and evidently in fear of necromancy, take to flight. George Borrow in his book "Wild Wales," however, describing the "bloodless victory," gives it a subtle difference. According to which version, the invaded converts unite in *shouting* "Alleluia," while the Picts were put to rout by what they probably took for a strange war-cry.

The sixth scene introduces the vexed question of "church discipline."

There were many orders of clergy and of monks, each known by a special habit. Hitherto the order of the canons had enjoyed the blessings of home-life, the human fulfil-

ments that are in wife and child. But the question arose as to whether celibacy should not be imposed on them as on their monkish brethren. The dispute is conducted in presence of King Edgar and his Queen, a Rood being on the wall above the king. On one side are a number of Benedictine monks, the canons opposite, Archbishop Dunstan being seated as arbiter. The canons, who are already married, are offered a crucial choice. They must either say a last earthly farewell to their dear ones, or relinquish their order. The majority elect to do the latter. Yet there is one whose priestly conscience responds to the demand, while his heart smites him, for he has one child, a daughter, motherless; what will become of her? The problem is solved by Queen Elfleda, who therewith adopts the little girl, and the canon departs to his cell, thanking Providence.

The tragedy of this question is best told in Charles Reade's masterly novel, "The Cloister and the Hearth," which all should read.

The Coronation of William of Normandy was presented, a scene of gorgeous apparel, august ceremony, and dramatic disturbances without. In proof of the long continuity of certain churchly rites, despite convulsive change, it is interesting to remember that the coronation ceremony of the present monarch was said to be identical in almost every detail with the inauguration of his Norman predecessor.

An ensuing scene was relieved by a touch of unconscious humour of a most natural actor. The event upon the green is the return from exile of the popular Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas a Becket. The Archbishop, whose career is soon to close in a sudden and violent

manner, is welcomed with acclamations from the townsfolk. As the last rider of the Prelate's train disappears amidst huzzahs, a herdsman passes over the green, driving before him a flock of nimble goats. One of the animals, managing to be left behind, ran hither and thither, bleating, and as it presented—per simile—the allegory of a sinner, held for some minutes the undivided attention of the audience, and received all the applause due to the scene.

At Runnymede, a little island on the Thames, we witness the famous signing of the Magna Charta by the king whose weedy sceptre begot a crown of thorns. The blue smocks of the oarsmen contrast with the red cross which burns on the shoulder of Knight Templar, and barons stand, in riveted shirts of mail, the indomitable Archbishop Langton and the Papal legate in their midst. When, at the fatal moment, the vacillating king annexes his unwilling signature, a cry goes up of "Long Live the King!"—which may have had a soothing sound to the royal ears.

The first part of the program closes with a Miracle Play. A market square is crowded with people, among them a band of pilgrims on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. A cart enters drawn by oxen, bearing a curtained stage. The curtains are drawn aside, and the Miracle Play of the Shepherds is performed.

This was not one of those elaborate Mystery Plays, such as were performed on fete days, but one of the simpler kind which traveled from town to town. The meek Mother and Babe are revealed, the protective Joseph, and the Star-led strangers, who declare their homage; and, what must have been most

wonderful of all, a tall angel, with stationary wings. One imagines that anything so crude would hardly be impressive today, even to the population of a remote village. But one must consider that most of the people then could not read; that they were not accustomed to have certain portions of the Bible staled by iteration; that their religious zeal partook of an implicit faith in divers legends and omens and included fairy lore. Perhaps there were many among them who liked to think half fearfully that the Angel in the cart might spread his eagle-like wings and soar away if he chose.

And so in England was taught a Holy Faith; and so was foreshadowed the sublime art of Shakespeare, impressed, in words such as Wolsey spoke, with "the immancence of God."

#### THE SECOND PART.

To the evening program, the chiaroscuro of night lent a spell, and some of the scenes seemed to overstep illusion and become reality. Most moving in effect was the funeral procession of Henry V, "a spectacle the like of which has not been seen for many a generation." While the last hues of sunset tinged the sky, the slow tolling of a bell smote the silence. Solemn chanting is heard—it is the *Dies Irae*. A gleam of torches, and from the shadows among the trees come they who carry the dust of the king whose victorious banner floated over Agincourt. Cowled monks in black habits, bishops and lords, with bowed heads, bearers of the pall, and slow-stepping horses in the rear. As they pass in winding course the air is filled with the odor of incense swung from a censor. Presently other chanting is heard, and from



the opposite quarter appears another procession; the Abbot of Westminster, at the head of a convent-train, attired in white, comes to lead the escort to the place of illustrious Dead. Both processions halt, and the Abbot passes before the pall-canopied casket and sprinkles it. The passing bell continues to toll to the solemn chanting, as the long procession in black and white goes on its way to the aisles of Westminster.

The valiant Henry—once the wild “Prince Hal”—was at the zenith of manhood when he was consigned to the grave. His victories proved the prologue for the glorious role of Joan of Arc.

In scene fourteen we witness one of those drastic acts of Henry VIII, in the suppression of a woman's monastery and the expulsion of the nuns. The affair takes on the aspect, not so much the putting down of a doubtful religious phase, as the turning out of women from their only home. A crowd of expectant country-people is before the gate-house, when armed soldiers ride up. The commissioners batter the door until the Abbe appears. Resistance is powerless. Bales and boxes are brought out by servants—the nuns' luggage precedes them. Then come the sisters themselves—a band who pass out silently into the night. As they go, however, humble country-women recognize this sister or that, perhaps as nurse in sickness, or for words of counsel or kindness. The women, weeping, kiss the mantles of the nuns, or kneel to ask for blessing.

The Coronation procession of Edward VI gives us the motley throng of the time. A jester, flourishing a bauble, is in the midst of a crowd of excited girls, as wild cheering announces the approach of the royal

boy. He comes with an ell of train, upheld by courtly pages.

The tragic scene follows of the execution of Archbishop Laud.

Some historians have represented Laud as being the chief among ill-advisers of Charles the First. Others, however, say that Laud was the bridge which saved the church from the invading forces of extreme Puritanism. At any rate, he died a brave man, steadfast to his convictions. He comes from the Tower Gate, guarded by yeomen and soldiers. Being come to the scaffold, where is the grim paraphernalia of the executioner, he ascends. From the low mutterings of the rabble ring out the tones of a man delivering calmly “his last dying speech.” A moment's passing, and it is announced that the death-stroke is done. From among the people a wail goes up.

In this scene are represented the two typical figures of the time—the Cavalier, in his swaggering grace of plume and flowing locks and lace, and the Puritan, in the grotesque exaggeration of his steeple hat. Never was dress more typical of character than the contrasting gear of these two. Never, since their passing, have there been nationally the same extremes of contrast in religion, and in the customs and manners of life.

The last scene represents the result of the contest for the supremacy of Roman Catholicism in England, in the acquittal of the Seven Bishops. The blood that ran in Mary's reign had made the name of Rome hateful. But once more the will of the people prevailed, and amidst demonstrations of joy the Bishops come from the court-room, while a little man in a curled wig—who may be James the Second—is seen to ride off in a coach.



The Finale was a vision splendid, impressive to the eye and to the mind.

All the abbots, bishops, kings, queens, monks, nuns, knights, pilgrims, martyrs, and the rest of the four thousand performers appeared on the green in massed procession, and Pictish converts of Iona were the contemporaries of the great grandfathers of No-Popery rioters. Each bore a big candle, and the luminous spectacle of four thousand lighted torches must have awakened the birds in the trees. Then were borne banners, representing mission stations in various countries. Finally there walked certain figures connected with the latter history of the church, either as a result or among the effecting forces. Of the former were a group of negroes in the wake of Wilberforce, dressed in

the picturesque gear of plantation days. After them walked a figure recognizable by his limp cravat as the good John Wesley. The figure with bent shoulders and melancholy mien must have been the poet Cowper. And who was the tall, bolstered man with somewhat slouching gait but the personage Doctor Johnson, who, as Carlyle said, retained a deeply religious spirit in an irreligious age.

The old hymn, "Our God our Help in ages past" was taken up by the audience, and the throb of a universal humanity seemed to rise and fall in the singing.

But the Pageant will have taught us little if we do not recognize that such light and liberty as we now enjoy are based on the labors and sufferings of those "in ages past."

## A Birthday Wish.

*By Clarissa A. Beesley.*

*A wish my heart would frame for you,*

*A prayer my lips would say for you,*

*Today.*

*That life might ever be as fair*

*As now it seems, as free from care*

*Alway.*

*But yet I know, God deems it wise*

*The soul must thro' experience rise*

*And toilsome task,*

*That life to greater heights attains,*

*That works and strives and victory gains,*

*And so I ask—*

*May you be strong to brave the fight*

*Loyal, though others yield, to truth and right,*

*And though*

*Deep trials come, may peace be sent,*

*As each year tells a life well spent*

*And true.*

# The Old Scrap-book, and the New Filing System.

*By Richard R. Lyman.*

The old scrap book containing favorite poems, thrilling short stories, and descriptions of pathetic funeral scenes, has been a source of great pleasure to those who have read and re-read it more or less frequently during the greater part of a lifetime. The frequent reading of choice literary selections, places more or less positively the stamp of scholarship on the reader, but in this age of innumerable books, magazines, and other publications, this stamp cannot be marked very positively, if one reads only the comparatively few choice selections or clippings he can paste in an old fashioned scrap-book.

This scrap book spirit however, the spirit of preserving matter which is or which may become interesting, convenient, or valuable, has produced the modern filing system by use of which practically all matter can be so placed away that at any time with but a moment's notice, it can be reached.

The greatest, the wisest men to-day do not, nor do they pretend to carry in their minds always, great stores of information. Without their libraries, their manuscripts, their reference books, their card indexes, and their files, they would be able to accomplish but little. As an example take the engineer. Without his reference books, and drawing materials, he would be almost as helpless when called upon to design a structure entirely new to him, as if he had no engineering training. When new and difficult problems of any sort are to be solved, it is most important to know how and where

to get information concerning that problem.

For filing comparatively great quantities of information in the form of notes and clippings, so that any of it can be found quickly, the scrap book method will not do for the reason that with reasonable effort all information on the same or closely related subjects, cannot be placed together, and large quantities of information that may be placed together cannot be reclassified easily. For one or two small books filled with choice things with all of which and the order of their occurrence the reader is familiar, the old scrap book method is all right.

When, however, a little more extensive system is needed, a few ordinary letter files will be found to answer the purpose well. Those marked with numbers will be found more satisfactory for general filing purposes than those marked with letters.

For example, suppose that a missionary is collecting information on the first principles of the gospel, he may begin by using one file. All the information he finds on the subject of Faith, he places say in space No. 1, that on Repentance in No. 2, and that on Baptism in No. 3, and so on.

As the information accumulates, it may be found that the matter on baptism is getting so bulky, that items therein cannot be found quickly from among so much material. When such is the case, this matter may be reclassified and put into several spaces as for instance,

matter concerning the Necessity of Baptism may be placed in No. 3, that relating to the Mode of Baptism, in No. 4, Infant Baptism in No. 5, and Baptism for the Dead in No. 6. Thus it is an easy matter to reclassify any portion of the information collected at any time. The index to such a file, written on a page of common letter paper can be renewed with little trouble whenever a rearrangement of the matter is made. One or two drops of mucilage will hold this index sheet just inside of the file where it can be seen the moment the file is opened.

A great teacher and writer in one of the leading universities of America has all his notes, clippings, and references for four great published volumes of technical matter placed in letter files in the way above described. "Why" said he, "There is nothing more difficult in writing a volume than in writing a paragraph. Here in file No. 1, space No. 1 is all the matter relating to paragraph 1 of volume 1 that has come to my attention. When I am ready to write, I take out all the matter relating to this paragraph and, banishing everything else from my mind, I read all the notes and all the references named therein, then with this matter fresh in mind, I push all the papers and books aside, and write paragraph 1. This done, the matter thus used is replaced in the file, and that relating to paragraph 2 is taken in hand, and thus the work continues to the end."

Some system of filing material is important for the up-to-date farmer or other toiling man, as well as it is for the individual making a thorough collection of clippings and references on some religious or scientific subject.

Newspapers and current maga-

zines, often contain articles of interest and permanent value, which readers would like to preserve. These should be clipped and so filed that they can be found easily at any time. When such articles appear in bound volumes or in any other form easy to preserve, a brief reference to these and a short statement of the matter contained therein can be made in a convenient written form and this reference can be filed.

Example: If a farmer has made and preserved clippings concerning potatoes, cows, chickens, irrigation, roadbuilding, or any other subject, when he needs information on any one of these lines, he has it all together and can put his hand on it at once. If the matter on any one subject becomes too voluminous to be handled conveniently, this can be divided again thus, the matter on potatoes may be filed under planting, plowing, irrigating, harvesting, preserving, etc.

One of the most important habits for any up-to-date individual to acquire, is that of reading, and hardly second to this in importance is the habit of filing useful information in such a way, that it is always easily findable.

With the matter filed as above explained, records of what is done and the result thereof can also be kept, and so doing will be found profitable. The farmer's record thus kept should show the time of planting, the amount of seed used, the condition of the soil, the time of irrigating, the amount of water used, the amount of rainfall during the season, the result obtained in the form of a crop, the cost of the crop, the value of the same, and the profit it produced.

Such information kept in a bound volume is not easily accessible, but kept in files as above suggested, and

prepared in the farmer's own natural way, it will be easy for that matter which is actually of value to be kept on file indefinitely, while that which is useless will be discarded.

To repeat, it is difficult for one average head or one average mind to get and retain a very great quantity of information, but such a mind can collect a great quantity of valuable information and can file it for quick or easy reference.

If the author does so, then when he is preparing to write upon some subject he will look over all the matter on that subject he has collected, the lecturer will go over all his notes and references on the topic upon which he is to speak, the farmer will read anew his references, notes, and clippings on plowing before he begins this operation in the spring, and he will consider well the cost and the profit of the crops of the past when he is endeavoring to decide which crops to plant.

The author, the scientist, the speaker, the preacher, the farmer, the business man, the housewife, the teacher, all who have not done so, can with profit use the modern filing system.

The use of the vertical filing case

with its simple or its elaborate guides and folders is the latest and best method of putting away information in the form of clippings, notes, statements, letters and reports. By this method, papers are filed and handled on edge instead of the usual horizontal position.

The card index is but a vertical filing system on a small scale. Such can be purchased at any price from one dollar up.

Such a filing system is adapted perfectly for filing a few recipes in the kitchen, so that any one of them can be found immediately, or for filing the innumerable bills, papers, letters, receipts, or other records of the most gigantic business concern that exists in modern times, so that any one of these can be found at a moment's notice.

Not only men and women but young people and even children should learn to use the filing system. If they learn that all things should be put and kept where they can be found easily, they will then know the underlying principles of this system.

Practically all furniture dealers, and especially those handling office supplies particularly will be pleased to furnish literature and other information concerning filing systems to those who ask for it.

## A Thought.

*By Bertha A. Kleinman.*

A sear leaf severed, winter-stained and rusted,  
A wilting shard that yesterday was gold—  
A feeble tread adown the dim steeps groping  
Afaint, awearied—this is to be old.

A pulsing vine amid the dank stalks clinging,  
Anon the impress of celestial day—  
Each tendril blade uplifting to fruition—  
Nor doubt betiding—this is youth for aye.



# Susie's Valentine.

*By Elsie C. Carroll.*

"Donald, will you do something for me?" The words were spoken in Miss Hill's sweet, quiet manner and did not attract general attention, yet the boy addressed started guiltily, hastily drew back his hand from the desk across the aisle and put something into his own desk, while the warm blood rushed to his face making a scarlet background for the numerous groups of freckles congregated upon it.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, rather sheepishly, as his eyes met those of his teacher.

In most schools Donald would have been the "bad boy," but Miss Hill had no bad boys. On the first day of school when she had made her mental classification of the pupils she had put him down as a boy with a superabundance of energy, which, if rightly directed, was capable of great things, but which if neglected would find an outlet in thoughtless harmful mischief. It was a new sensation for Donald to feel himself a necessity instead of a nuisance in the little school, and he enjoyed, as only boys of his age can, the feeling that Miss Hill was not only his teacher but his friend, outside of school as well as in. He little guessed how often the young girl's patience was taxed almost to the utmost, nor how every day he brought into exercise every bit of the natural tactfulness with which she was blessed. He only felt her sympathetic interest in him and in his boyish fashion, he adored her because she understood him and was fair in her dealings and kind.

He was standing by her side now, waiting. He was sure she had seen

and he wondered what she would have him do. The teacher stood for a moment as if she also wondered. Finally she said very low that the others might not hear:

"Run around the block for me, Donald, and repeat over to yourself, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you?'" The boy understood and the scarlet background to his freckles became redder still as he thrust his hands into his pockets and started toward the door.

Yes, Miss Hill had seen. She had seen more than even Donald knew. She had seen him showing the hideous comic valentine to some of his friends at noon and had seen a shy wink and nod that told her it was intended for poor little Susie. But even more still, she had seen, and could see every day into Susie's starved little soul. To the children Susie was nothing more than a shabby, quiet little girl with red hair, big hungry eyes, and an ugly curve in her spine; but the teacher saw a sweet sensitive nature capable of feeling and appreciating the highest things in life if only an opportunity were afforded.

In a few moments Donald returned glowing from exercise and in a fresh healthy state of mind.

"Is that all, Miss Hill?" he asked, and as she nodded he took his seat and went at his problems with a new determination.

It was yet half an hour before time to dismiss when the pupils were asked to stack their books and take position. When everyone was ready Miss Hill asked,

"What day is to-morrow?" Every hand went excitedly up.

"Yes, I see you all know it is Valentine's day. Can someone tell me why there is such a day? All right, Willie."

"It's to have fun. Us fellers is got a dandy snatch to fool folks with. Last year old man Miller an' Granny Jones both got as mad as blazes at us," and several of Willie's friends snickered in amused remembrance of the frolic."

"Well, Johnny, what do you think about it?"

"Why, say they've got all kinds of funny valentines down to the Drug Store. Us fellers was down there at noon and got some daisies. I've got one what jest hits old Sam Hunter and we've got one fer the janitor and one fer old widow Smith and a lot more."

"Mary, what have you to say about it?" asked the teacher.

"I think Valentine day is to send pretty ones to folks what you like and my mamma says it isn't right to insult folks with them old, ugly things what the boys buy."

"All right, Lucy, you may tell us what you think about it."

"I think like Mary does, and O, say, Miss Hill, let's have a box like we did when Miss Harris taught and all put valentines in and then you read 'em off at night."

Many eager hands went up. All were full of suggestions now, but the teacher saw that the current was turned in the right direction, so she sat down and folded her hands on her desk and waited for the children to do likewise. She waited only a few seconds, for they all knew that this was the preliminary to one of Miss Hill's stories or something just as good. When no sound save the ticking of the clock could be heard the teacher began:

"Once upon a time in a country

far over the seas there lived a man whose name was Valentine. He was a rich man and had much land on which stood great, fine houses. But he was something more than rich, he was kind and generous and loved his fellowmen. He felt very sorry that everyone in the world was not rich and happy too, so he decided to do all that he could for the poor and unhappy around him. He spent his money for those in need and his time in visiting and comforting the sick and distressed. He made a sort of beautiful religion of his own, which he not only lived himself but taught to others. Now, like most good and great men, this man Valentine had wicked, jealous enemies, who did all they could to harm him. At last when he was old they took his riches from him and put him in prison where he was kept for the rest of his life. But even after he was in prison he kept on with his good work. He had nothing to give and he could not visit his friends, but he spent his time writing loving, cheerful messages which he would tie to the necks of some carrier pigeons and doves he had brought to prison with him and they would be taken to his friends. At last he died and then the people began to realize what a great and good man he had been and how beautiful was the religion which he had lived and taught. They were very sorry he had died in prison. They wanted to honor him for what he had done, so they made him a Saint and in order that he should never die in the love and remembrance of the people they set aside his birthday for special observance when everyone should make their friends happy by sending beautiful, loving messages which would be called Valentines in memory of the good old man. That was many years ago and though we still keep

Valentine's day some of us forget that it is a day to make people happy instead of sad.

"As I believe you all wish it, we will have a Valentine box tomorrow and I hope the messages we send will be worthy the memory of the good old St. Valentine."

Then Miss Hill quietly dismissed school and busied herself with some work for the next day. She did not fail to notice, however, the eager little groups that clustered together planing for tomorrow's delightful deviation.

School had been out probably a half hour. The pupils had all gone and Miss Hill still sat at her work when the door opened and Donald entered followed by a delegation of his friends. The boys marched straight to the teacher's desk. Donald was spokesman.

"Say, Miss Hill, I'm right sorry 'bout this afternoon an' I hope you won't hold it ag'in' me. I've tore that old thing to smithereens and all the rest I had an' so has the other fellers. We ain't goin' to do nothin' like that this year an' the fellers all throwed in an' we're goin' to buy sumptin' nice fer Susie. You know how she likes poetry an' pictures, an' her cousin Dick says they ain't got hardly a book in the house, an' not one picture. Her pa's dead, you know, an' her ma takes in washin'. We've got three dollars an' sixty cents an' we thought if you had time to help us pick it out maybe we could get two or three books or a picture."

And so the teacher accompanied the boys down to the little book store. All the next day Susie's wistful eyes watched dainty little envelopes being dropped into the valentine box. She pictured to herself the delight the children would feel when the box should be opened. What if she should have one.

Her hungry little heart leaped at the mere thought, but she did not even hope such a thing. No, if only she *did not* receive one of those painful ugly things she would be satisfied and her lips quivered as she remembered what she had suffered when the last valentine box was opened. But she had not seen one suspicious envelope dropped that day and she had watched each shy sender.

No one guessed that she had sobbed herself to sleep the night before, partly because she could not buy even one of the pretty valentines that her schoolmates had in numbers, but more because she had not a single friend to whom she might send one if she had it. Of course there was "teacher" who loved her, but she yearned for the comradeship she saw about her in which she had no share.

At last it was time to open the box. Everyone was eager with expectation. Susie had been too much occupied with her own troubled thoughts to notice the shy, friendly glances which had been cast in her direction all day, and she would scarcely have understood them if she had, so she was not prepared to hear her name read off as Miss Hill held up a dainty, embossed envelope. Her hands trembled as she received it. What if it were an ugly one after all. But as she touched it she was reassured, at last she opened it and how her face beamed as she looked at the pretty thing inside. She did not notice that the eyes of the others were all upon her. She was completely absorbed with her treasure. At last the thought came, "Who could have sent it?" There was such a sweet little poem inside. She could hardly believe anyone meant that for her. And then she decided with a little pang of disappointment that

it must be "teacher," so she would not feel bad. To be sure it was nice even if it was sent out of pity but O she was so hungry for the friendship of the girls and boys. Susie was startled from this reverie by hearing her name read out again. Was it really true? Miss Hill was holding up another envelope larger and prettier than the other. Then it wasn't teacher after all for she would not send two. There was still another and another until the pile on Susie's desk grew as large as that of any of the general favorites. Susie's little pinched face glowed in the happy confusion of it all. But at last when Miss Hill held up three lovely books and a beautiful chromo her heart, which

was already full overflowed and she could do nothing but wipe away the happy tears that streamed down her face. Some of the girls cried, too, in sympathy and the boys looked shyly pleased.

Miss Hill did not check the slight disorders that followed the dismissal of school for she saw that poor, little, slighted, misshapen Susie was included in the general happy confusion of comparing valentines and guessing the senders.

As she closed the school room door that night she sighed with satisfaction, for she felt that this had really been a successful day when a valuable mite had been added to more than one little character.

## Memory Gems.

Two things indicate a weak mind,—to be silent when it is proper to speak, and to speak when it is proper to be silent.

The longest life is but a parcel of moments.

He who is good at making excuses is seldom good for anything else.—*Franklin*.

Waste of wealth is sometimes retrieved, waste of health seldom; but waste of time never.

One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth.—*Bulwer*.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything.—*Johnson*.

There is no one else who has the power to be so much your friend or so much your enemy as yourself.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one, no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down. *Johnson*.

What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise; and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner.—*Thackeray*.



# John Hafen, the Utah Landscapist.

*By Alice Merrill Horne.*

In the quaint town of Scherzingen on the slope of the beautiful Lake Constance, in daily view of the wonderful Alps, John Hafen, the landscapist of Utah was born.

This gifted painter entered his life's profession somewhat young, for at the age of four years he had begun sketching. A friend of the Hafen family—Mr. John Huber of Midway, Wasatch Co.—states that before the boy John had reached his fifth year he made a drawing of a neighbor driving his horses and wagon. This picture was so good that one could easily recognize for whom it was meant.

The boy artist utilized the first art material that came in his home-life. With the bits of charcoal that fell upon the hearth he drew pictures on the margins of old newspapers. His first real sorrows were because he lacked material for self expression. While his boy friend cried for a toy John shed his first bitter tears for pencil and paper. He never ceased expressing himself with pencil or clay all during childhood and youth, and at the age of eight years he had fully determined upon his life's career—he was going to be an artist.

John Hafen says, "I discovered my gift by persistent response to a strong tendency to make pictures. Mr. Hafen's success results from two qualities, viz: talent, and bulldog tenacity. He is kind and gentle as a child and filled with humility but when he sets his face to the accomplishment of a purpose he cannot be shaken off.

At the age of nine, the lad heard the sermon of President Brigham

Young on the "Word of Wisdom." Like most Europeans, he was a drinker of coffee, but the sermon made a deep impression on him, and his decision in regard to it was, that it was wise; that if it was a good thing for any other person, it was also a good thing for him. He set himself to abide by that law and has ever since observed it. He lives, therefore, a simple life, eats little meat, drinks no coffee, tea, liquors, nor other stimulating drinks, and he has never used tobacco in any form.

He is known as a man of integrity and high mindedness. But only a marvelous degree of devotion to the talents with which God hath endowed him and his self sacrifice have made possible his present attainments in art.

Mr. Hafen holds a unique place among the artists of Utah. None can be compared to him in his undivided purpose of life. His determination to express himself with paint and brush are unchanged and persistent. An earthquake would not stop him; hunger might gnaw at his ribs, he would remain obvious except to the scene before him. "Why" jokingly said a friend of his, "all of John's friends might fall dead at his feet, yet he would continue absorbed to the last stroke of his brush and until his picture expressed what was in his heart, then he would discover that we had died, he would give us a tender burial, and straightway he would set himself to paint a beautiful landscape of the sacred spot where we fell."

John Hafen has laid all upon the

altar of sacrifice for the sake of art. His wife has shared in this spirit of devotion to the calling of her husband. She has been heard to say that in the face of poverty and misfortune, nothing seems so dark as even the thought that her husband might be forced to throw aside his talents and take up another course in life. This attitude of his wife and family toward his gifts have surely strengthened, comforted, and helped to sustain him. What this artist has accomplished shows the worthiness of fidelity.

Though Hafén's beginnings were humble; though others have commenced the ascent of the roadway of fame with seemingly larger assets; though he has groped on a lonely way; though obstacles were continuously thrust before him; though poverty has struggled to defeat him, *yet he has believed in his gift*. He has never loosened the

grip of his stubborn hold, for at each crisis through which he passed, his consciousness of his soul's inspiration has overwhelmed the power of destructive agents about him; therefore he has won the battles; therefore as a landscapist he has, as the French would say "Arrived." John Hafén more than any other of our artists has been his own teacher. However, he has spent some time in study in Paris and in art centres of America, but he has grown from *within out*, what he pictures on his canvas is soul expression, and he has worked out his apprenticeship to art with very little outside help. Yet none is more appreciative of the work of his brother artists; his face lights up with inspiration before a good picture or before anything of beauty. This inspiration has been a constant source of light. Hafén would never let any obstacle entirely darken the way. With what light he had he



HARVEST SCENE.—John Hafén.

looked and painted and looked again, grasping a little more each time: gaining new strength by repeated effort he developed power to clear his path and give him a freer light. The years slipped away and all the time the good light was growing brighter, his vision was becoming clearer, and he was learning to use his tools with the touch of love. So John Hafen has never stopped painting until he has painted himself out of all his troubles.

If he has been forced to lift himself by his shoe strings, he has pulled himself up to the front rank.

#### *Hafen's Great Qualities.*

To this artist nature opens her heart and tells her feelings. He pictures for our joy what nature whispers to him. What he tells *words* fail to express; where he begins literature is dumb.

Just as the literary story has no charms for this artist so also subject is unimportant, but soul, feeling, sweetness of spirit, tenderness, and simplicity are there. Some would-be-artists, paint the fields in just the same manner as indoor subjects. Not so Hafen; his sense for light and air—the feeling of “out of doors” is charmingly shown on his canvases. Have you seen the novice paint woodeny trees? Then look at Hafen’s trees, they seem to have life, even as do those of Corot: They lead you to think that the birds could fly in and out among their branches.

On each canvas Hafen reveals some delicate beauty, some charm that you failed to note until his loving brush brought out the beauty that was hidden. Each picture brings a sweet surprise to the lovers of the beautiful. That is why *you ought to have at least one Hafen picture in your home.*

His landscapes hang in many Utah homes and they are bought by art lovers in the East.

Hafen’s recompense for a life’s sacrifice for art’s sake seems to be ample. His joys are those of the gifted who at last makes himself understood. Such is the adequate recompense for the life of sacrifice that attends all real greatness.

Hafen’s landscapes have been hung in exhibitions of the Society of American Artists of Paris; in Boston; in the Art Institute of Chicago, at the Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Artists and at the Annual Exhibition of Artists of Chicago and Vicinity; in Annual Exhibition of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia; St. Louis Art Museum Midwinter Exhibition; and Exhibition of Indiana Artists, (by special invitation) in the John Heron Art Institute.

#### *Other Honors.*

Mr. Hafen received the Medal of Honor of the Utah Art Institute, and the \$300 prize; all prizes in the D. A. and M. Society given in the fine arts department; first prize for best landscape in Illinois State Fair at Springfield, 1908; this contest was open to the entire country.

Mr. M. M. Young has painted a portrait of the subject of our sketch and it is a part of the Springfield Art Gallery. Mr. Charles L. A. Smith of Chicago, has also painted his portrait and it hangs in the Marshall Field and Co. building Chicago. Mr. Will Vawter, a prized friend of Mr. Hafen, who illustrates for James Whitcomb Riley, has made a pencil sketch for the “Journal” which is a good characterization of Mr. Hafen’s enthusiasm before the easel.

Mr. Hafen is now at Nashville,



QUAKING ASPS.—*John Hafen.*





TREES ON THE BANK.—*John Hafen.*

Indiana, where he is doing some important work.

This artist we are proud of. We know he has gone too far to turn back, he can only pursue his high course, and as the years go by he will reach the higher mile stones, one by one. He must not slacken his pace. Each new achievement will cost the same effort, the same

devotion and the same spirit of self-sacrifice and humility as his past honors have brought him. And he may, at last, reach the high star which is his beacon light; but we are assured that he will never stop pushing onward and upward until the Master stays his hand to set him to work upon the canvas of a loftier sphere of Art.

## Give me the Hand and the Heart of a Saint.

*By Theo. E. Curtis.*

Give me a home in the heart of the mountains,  
Out in the vales of the sun-painted west;  
Nursed in the arms of their crystalline fountains  
Playfully hurrying down to their rest.

Give me the purity blown in their breezes,  
Give me the freedom that rolls in their rills,  
Give me the blush and the bloom of their roses,  
Give me the strength of the heaven-kissed hills.

Give me their people that malice has driven,  
Making a picture no mortal can paint;  
Though I be hated and plundered and riven,  
Give me the hand and the heart of a saint.

# An Alphabet of Women.

*For why should men do all the deeds?*

One of the pathetic stories of history is that of Lady Jane Grey (1537-1554). She was highly educated in a day when higher education for women was anything but common, and she was greatly accomplished. She was a sweet, modest, and womanly character. At sixteen she was married against her will to a son of the duke of Northumberland that the throne of Edward VI, who was then very ill, would revert to the Northumberland line. Three days after the death of the king, she was made queen (July 9, 1553). Ten days later she was a prisoner in the tower charged with treason. At that time Wyatt's rebellion came, and her father's active part in that made things much harder for poor, unoffensive little Lady Jane. She was sentenced to be beheaded. The execution took place on Tower Hill, Feb. 12, 1554. She made a speech upon the scaffold in which she said that she "washed her hands from the desire to be queen," which must have been absolutely true, poor lady, and stated that she died "a true Christian woman." She had been queen for nine days.

ETELKA GERSTER (born 1856) was a noted Hungarian singer. She came out of poverty and of simple folk, but her glorious soprano voice and the unbounded enthusiasm she threw into her work made her famous, rich, and beloved in almost a week's time. She was a large souled woman and thirsted for growth. Part of growth to her was allowing love to take its natural place in her life and she mar-

ried. With her first child her lovely voice left. Patti, queen of song birds of all time, is said to have remarked, "She might have known that she would lose her voice if she had a child!" It seems a peculiar will of Providence to have taken the precious gift He gave from the handmaiden, who according to the scripture, had "found favor in His sight." It is another of those mysteries that make the tragedies of life. For Gerster must have missed terribly the song that was so much a part of her.

One of the best-known figures on the stage for many years was Mrs. Gilbert, the veteran actress who died about three years ago. Mrs. Gilbert had an assured position when Clara Morris was struggling for recognition, and her useful life was a long one. She played almost to the last, though she was ninety-two years old at her death. And she was starring in "Grandma," a play written for her especially by Clyde Fitch.

KATE GREENAWAY, the artist whose children are known all over the world, was an English woman and received her education in art at the school of the Kensington section of London. She was a favorite of Ruskin, who possessed many of her paintings. Some of her best-known illustrations are the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," "Mother Goose," "Kate Greenaway's Alphabet," "Painting book for Boys and Girls," "Under the Window," etc. Her dear little sunbonnet children have given a great deal of pleasure to grown-ups, too.

MRS. ELIZABETH GASKELL, whose delightful, quaint little classic "Crawford" will doubtless give pleasure forever was born in Chelsea, England, in 1810, and died in 1865. "Mary Barton," "Sylvia's Lovers," and "Cousin Phillis" are novels. She also wrote the "Life of Charlotta Bronte." She stands high in her art.

MME. SARAH GRAND, the famous author of "The Heavenly Twins," and "Ideala," is of Irish birth. Her husband was a British naval officer. She has traveled extensively, and is described as an extremely feminine and charming woman.

ANNE GRANT (1755-1838) writes about the superstitions of the Highlands of her native country, Scotland. She visited America when a child and from that wrote an interesting picture of colonial life.

One of our best-known and popular contributors to poetry and the magazines is Louise Imogene Guiney, born in Boston in 1861. "Verse," "a Roadside Harp," and "Songs at the Start" are three books of her verse, "Goose-Quill Papers," "Monsieur Henri," "Brownies and Boggles," "A Little English Gallery," etc., form some of her prose.

COMTESSE DE STEPHANIE GENLIS (died 1830) is a writer who has about ninety volumes to her credit. They were romances, children's plays and heavier works, ten volumes being devoted to Eighteenth Century Memories and the French Revolution.

A writer of unusual things was Judith Gontier (go-tya) daughter of the noted French writer, Theo-

phile Gontier. When she was a young girl her father had for his guest a mandarin from whom she learned Chinese, and much of her work has to do with Oriental themes. She is novelist, poet, and miscellaneous writer, and has adaptations, translations and original romances from and about the Chinese, Japanese, and Persian.

Sophie Gay and her daughter, Delphine, are also prominent French writers.

History, painting, poetry, romance, and the drama have made the name of Nell Gwynne (1650-87) lasting. She was a beautiful girl who sold oranges in the district of Drury Lane and had a great gift of music—the actors and actresses of that famous Drury Lane Theatre, and the noted people who attended the performances. The weak, pleasure-seeking Charles the Second, always on the lookout for pretty women, made her one of his favorites, and she became one of the greatest actresses that ever trod the boards of that playhouse; undoubtedly the most popular actress of her time. She was, of course, uneducated, could not write her own name. But she was a generous, large-minded woman, of keen and ready wit. She was certainly a different type to the scheming women of the court with whom she shared the affections of her volatile lover. Coming of common origin, and unused to the deception of the court, her genuineness appealed strongly to the king. She drew the little good out of him that he possessed. "Nell Gwynne" or "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" has been a favorite play from great actresses down to cheap stock.



# Engaged Couples I Have Known.

*By Addie Cannon.*

In spite of what I shall say in another part of this paper, I boldly assert in beginning, that the most entrancing night of my life was spent in the presence of an engaged couple; spent listening under the hammock in the honeysuckle arbor—I couldn't move and they didn't. They were one of the engaged couples I have known.

Engaged couples, in my mind, are divided roughly into two classes; namely, those who attempt to converse with others besides themselves and those who make no such pretension. To be sure, when I make this distinction, I am regarding the matter purely from the standpoint of a person who is on the "Outside, looking in" and not from that of one who is on the "inside, looking out," and I make no apologies for my one-sided views. It usually takes some eight or ten minutes to discover to which class a couple belongs, that is, whether they are of the "conversing" or "non-conversing" type—the invariable sign of the former being their salutation of "How *do* you do?" uttered with just a touch of tolerance in their voices, and the mark of the latter variety being their greeting of one's approach with glaring silence.

William and Maude belonged to the conversing class. I had always suspected that they did, but it was not until we happened to go out on the same lake trip that I was sure of it. Coming down rather late to the boat which made the excursion across the lake, I found no other seat than the one next to them—one which the other passengers,

with praise-worthy foresight and delicacy, had avoided.

"How *do* you do!" said William and Maude in a sort of chorus, when they saw me coming toward the seat.

"So glad you're going today," Maude went on before I could gather breath enough to answer. "William was just saying that there wasn't a soul we knew on the boat—but we saw you after that." She cast a despairing glance at William which I should not have seen.

I sat down and prepared to make myself comfortable for reading, for I had brought my book, knowing how smoothly the launch sailed, and how delightfully bracing was the salt breeze in the morning hours.

"I hear your brother will be home by September," remarked William with a patient smile, after a brief silence. "I dare say that you will be glad to have him with you once more?" William's tone was half inquiring, like the tone of voice which is used at family reunions to ask the children how old they are, and which they resemble, their mother or their father.

"Yes," I replied, looking out at the morning sunshine sparkling on the waves. "We expect him home by September."

As I turned to my book again and began to finger the pages, a slight movement attracted my attention, and glancing out of the corner of my eye, I saw Maude looking up at William with a melancholy lift of her eyebrows. Although the glance was answered by him, the fact that I was watching

them covertly, did not escape him, and leaning toward me quickly, he included me in another conciliatory, conversational remark.

"It's a lovely day, isn't it? I don't believe I have ever seen the lake look prettier."

That meant, of course, that Maude and I would have to contribute our share to another round of talk.

"Yes, the lake does look lovely, today," cooed Maude intelligently.

"The water looks so natural, doesn't it? I commented cheerily. Maude and William drew closer together and beamed on me in unison—brave companions in misery. I suppose that I should have risen from my seat and sauntered down to the other end of the boat, but I was alone and did not care to walk about and stand in the way of the passengers who preferred to view the lake and islands from their seats. Besides it was so early in the trip that none of the people on board had so much as stirred from their places, much less begun to hang over the railings or seek new positions.

Maude took it upon herself to break the silence again.

"Did you ever see such a beautiful day?" she murmured softly.

"There are a good many people going out," put in William, forcing a smile. Then he added, "And wasn't it queer that we should see you, just after we had surveyed the crowd and found that there wasn't anyone on board that we knew?" His tone grew rather disconsolate in spite of his great efforts to be cheerful—one might say, cheerful in time of severe trial.

"It must be nearly twenty minutes of," I added irrelevantly, using a remark which is supposed by boarding-school girls to have the

power to ward off deadly silences and awkward pauses in the conversation.

The remark, however, had lost its charm entirely, for silence settled down about us with thickening gloom. I stared at the waves, not daring to look at my book for fear that they would try to begin another conversation, nor yet daring to look at them, for I knew that they were trying to console each other with sympathetic glances. In vain, I scanned the deck for an empty seat, but saw nothing more than the piles of canvas deck-chairs, folded and stacked in rows at the foot of the railing.

"Isn't the day lovely?" I heard Maude begin again, and filled with desperation, I rose quickly, muttering confusedly, "I think that I shall take a chair and sit up in the fore end of the boat—that is, if you will excuse me." Not waiting to see the look of gratitude and joy, which I knew would overspread their faces, I made my way to the piles of chairs, and having unfolded one after much struggling, sat down and opened my book in the face of all the staring passengers.

Of course, not all the speaking variety of engaged couples use this method of eliminating the intruder from their presence. Many of them discuss the new "star" at the theatre, the latest novel, "prohibition," and "woman suffrage," with a show of learning and earnestness, which are not to be withstood by the intruder, who is thus routed ingloriously. There are, however, couples who are clever enough to succeed so far in hiding their overwhelming interest in each other, that the intruder babbles on for an hour or more, never suspecting that there are two persons in his presence who not only wish to be alone,

put together. Couples possessing this rare ability are the exception, they are really endowed with so unusual a power, will some day prove their superiority, by rising to heights only attained by people of genius.

The members of the "non-speaking" class of engaged couples do not cause the intruder such severe mental agony, as do those of the "speaking" class for the simple reason that they do not pretend that they are pleased to see him. They make him feel that his company is not essential to their happiness, as soon as he approaches them, and he may then withdraw as gracefully as he knows how. True, the sensations which he experiences when he is greeted with stolid silence, are not the most pleasant in the world, but afterward, as he thinks over his dismissal, he admits to himself, that it is better to be dealt with plainly in the beginning, than to be "led on" only to be driven away later. Should the intruder who leans over the back of the seat in a car upon which such a couple are sitting, and asks, without so much as being heard, if either one of them knows where Pitch Street is, or begs to be told where to get off to go to Dr. Brown's, regard their neglect in answering his question as intentional

slight? I think not, for if he will observe further, he will find that the members of this class cherish no hateful thoughts of vengeance toward other mortals, but rather go quietly on their way, occupying the benches and grassy nooks in the parks at the Sunday band concerts, unaffected by the noise and crowding of the rabble.

So much embarrassment have I been caused by the awkwardness and rudeness of engaged couples, that now if I see a girl and boy, taking great delight in each other's company, I immediately look at the third finger of the girl's left hand, with the same instinct of self-preservation, that causes me to survey the railroad track cautiously, when I see at the crossing, the sign, 'Look Out for the Cars!' Far be it from me to accuse engaged couples of having malicious intentions of causing their fellow-men to suffer—they are probably in a semi-oblivious state, and should therefore not be blamed for their rudeness. Consequently, whenever I see them I allow my heart to swell with pity, and solemnly thank the over-ruling providence that I am not handicapped by the alluringly rosy mist which blinds the eyes of most engaged couples.

The simple duty that awaits thy hand  
Is God's voice uttering a divine command.

Great deeds await your doing,  
Deeds that will live, and you in them may live;  
Noble your thoughts, each day your strength renewing,  
Be you but true, that strength your faith shall give  
Life, striving round you, bids you, then awaken;  
Look where the future grandly stands in view,  
In God press onward! Be your trust ne'er shaken!  
Don't idly dream, but do.—Sel.

# Marriage Adaptations.

*Dr. J. T. Miller.*

Ideal marriage is the blending of two souls into one. Mental and temperamental harmony are essential to produce the greatest happiness in married life. Two persons of discordant natures may be pronounced husband and wife by the law or other recognized authority, but if their natures are not in harmony there is no true marriage.

It is reported that there were sixty thousand divorces in the United States last year, and that every time there are twelve weddings there is one divorce. Among the eleven couples that do not divorce there are some that live in discord for life. The few live in domestic harmony and reach the higher life that is desirable for all. If there were mental and temperamental harmony between the contracting parties of every marriage, there would not be as many divorces as under the present system of chance. If in addition young people were all educated in the studies that pertain to parenthood and home-making, the divorce courts could go out of existence and domestic discord would be greatly reduced.

For companionship in married life there should be similiarity of intellectual tendencies, but if the emotions or other feelings are excessive in one it is best that they be not excessive in the other. Two persons who are positive, determined, and obstinate in their nature are not well adapted to each other. If both parties to a marriage contract are deficient in self-reliance it is not

well for them or their posterity. It is impossible to point out in one brief article all the mental and temperamental combinations that are desirable. But as a suggestion it is safe to say that a young lady and young man who are both tall and slender are not well adapted; neither are two who are short and stout or short and slender. If both are of medium height and weight they are temperamentally adapted. For physiological reasons it is best for persons of opposite complexions to marry unless both are medium complexioned.

Two who are quick tempered, excessively cautious, or abnormally sensitive to the criticisms of others, are not well adapted to each other. The desirable combinations can best be learned from a study of physiology, the temperaments, and phrenophysiognomy. These should form part of the education of every youth, none of these studies, except physiology, are taught in school, but any person who has a common school education is capable of learning these branches.

The two chief objects of married life should be companionship and the rearing of a family. Every human being of sound body and mind should look upon wedlock as the most important duty in life. The education of the home and the school must prepare young women and young men for parenthood in order that their wedded life may be a source of true happiness and harmony.





# GIRL · QUERIES

*Conducted by Catherine Hurst.*

*Address all communications in this department to Question Box,  
Bishop's Building, 40 N. Main St.*

What can I do for endy hair?—Joy.

If you mean the hair is split unevenly, singeing is the best remedy. You should go to a hair dresser who understands how to do it. Frequently when girls attempt to do their own hair they burn it, and do more harm than good. If your hair is dry, short, and "endy," and there is no hair dresser in your town to advise you, rub oil or vaseline on your hair once or twice a week and brush well so that the oil will get to the ends of hair. You can get an invisible hair net to wear until, by persistent care and brushing it becomes long enough to dress without the net. Many women wear a net at night to prevent the hair from splitting or becoming disorderly.

I have a sister of ten who is very saucy. Mother has tried many things but none seems to help. Can you suggest anything?—Cloris.

In correcting any fault in a child, the correction must be in keeping with the offense. In this case the tongue is the unruly member. Tell the child that the mouth is very much soiled after such saucy words. Wash the tongue and mouth thoroughly with soap and water, using plenty of soap. Do not scold, or talk to the child while doing it. Generally effective.

Please tell me where I can get a number of good books to read. I live where I cannot attend Y. L. meeting; also a book of poems, one on wit and humor and some Bible pictures suitable for Kindergarten and Sunday School.—Bessie B.

In July number, volume 12; August number, volume 19; July number, volume 20, of the Young Woman's Journal are published lists of suitable books for "Mutual" girls. Make

your selection from these and send to Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store, or Deseret News Book Store, they will forward to you.

"One Hundred Best American Poems," pocket edition, 35c. At above book stores. Humorous Bits by Grenville Kleiser.

Deseret Sunday School Union, 44 E. S. Temple St. I would advise you to take two good monthly magazines, to keep informed on current events.

"T. C." will find an answer to her question in the January "Journal" of '09, in reply to "Sylvia."

How often should a young lady dance with her partner during the evening? Also the limit for a stranger.—Shamrock.

Much depends on the number of her friends present. If she is acquainted with most of the gentlemen present, she would dance with her partner the first, and last, or medley, and one other dance. With a stranger not more than twice. If, however, her acquaintance is limited to a few, she would be pardoned for dancing with either more than designated.

Tell me what to do with a young man who persists in his attentions to a young lady after she has declined his advances.—Maple Leaf.

The answer to "Pearl" in the June "Journal" deals with your question somewhat. Under pressing conditions I would certainly call to my aid my father or "big" brother, most likely they could "deal" with his "persistence."

In answer to "Elsina"—The suggestion in the December, 1909 "Journal" meets our approval. Chocolate or cocoa served occasionally is not contrary to the "Word of Wisdom."

# OUR GIRLS.

## A Message.

*By Minnie Iverson.*

Ah, softly sigh, ye drowsy breeze—  
    'Mid willows sadly weeping!  
Ah, gently press the smooth green turf,  
    Ye violets dainty sleeping.  
Sing, gaily sing! ye little birds—  
    Nor heed my yearning, sighing—  
Sweetly, O blue sky, arch thou o'er  
    Where she is lowly lying.

So softly breathe, ye flow'rs, and bear  
    A message I would send her:  
Whisper in words that she may feel  
    My heart-throbs warm and tender—  
Nay, do not tell my aching care—  
    The anguish and pain that grieve me,  
Hopefully, trustingly whisper thou,  
    "‘Sister I own and love thee."

## To My Baby.

*By Alice T. Blake.*

To my baby sitting there  
In her dainty rocking chair,  
Singing pretty lullabies  
To her dolly, while it cries,  
I this song would dedicate  
Humble though may be its fate.

You, your little dolly's care—  
Sometimes rocking in a chair  
Sometimes kissing it away—  
Soothe, as I soothe yours each day.  
A mother's comfort, oh so sweet,  
And baby's confidence will meet!

Sometimes mother, sometimes child!  
I love your little ways so wild.  
'Tis joy to watch you in your play,  
And in your sleep at close of day.  
'Tis then akin to God I feel  
Grateful and humble—in prayer I kneel.

Thanking Thee, oh Father good,  
For this boon of motherhood.  
May I ever worthy prove  
To be guided by Thy love.  
Thus enabling me to be  
A guide to her eternally.

# Domestic Science.

*Blanche Caine.*

## PROTEIN FOODS.

### EGGS.

Eggs, like milk, form a typical food, inasmuch as they contain all the elements, in the right proportion, necessary for support of the body.

Eggs, being rich in protein, serve as a valuable substitute for meat.

Strictly fresh eggs should always be used, if obtainable. An egg after the first twenty-four hours, steadily deteriorates. If exposed to air, owing to the porous structure of the shell, there is an evaporation of water, air rushes in, and decomposition takes place.

When eggs come from the market, they should be washed, and put away in a cold place.

White of egg contains albumen in its purest form. Albumen coagulates at a temperature of from 134° to 160° F. (Water boils at 212 F.) Herein lies the importance of cooking eggs at a low temperature, thus rendering them easy of digestion. Eggs cooked in boiling water are tough, difficult of digestion, and should never be served.

### *Boiled Eggs.*

Put eggs in a saucepan of cold water and heat. By the time the water boils the eggs will be ready to eat. Or put the eggs in boiling water and place the dish containing them where the water will keep hot, but cannot boil. In five minutes the white will be soft and jelly-like. In ten minutes the yolk will begin to be firm.

For hard eggs cook in water of moderate heat for half an hour or longer.

### *Poached or Dropped Eggs.*

Break raw eggs and turn into a cup without breaking the yolk. Then slip gently into a shallow pan of salted boiling water. A small quantity of lemon juice or vinegar in the water aids in keeping the egg in good shape. With a spoon dip some of the water over the egg that it may be cooked evenly on top. When the white is firm, take up the eggs with a skimmer and place on a slice of toast. Egg poachers or muffin rings are used for the same purpose.

Eggs may be poached in milk, or in soup stock, tomato sauce, or any gravy which afterwards is poured over

the toast on which they are to be served.

The toast may be spread with melted cheese or with any minced meat or fish. A poached egg may be served on a fish ball.

### *Coddled Eggs.*

Allow one-fourth cup of milk for each beaten egg, and cook together in a double boiler, like a soft custard, till it thickens. Then season and serve on buttered toast.

### *Creamed Eggs.*

Have ready one cup of hot white sauce seasoned as desired. Mix in the beaten yolks of three eggs and cook over hot water till it begins to thicken, then fold in the egg whites beaten stiff, cook till firm, and serve hot, heaped on slices of buttered toast.

### *Goldenrod Eggs.*

Chop the whites of three or four hard-boiled eggs, and mix with one cup of white sauce, seasoning as desired. Pour over strips or rounds of toast. Rub the yolks of the eggs through a strainer over the whole.

### *Eggs with Fish.*

Take what is left of boiled or baked fresh fish, remove the bones and skin, and warm it in hot milk enough to moisten. Turn it out on a platter. Poach three or four eggs and lay them on the fish. Mix one tablespoon of chopped parsley, a few grains cayenne, and a little salt with two tablespoons of butter melted. Pour this evenly over the eggs, and serve at once and very hot.

### *Omelet Souffle or Puffy Omelet.*

Separate the yolks and whites of two eggs. Beat the whites stiff, add the yolks and beat again; add two tablespoons milk or water, season with salt and pepper, and pour into a small frying pan in which one-teaspoon of butter has been melted. Shake the pan gently to prevent sticking; when firm, fold and serve immediately.

### *Variations in Omelets.*

From one-fourth to one-half cup of any hot meat or vegetable minced and seasoned may be mixed with an omelet before cooking, or be folded into it just before serving.

*(Concluded on page 106.)*

# OFFICERS' NOTES.

VOLS. 20 AND 21

of the Young Woman's Journal are now bound and ready for sale at the Journal office, Room 33, Bishop's Building, No. 40 N. Main Street, Salt Lake City. Cloth, \$1.50; leather, \$1.75; postage 20c extra.

## SPECIAL.

Special attention is called to the two articles in this department for this month. It is desired that the first be brought to the attention of every member of the association.

And the "Book Reviews" which are appearing in the Traveling Library department are of interest to all. Officers will find in them many suggestions helpful in the training of their girls while members will receive pleasure and an incentive to read the good books reviewed.

## CONDUCT IN RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATIONS AND PLACES OF WORSHIP.

There is a gentle courtesy and consideration in the behavior of officers in Church organizations which is not only a part of good manners but also true religion as well. Among us this matter of conduct is spoken of in a general way as there being an order in the Priesthood; or, in other words, each officer and member observes the law of courtesy and deference to those over him in the Priesthood, at the same time remembering to deal gently and with all consideration with those who occupy a position beneath him. It is with the officers and members of our own women's organizations and their conduct and consideration for each other that this article shall concern itself.

The members of a Mutual Improvement Association are in a school of training in ethics superior to any club or class that might be organized; for, in addition to the various lessons which are studied by rote, there are lessons of love and kindness to officers and members, else lack of harmony will be the result. It is a pretty thing for all members to consider themselves bound to

salute their officers without waiting for a formal recognition from them, as many times these officers are a little slow to remember new faces and are even absent-minded and forgetful of those they already know. In attending the regular sessions of the Association, members should greet each other and their officers with bright cheerfulness, not with noise and confusion but with subdued gayety and sweet pleasure. Every member of a Mutual Improvement Association is in duty bound to recognize, without formal introduction, every other member of her organization; and she may so salute any member of a sister organization if the latter is known to be such.

Shy girls must obtain as quickly as possibly a frank and cheerful manner of greeting other girls, for by cultivating shyness and backwardness a spirit of morose reserve will sometimes take possession of such a person and will add unto itself a suspicious interpretation of everybody's acts and words to them and of them. If a member is called upon to open a meeting with prayer, she should go to the stand and not turn around in her place or remain at the end of her bench for that purpose, as if she were too humble and insignificant to take the place prepared for such occasions. The same thing applies to any other exercise which a member may be called upon to perform. Let her pause a moment, if she be called upon suddenly, and collect her scattered senses so that she may go quietly to fill her appointment without haste or confusion.

It is now customary for girls who sing in the choir, and, indeed, all others to remove their hats on entering a place of worship. There is scarcely anything in all our religious gatherings that is so annoying to well bred people and so indicative of our own lack of breeding as the almost universal habit of whispering in such places. There is no excuse for the constant whispering that is indulged in by the people who attend nearly all of our public gatherings. It should be unnecessary for the presiding officer to call upon the congregation to come to order. President Brigham Young used to say that all congregations should be in order the moment they enter the church. If you come early to meet-



ing, spend the time until opening in quiet meditation. Nor should a set phrase be used in opening meeting, as, "If you will please give your attention," etc., it is sufficient to say, "We will now begin our services;" or, "Our exercises will now begin;" or any other phrase suitable to the occasion.

Another evidence of bad behavior is for the members of a congregation to turn around from time to time as the door is opened or when some person is walking up the aisle.

Still another act of rudeness is committed by some of our young people in laughing at mistakes made by those who speak or take part in any exercise. A gentleman or a lady would never be so rude as to smile at the mistake of another.

If you are asked by the deacon or usher to sit a little closer when other people are desirous of having a seat, do so with kindly good nature; and even relinquish your end seat without a scowl if it is necessary. If, however, you wish to keep the end seat of the bench, step out into the aisle while the others pass you; and if you come late do not expect to have the choicest seat. Accept crowding without complaint. If you are too uncomfortable, go out without noise or confusion. Do not occupy enough space for two, but be generous and thoughtful of others' comfort. If you have a little child in a crowded meeting, either hold it upon your own lap or allow some one else to hold it for you instead of allowing it to occupy the space of an adult who may be standing. The kindest and most generous thing for you to do, on arriving early at a public gathering, is to go at once to a center seat, so those coming later will not be obliged to crowd past you.

There is a duty which each officer owes to every other official and which is due to all who preside over her. In the Young Ladies' Associations the president and her two counselors, with the secretary and treasurer, constitute the board, while the aids come after them in point of importance and position. It has been decided by the Presidency of the Church that any officer should not be taken from the board of the Mutual Improvement Associations to act in any other official capacity without the consent and approval of the Stake Authorities of the Mutual Improvement Association. So far did this decision reach that the Bishopric of the wards and the Presidency of the Stakes (the brethren) have been in-

structed not to thus take officers out of their places in the Mutuals unless the consent of the Stake Mutual Improvement Association officers has been given. Each quorum, office, and organization in the Church has its place and order, and each must be respected in its place and calling by all others associated therewith, that harmony and good feeling may prevail throughout the body of the Church.

It is the duty of the officers of a Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association to take their places on the stand when a conjoint meeting is held without any invitation from the Young Men's officers or the Bishopric, unless, indeed, there has been some custom to the contrary, which, in the nature of things, should be righted at once, but always with good feeling and modest dignity. It is the privilege of the president of the Young Men's Association to preside when working conjointly with the young women; but the former frequently, as a matter of courtesy, invites the president of the Young Ladies' Association to take her turn in conducting the services. When a superior officer of the Mutuals comes into a local meeting, she should be invited to take a seat upon the stand and be consulted as to the procedure of the meeting. As a rule such a visitor should also be invited to express herself at such time as may be convenient to her during the exercises. It is a duty as well as a matter of good form for the ward president to consult the Stake officers of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, as well as the Bishopric of the Ward in regard to filling any positions in her own board; and the Stake President may in turn do well to consult with the General Board of the Y. L. M. I. A., when at all possible, as to the filling of vacant positions in her own official family. In fact, tact, thoughtful consideration and much consultation should be the rule of all officers in our organizations. When the president of the Relief Society or of the Primary Association comes into a local meeting, or when a stake officer of such organizations enters a stake meeting of the Mutual, it is courteous to invite her to a seat on the stand if there be room for that purpose; and certainly the Bishopric in all local meetings should be invited at once to the stand if they do not come forward themselves to take that position. Nothing is gained in this world by ignoring the position and feelings of other people, while very much

pleasure is given and taken and much good is done by observing the tender courtesies which belong to an official life. Many men make their way in life solely by their elegant manners and tactful resources. Therefore let our young ladies study to become beautiful in body, lovely in spirit, and brilliant in mind, and above all things to be true Latter-day Saints and therefore refined and cultured ladies.

## THE TRAVELING LIBRARY.

BOOK REVIEW.

*"If I Were a Girl Again,"* by Lucy Eliot Keeler.

"If I were a girl again—if some benignant fairy should touch me with her wand and say, 'Be a girl again, and I should feel bursting over me the generous impulses, the enthusiasm, the buoyancy, the ambition, that belong to sixteen—some things I should do, and some things I should not do, to make me at fifty the person whom now at fifty I should like to be.

\* \* \* \* \*

"But suppose I have passed my girlhood! Suppose I am thirty! Still, shall I not at fifty wish that I could retrieve the past twenty years? Should I not employ them differently?

\* \* \* \* \*

"There is always a golden age, soon to be behind us, which at every period of our life is before us—just as tomorrow's yesterday is still today. So we may all take courage. It is never too late to mend."

Such in part is the introductory chapter to a very charming and useful little book on conduct which should find its place in our Traveling Libraries, and better still, give the greatest help and pleasure to the girl who makes it one of her own list of loved books. There is something so bright, so entertaining, so perfectly natural and familiar, and withal so wholesome about the many little stories that go to illustrate the subject matter of each chapter, that a girl just draws her own conclusions, and does not feel that she is constantly being told to be good. Let us read a few of these stories:

Chapter ii: I cannot bear science a young college girl said, running her finger along the electives, as she and the Dean were arranging her studies

for the following year. "I cannot bear it, and I am very stupid at it. I am not so stupid in history; suppose I take that?"

"Once there was a mother," replied the Dean, smiling down into the frank eyes fixed on her, "a mother who wished her son to be immortal. So she dipped him into the river Styx, by which he was made invulnerable except in the heel with which she held him during the process. One would have thought that Achilles, grown up, would have protected that weak spot—gone wading in the Styx himself, or at least have guarded his heel in battle with his shield. But no, he used to say, 'I cannot bear to talk about my heel, mother; it is a stupid subject. See, instead, how the muscles grow in my arms and what a magnificent shield Vulcan has forged for me. I am really not so stupid with my shield!'"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Things are hard and dry in proportion to our ignorance of them. \* \* so try biology, my dear, instead of history. Stupid things are just the things one does not know enough about to care for."

Chapter viii: "Around a dinner at an Adirondack resort sat five guests who in the few days of their sojourn, had found many topics of congenial conversation. One evening, however, the sixth seat was occupied by a sturdy youth with a sunburned face, whose presence seemed to invoke a general silence. The widow talked in low tones to her daughter; the married couple devoted themselves to each other; the college girl sitting next to the new comer, regretted that she was not plain and fifty that she might have the privilege of addressing him as frankly as she would one of her own sex.

"I may at least push open a door," she resolved, "and if he has any gump-ton he will find a way to come in." Catching the eye of the lady opposite she commented upon the absence of dogs about the hotel, gradually passing to the law prohibiting the hounding of deer. A question came up which no one seemed able to answer, and the young woman, fingering an olive, wondered if her ruse would fail.

After a slight pause the newcomer, with a glance at her, addressed the only other gentleman at the table,

deftly caught the ball of conversation as it seemed falling, held it, and tossed it on to victory. "I wanted to cry bravo," the girl exclaimed after the young hunter had left the table. "Not many young fellows of twenty would have done it so well or would have even ventured. They would have preferred to hug their silence, and we should all have played stick while he stays. It is so comfortable to have people enter in." "More than that," smiled back the woman opposite, "not every young woman would have thrown open the door. Go on, my dear, opening doors, and may I sometimes be there to enter in."

Chapter xix: "Here comes Lady Teazle! Excuse me; walk on and I will follow," and my incomprehensible friend disappeared suddenly into a shop which a moment before she had no thought of entering. Soon afterwards I heard her quick footsteps behind me, and with a smile she replied to my astonished look, "The morning is too lovely to be spoiled."

"Who is this Lady Teazle?" I asked. "She bears another name in the blue book," was the answer. "Teazle is her pseudonym. No, not after Sheridan. Did you ever visit a cloth factory? Nothing has ever been invented that is so effective as the field teazle for raising a nap on cloth. After an interview with Lady Teazle my temper is as rough as this cheviot jacket. Where is the good of it? For my part I like to rub people the right way." Do the beatitudes include "Blessed is she who telleth unpleasant truths?"

Chapter xxii: A near sighted girl who had been introduced to a college student met him soon after and failed to recognize him. The young man had lifted his hat and was deeply hurt at the imagined slight. Hearing of the fact through a friend, the offender lost no time in sending an explanation of her apparent rudeness. A flush of surprise came over the sensitive boy's face as he said, "She has made me her friend for life."

Chapter xxxiv: "Run and tell her, or she may hear it from somebody else," said a young man laughingly to the pretty sister at his side. "There she stands. I will hold your impedi-

menta and entertain Fred until you return." The girl tried to frown upon the speaker, but ended by handing him a bouquet and fan, and moving off towards a severe looking woman on the opposite side of the room. "She would not condescend to gossip," he said, as both youths looked after her admiringly, and one questioningly, "but she dearly loves to retail a compliment. I believe in every chamber of her brain is stowed away some nice thing she has heard about somebody, to be delicately imparted to the particular person when he or she appears. It was your remark about that lady's classic profile which has just taken my sister away. She does not do it for effect either. She says it is stark selfishness: she likes to see the pleasures on peoples faces."

"That is the reason, then, I seem to grow an inch taller whenever I talk with her," Fred replied.

These and many other stories and suggestions, carrying with them the spirit of right living and gentle womanliness may be found in this book. Subjects many for much needed talks to girls are there. Chapters could be read aloud to either juniors or seniors. Read it and realize again the possibility of development in sweetness and culture that lies in girlhood.

## MINUTES.

### HOW THEY ARE ACCEPTED.

Several months ago the General Board decided to recommend the following method for presenting minutes, instead of the more formal way formerly used:

The presiding officer arises and says, "You have heard the minutes. Are there any corrections?"

"If there are none, all who favor accepting the minutes as read will signify it by raising the right hand."

If corrections are made, the presiding officer says,

"All who favor accepting the minutes as corrected will manifest it by raising the right hand."

### REPORTS.

Ward Secretary, is your report for 1909 made out and forwarded to your Stake Secretary? If not please attend to it at once.

# THE RELIGION CLASS.

Teachers having asked for an illustration of the method in which lessons in the Outlines should be presented, we therefore take Lesson 15, of the primary department, for this purpose.

The heading is, "How can we overcome evil?" The lesson suggests that the instructor take "some of the evils to which children of this age are prone." For purposes of clearness, we choose lying. Possible, the best way to begin would be to ask some questions of the class like the following: How do we feel when we tell an untruth? Do we think that we ought to own to telling the untruth? Do we own to it? How did we feel afterwards?

Then should follow a story, or narrative. Now, a story to be effective with small children, must (1) have plenty of action in it, (2) concern persons and things, (3) be given with plenty of details, and (4) be told with such language as children of this age can readily understand. Scripture language is generally incomprehensible to children of this grade. A scriptural narrative should therefore be translated, so to speak, into such words and phrases as will give the right meaning to the class. One of the narratives suggested for this les-

son is from the Book of Moses, 1: 12-22. Before telling this, however, the instructor should make a careful study of the passage, in order to imagine the consistent details of the situation.

Here the main point is to show that Satan does tempt people to do wrong. Satan appears in a personal form and tempts Moses to do wrong. But Moses has power to reject Satan's influence—to do what the Lord had required of him. The abstract matter need not be expressed at all in the story; but the concrete material should be so clearly and vividly presented that the logical inference will be drawn by the children.

Lastly, comes the application of the lesson—thought to the lives of the class, for instance, that Satan prompts people to lie and that they can resist him.

In the same way, might be given the second illustration, or narrative, from the life of the Prophet Joseph. All this should not occupy more than fifteen or, at most, twenty minutes. There ought to be no halting for points, and only one thing should be emphasized in the lesson. As many narratives as may be needed to emphasize the idea should be given—but only one idea, point, or thought.

## Domestic Science.

*(Continued from page 101.)*

*Uses for Left-over Yolks of Eggs.*

1. Drop well drained yolks into a sauce pan of salted water at boiling point. Let stand till firm throughout serve the eggs hot or cold, one each in plates of soup, preferably tomato, consomme, or plain broth of any kind.

2. Press yolks when cold through a sieve and add to a dish of creamed fish, oyster, veal, chicken, peas, etc.

3. Use as a garnish pressed through a sieve.

4. Use two yolks for one whole egg in making muffins.

5. Use two beaten yolks to each quart of cream soup of any kind.

6. Use four yolks with one-half cup sugar to a pint of milk for boiled custard.

7. Beat yolks, add an equal measure of milk, stock, or cream; also salt and seasoning and poach in a buttered dish. When cold, slice or cube or cut in fancy shapes and serve in fish, sauce, or soup.

8. Use in making salad dressing.



# Young Woman's Journal

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PERFECTION OUR AIM.

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SALT LAKE CITY, - FEBRUARY, 1910

## Helpful Thoughts from Member of the Gen- eral Board.

Live the Gospel of Jesus Christ in your daily lives, not merely believe it.

Be true to your God, true to yourself, and you will command the respect of all people.—*Martha H. Tingey.*

There is nothing in the world more excellent than true friendship. So, my dear girls, I exhort you to lay the foundation of virtue, uprightness, humility and obedience, without which true friendship cannot exist.—*Maria Young Dougall.*

Gratitude to God and faith in Him; love for our fellowman; for-

bearance towards our dear ones; sympathy for each other and a spirit of helpfulness; sacrifice for our loved ones; blindness to the faults of others and charity towards all, these are the things I desire—for me and mine, for thee and thine.—*Augusta W. Grant.*

Aim for the highest, ask for the best, and then be satisfied and contented with whatever comes.—*Agnes S. Campbell.*

It is not in the power of every one to be "a living light-fountain, a natural luminary shining by the gift of Heaven," but may we not take comfort in the thought that *reflected light* if put forth to the best advantage may help some struggling soul who is grooping in the pathway of darkness and sin? Think you the queen of night is less appreciated when by her glorious radiance she dispells night's inky darkness, because she but reflects the brightness of the sun?

Our concern for the new year need not be so great as to the *kind* of light we shed forth as it is to be sure it radiates constantly in the way that God intended.—*May B. Talmage.*

I am more and more convinced that we put too little of ourselves into what we do, either for others or for ourselves. We are slow to assimilate that which we learn or experience because we do not realize that this is the only way we shall grow bigger and better and so of greater value in the world and the only way we shall have a worthy impress on the lives of others. We develop no faster than we obtain knowledge and govern our lives by it.—*Rose W. Bennett.*

## Elizabeth J. Connelly.

*By May Booth Talmage.*

"As babe on mother's breast,  
She softly sank to rest.

Tread softly—do not wake her—let  
her sleep.

She has earned the sweet repose,  
The ransomed spirit knows.

Ne'er wake—tho' her absence now we  
weep."

With the same quiet unobtrusiveness that marked her life, the gentle spirit of Sister Elizabeth Connelly responded to the final summons, and on Monday evening, Dec. 27th, 1909, went peacefully Home.

To our JOURNAL readers she will perhaps be better known, as the mother of our Editor, Mary E. Connelly, to whom our hearts go out in deepest sympathy, as also to the bereaved husband, son, and other surviving relatives.

Between the mother who long since passed her three score years and ten, and the only living daughter, now in the full vigor of her womanhood—there existed an example of comradeship as rare as it was beautiful. They were companions in very deed—of heart, of mind, and of soul in the truest and holiest sense of the word. The mother's broad intellect and progressive spirit enabled her to keep abreast of the times and she was a constant source of inspiration and helpfulness to her daughter.

Sister Connelly was the daughter of Edward and Francis Jessop and was born in Skillington, Lincolnshire, England on the 23rd of May, 1833.

Her character as a daughter is well illustrated by the remark her father made, to the effect that her first act of disobedience to her parents, the first anxiety or sorrow she had ever given them, was joining the Mormon Church.

She was about eighteen years of age at this time, and two years later she came to Salt Lake City. The journey across the plains was unusually hard owing to the fact that she traveled with and cared for an invalid lady who died before reaching the valley.

Though alone in a strange land she soon made friends by her energy and helpfulness. She seemed to have a special gift in caring for the sick, and during her ministrations to an invalid daughter as well as to many others who sought her aid, she realized to a wonderful degree the promise made in her patriarchal blessing, that wisdom would be given her in the time of need.

Her chief characteristic and the one by which she will doubtless be longest remembered, was her ability to rise superior to condition or environment and under all circumstances to radiate cheerfulness and peace.

As in her life so in her death, the same beautiful spirit of peace and cheer pervaded the home.

When one looked at the brave hearted loved ones, who in their unselfish devotion would let no spirit of gloom mar her last hours in the home she had blessed, then gazed at the mute messengers of love that filled the room with their beauty and fragrance, and finally viewed for the last time on earth, the dear form as it rested in its snowy robes—so peaceful, so calm—the words from Holmes seemed peculiarly appropriate:

"Death reaches not a spirit such as  
thine,—

It can but steal the robe that hid thy  
wings;

Though thy warm breathing presence  
we resign,

Still in our hearts its loving semblance  
clings."

# GUIDE DEPARTMENT.

## The Apostasy.

### LESSON VIII.

#### EFFECTS AND RESULTS.

Note: For a fuller treatment of this subject see Talmage's "The Great Apostasy," pp. 150-169.

The thoroughly apostate condition of the church of Rome, treated in our last lesson, was necessarily accompanied by loss of all spiritual sanctity and power whatever may have been her assumptions as to authority in spiritual affairs.

Revolts against the church, both as rebellion against her tyranny and in protest against her heresies were not lacking. The most significant of these anti-church agitations arose in connection with the awakening of intellectual activity which began in the latter part of the fourteenth century. The period from the tenth century onward to the time of the awakening has come to be known as the dark ages—characterized by stagnation in the progress of the useful arts and sciences as well as of fine arts and letters, and by a general condition of illiteracy and ignorance among the masses.

Ignorance is a fertile soil for evil growths and the despotic government and doctrinal fallacies of the church during this period of darkness were nourished by the ignorance of the times. With the change known in history as "the revival of learning" came the struggle for freedom from churchly tyranny.

One of the early revolts was that of John Wickliffe in the fourteenth century. Wickliffe was a professor at Oxford University, England. He assailed the ever-growing pow-

er of the monks, and denounced the corruption of the church and the prevalence of doctrinal error. In spite of persecution and sentence he died a natural death, but many years later his bones were exhumed and burned, and the ashes scattered to the winds.

The agitation against the church was carried forward on the continent of Europe by Huss and Jerome, both of whom reaped death as the harvest of their righteous zeal.

These instances are cited to show that though the church had become apostate to the core, there were men ready to offer their lives in the cause of truth.

The next notable revolt against the papal church occurred in the sixteenth century, and assumed such proportions as to be designated the "Reformation." Conditions existing immediately prior to this great upheaval of public sentiment have been concisely summarized as follows:

"Previous to the opening of the sixteenth century there had been comparatively few—though there had been some, like the Albigenses in the south of France, the Wickliffites in England, and the Hussites in Bohemia—who denied the supreme and infallible authority of the bishop of Rome in all matters touching religion. Speaking in a very general manner it would be correct to say that at the close of the fifteenth century all the nations of western Europe professed the faith of the Latin or Roman Catholic Church, and yielded obedience to the Papal See." (Myers, p. 520.)

## THE REFORMATION.

This movement began in Germany about 1517, when Martin Luther, a monk of the Augustinian order and an instructor in the University of Wittenberg, publicly opposed and strongly denounced Tetzel, the shameless vendor of papal indulgences (see Lesson VII). Luther was conscientious in his conviction that the whole system of church penances and indulgences was contrary to scripture, reason, and right. In line with the academic custom of the day—to challenge discussion and debate on disputed questions—Luther wrote his famous ninety-five theses against the practice of granting indulgences, and a copy of these he posted on the door of Wittenberg church, inviting criticism thereon from all scholars. The news spread, and the theses were discussed in all scholastic centers of Europe. Luther then attacked other practices and doctrines of the Roman church, and the pope, Leo X, issued a “bull” or papal decree against him. Luther publicly burned the pope’s document, and thus declared his open revolt against the church.

We cannot follow here in detail the doings of this bold reformer. Suffice it to say, he was not long left to fight single-handed. Among his able supporters was Philip Melancthon, a professor in Wittenberg. Luther was summoned before a council or “Diet” at Worms in 1521. There he openly declared for individual freedom of conscience. There is inspiration in his words:

“I cannot submit my faith either to the pope or to the council, because it is as clear as the day that they have frequently erred and contradicted each other. Unless, therefore, I am con-

vinced by the testimony of scripture, or by the clearest reasoning—unless I am persuaded by means of the passages I have quoted,—and unless they thus render my conscience bound by the word of God, I cannot and will not retract, for it is unsafe for a Christian to speak against his conscience. Here I stand, I can do no other, may God help me! Amen!”

The religious controversy spread throughout Europe. At the Second Diet of Spire (1529) an edict was issued against the reformers; to this the representatives of seven German principalities and other delegates entered a formal *protest*, in consequence of which action the reformers were henceforth known as *Protestants*.

Luther died in 1546, but the work of revolution, if not in truth reformation, continued to grow. The Protestants, however, soon became divided among themselves, and broke up into many contending sects.

In Switzerland, Ulrich Zwingli led in the movement toward reform. He was accused of heresy, and when placed on trial, he defended himself on the authority of the Bible as against papal edict, and was for the time successful. The contest was bitter, and in 1531 the Catholics and Protestants of the region engaged in actual battle, in the which Zwingli was slain, and his body brutally mutilated.

John Calvin next appeared as the leader of the Swiss reformers, though he was an opponent of many of Zwingli’s doctrines. He exerted great influence as a teacher, and is known as an extremist in doctrine. He advocated and vehemently defended the doctrine of absolute predestination, thus denying the free agency of man.

In France, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland, leaders arose and the



Protestants became strong in their opposition to the Roman church, though the several divisions were antagonistic to one another on many points of doctrine.

One effect of this Protestant uprising was the partial awakening of the Roman church to the need of internal reform, and an authoritative re-statement of Catholic doctrines was attempted. This movement was largely accomplished through the famous Council of Trent (1545-1563), which body disclaimed for the church the extreme claims made for "indulgences" and disavowed responsibility for many of the abuses with which the church had been charged. But in connection with the attempted reform came a demand for more implicit obedience to the requirements of the church.

Near the end of the fifteenth century, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the court of the Inquisition, then known as the Holy Office, had been established in Spain. The prime purpose of this secret tribunal was the detection and punishment of heresy. Of this infamous institution as operative in Spain, Myers says:

"The Holy Office, as the tribunal was styled, thus became the instrument of incredible cruelty. Thousands were burned at the stake, and tens of thousands more condemned to endure penalties scarcely less terrible. Queen Isabella, in giving her consent to the establishment of the tribunal in her dominions, was doubtless actuated by the purest religious zeal, and sincerely believed that in suppressing heresy she was discharging a simple duty, and rendering God good service. 'In the love of Christ and his Maid-Mother,' she says, 'I have caused great misery. I have depopulated towns and districts, provinces, and kingdoms.'" (Myers, *Gen. Hist.*, p. 500.)

Now, in the sixteenth century, in

connection with the attempted reform in the doctrines of Catholicism, the terrible Inquisition "assumed new vigor and activity, and heresy was sternly dealt with." Consider the following as throwing light on the conditions of that time:

"At this point, in connection with the persecutions of the Inquisition, we should not fail to recall that in the sixteenth century a refusal to conform to the established worship was regarded by all, by Protestants as well as Catholics, as a species of treason against society and was dealt with accordingly. Thus we find Calvin at Geneva consenting to the burning of Servetus (1553) because he published views that the Calvinists thought heretical; and in England we see the Anglican Protestants waging the most cruel, bitter, and persistent persecutions, not only against the Catholics but also against all Protestants that refused to conform to the established church." (Myers, p. 527.)

What think you of a church that sought to enforce its doctrines and dogmas by such methods? Are fire and sword the weapons with which truth fights her battles? Are torture and death the arguments of the gospel? However terrible the persecutions to which the early church was subjected at the hands of heathen foes, the persecutions waged by the apostate church are far more terrible. Can such a church by any possibility be the Church of Christ? Heaven forbid!

In the revolts we have noted against the church of Rome, notably in the Reformation, the zeal of the reformers led to great extremes in doctrine and to many fallacies in the theology they advocated. Luther, himself, proclaimed the doctrine of predestination and of justification by faith alone, thus nullifying the God-given rights of free agency and impairing the importance of individual exertion. (See

"The Articles of Faith," page 120, Note 2).

#### RISE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

At the time of Martin Luther's revolt against the church of Rome, Henry VIII reigned in England. In common with all other countries of western Europe, England was profoundly stirred by the reformation movement. The king openly defended the Catholic church and published a book in opposition to Luther's claims. This so pleased the pope, Leo X, that he conferred upon King Henry the distinguishing title "Defender of the Faith." This took place about 1522. Within a very few years we find King Henry among the bitterest enemies of the Roman church, and the change came about in this wise: Henry desired a divorce from his wife, Queen Catherine, to give him freedom to marry Anne Boleyn. The pope hesitated in the matter of granting the divorce, and Henry, becoming impatient, disregarded the papal authority, and secretly married Anne Boleyn. The pope thereupon excommunicated the king from the church. The English parliament, following the king's directions, passed the celebrated Act of Supremacy in 1534. This statute declared an absolute independence of all papal authority, and proclaimed the king as supreme head of the church of England. Thus originated the Church of England, without regard for or claim of divine authority, and without even a semblance of priestly succession.

At first there was little change in doctrine or ritual in the newly formed church. It originated in revolt. Later a form of creed and a plan of organization were adopted, giving the Church of England some

distinctive features. During the reigns of Edward VI, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, persecutions between Catholics and Protestants were extensive and violent. Several non-conformist sects arose, among them the Puritans and the Separatists. These were so persecuted that many of them fled to Holland as exiles. From among these came the notable colony of the Pilgrim Fathers, who crossed in the Mayflower to the shores of the newly-discovered continent, and established themselves in America.

In the events connected with the great apostasy, the thoughtful student cannot fail to recognize the existence of an overruling power, operating toward eventual good, however mysterious its methods. The heart-rending persecutions to which the saints were subjected in the early centuries of our era, the anguish, the torture, the bloodshed incurred in defense of the testimony of Christ; the rise of an apostate church, blighting the intellect and leading captive the souls of men—all these dread scenes were foreknown to the Lord. While we cannot say or believe that such exhibitions of human depravity and blasphemy of heart were in accordance with the divine will, certainly God willed to permit full scope to the free agency of man, in the exercise of which agency some won the martyr's crown, and others filled the measure of their iniquity to overflowing.

Not less marked is the divine permission in the revolts and rebellions, in the revolutions and reformations, that developed in opposition to the darkening influence of the apostate church.

Wickliffe and Huss, Luther and Melancthon, Zwingli and Calvin, Henry VIII in his arrogant assump-

tion of priestly authority, John Knox in Scotland, Roger Williams in America—these and a host of others builded better than they knew, in that their efforts laid in part the foundation of the structure of religious freedom and liberty of conscience.

The way was thus prepared for the gospel of peace, destined to be restored with all its pristine beauty, simplicity, and blessing in the nineteenth century, the dawn of the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times.

From the sixteenth century down to the present time sects have multiplied apace. On every side the claim has been heard, "Lo, here is Christ," or "Lo, there." There are churches named after their place of origin—as the Church of England; other sects are designated in honor of their famous promoters—as Lutherans, Calvinists, Wesleyans; others are named from some peculiarity of creed or doctrine,—as Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists; but down to the beginning of the nineteenth century there was no church even claiming name or title as the Church of Christ. The only church existing at that time daring to claim authority by succession was the Catholic church, which as shown was wholly without priesthood or divine commission.

Who can doubt the awful fact of a great and universal apostasy? As shown in our second lesson, the apostasy is admitted by the man-created Church of England, which thus makes official proclamation of the awful condition:

"Laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects and degrees, have been drowned in abominable idolatry most detested by God and

damnable to man for eight hundred years and more." (Homily on Perils of Idolatry.)

To the faithful Latter-day Saint a concluding proof of the universal apostasy and of the absolute need of a restoration of priesthood from the heavens will be found in the divine reply to the inquiry of the boy prophet Joseph Smith as to which of all the contending sects was right:

"I was answered that I must join none of them, for they were all wrong; and the personage who addressed me said that all their creeds were an abomination in His sight; that those professors were all corrupt; that 'they draw near to me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me; they teach for doctrines the commandments of men, having a form of godliness, but they deny the power thereof.'" (Pearl of Great Price, p. 85, par. 19.)

#### LESSON REVIEW.

1. Name some of the notable revolts against the Roman Catholic Church.
2. What is meant by the Reformation? Where and when did the movement originate?
3. Give an outline of the reform work wrought by Martin Luther.
4. Explain the origin of the term Protestants.
5. State what you know of the Reformation as carried forward in Switzerland. What of the work of Zwingli? Of Calvin?
6. State what you know of the attempted reform within the Roman Catholic Church incident to the Reformation.
7. Describe the origin of the Inquisition. What of its operation in the fifteenth century? In the sixteenth century?
8. Give an account of the origin of the Church of England.
9. State what you know of the Puritans.
10. Summarize the proofs of the great apostasy.

# The Home Beautiful.

## LESSON VIII.

### THE HIGHER LIFE.

As we approach the close of our season's work and come to the end of our lessons on the home, we feel that the subjects taken up have been but slightly touched upon. The lessons have not been a scientific treatise along the lines of domestic science, home economics, hygiene, physiology, child culture, or any one given subject, and in dealing with the topics as we have the aim has been to meet the needs of the widely varied classes we have to deal with.

This is not said by way of apology, for if we have given you any new ideas, upon any or all of the topics taken up, or if we have caused you to think any new thoughts or express any old ones, even if they have been in the form of an "oft told tale," we feel that our object has been accomplished, which is, as stated in the outline first given, to hold up before our young people the "Ideal Latter-day Saint Home."

"Wherever the circumstances of our lives land us, we should take our stand, do our part of the world's work and do it well."

The charm of each family is its individuality, a certain atmosphere peculiar to itself that we feel is not an attempt to imitate others, but an independent attitude towards life and a resolve to live up to our own standards of life, and make ourselves respected by our dignified performance of the work that comes to us.

Perhaps enough has been said on economy and the financial and other practical points, and we may well

consider in this concluding lesson other phases of the home life, ideals, philanthropy, the spiritual or religious atmosphere of the home—the higher life.

We have studied economy but we must not confound economy with stinginess, miserliness. Saving merely for the sake of keeping money in our own hands and with no special object in view, pinching and depriving ourselves now that we may have more to spend in the future makes us narrow and sordid, but provident thought for the future thus guarding against dependence on charity, is not only wise, but is a simple duty that every man owes to himself and to the world.

"The most judicious use of money is to form, first of all, as pleasant and comfortable a home as is consistent with one's means."

"The true idea of the object of home, the ideal home, is to produce the best developed men and women, not to have the most lavish display, the largest bank account. The home is the center of all that is best in life. It is the greatest moulder of character. All the qualities of Christian manhood and womanhood, love, reverence, unselfishness, forbearance, order regard for property and for the rights of others, should have their beginnings here."

Respect the rights of others. In a home each person should have a quiet corner where he can have at least a small part of each day to himself, perfectly free from any interference from others. Worry, harsh feelings towards others, anger and annoyance cause physical ailments. Any trend of thought constantly followed makes a lasting impression on the mind, we may say



it makes a groove in the brain. Good thoughts and feelings and sentiments work for our advantage; evil, for the opposite.

It is the duty of each member of the family to try to bring peace and contentment into the home, and to show loving kindness to the other members of the family. Each may be sure that she will find more help and appreciation from those at home than the world will ever accord her.

"It is true that all altruistic motives which look to the good of another, be he kin or otherwise, are more full of elevating influence upon a life than those which seek merely one's own highest good."

The family must all be united in accepting conditions; have a common aim to work for, and all be willing to make sacrifices for the general good. For an ideal any sacrifice is a pleasure. There must be a conscious effort towards improvement. Each should try to get above the lower levels and enter the enjoyments of the higher life. The more we deny ourselves in the lower forms of pleasure the more we have to devote to higher aims.

For the higher life some will prefer one thing and some another. Some will prefer to spend all that they have above the actual necessities in making an artistic home; others, on books; still others, on art, music, lectures, travel. As far as possible each one should be allowed and helped to indulge in his own greatest ambition, so far as it does not interfere with the rights of others. This is one of the moral advantages of family life. Selfish gratification most surely brings its own punishment sooner or later. We should be willing to accept from others also what is offered in the right spirit. To refuse to accept favors or service from oth-

ers deprives them of pleasure, of development. To give to others of our means, our service, broadens and deepens our own character and lives. We love most those for whom we do most. If our income can possibly allow it, we should give of our own to others. There are few indeed who are too poor to share what they have with others, and sometimes those who have least are the most generous and will give their last dollar to those who are less fortunate.

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

The Spirit of the Lord is in the true Latter-day Saint home. The children are reared in the knowledge and love of the gospel. Our girls should be taught that their particular home is where their spirit was permitted to come for training and guidance until they have a home of their own. They should not look upon it as a place of drudgery, or merely as a place to eat and sleep, a place to come to when they can no longer entertain or amuse themselves elsewhere, but they should strive to make it a place of delightful companionship, the center of all that is best in their lives. If they feel a call to do some great thing in the world's work, let them strive to draw the ideals into the home instead of away from it, as the tendency seems to-day, and let them give their greatest effort to making home as near to heaven as possible for husband and children, and the spirit of that home will radiate to the outer circles and have its effect upon all who come within the charm of its influence.

When the girl marries there begins a little world of her own. Girls are taught to pray for wisdom and guidance in various things,

and why should they not be taught to pray that, when the time comes for them to choose a life companion, God will direct their hearts aright and that the choice may result in a happy and worthy union. They should begin the new home in the right way. No mutual girl should be willing to consider a marriage not performed in the temple.

While the young husband is the head of the family and would naturally be expected to lead in family devotions, he may not have been accustomed to doing anything of the kind, and the young wife should not be averse to taking her place by his side and expressing her desire to ask for the blessings of God on their home, thus giving him courage to do what they both feel to be right.

Children are the most important product of the home.

The desire for large families or for any children at all is becoming less in the world, and unhappily seems to be making some slight inroads among some of our own girls. Let us try to teach the blessedness of motherhood; that any inconvenience or self sacrifice they may undergo is outweighed many times by the joy they have in the love of their children. It is an inestimable privation to a woman never to have known the blessedness of motherhood—of children's arms about her neck.

Many children are not understood by their own parents. There are various temperaments in the same family. Each child must have different training, one rule will not do for all, even in the same household. The school can do much for the education of the child, but it cannot overcome entirely the effects of faulty home training and influences. Many parents leave the ed-

ucation of their children entirely to the school, their manners to what they can pick up on the street and elsewhere.

"The school exerts a profound influence on the homes of the next generation."

The teacher has an influence on the child second only to that of the parent, and much good comes from parents visiting the school often. Explanations of peculiarities of the child helps a teacher wonderfully, she takes a greater personal interest in the child after the visit, and naturally the child profits by it all. Sanitary conditions in the school should be inquired into also. Parents can accomplish almost anything they wish.

Singing and reading the scriptures should be introduced in the home as often as possible. Reading has a great influence on the life of children. It is easy to entertain and keep them quiet for almost any length of time by reading to them. We wish to emphasize the importance of Bible reading and Bible stories for children. It is not the best way to take up the Bible and read one chapter after another, but the wise mother must read first and prepare each lesson and topic before she gives it to her children. If she feels that she is not able to do this unaided, there are certain helps that she can find. The "Children's Bible," and "Farrar's Life of Christ" are very helpful, and there are many others. Take up stories that treat of Bible subjects, such as "Ben Hur," "The Other Wise Man," and many others that could be made useful in interesting them and teaching truths at the same time. Talk about what you read, especially at the dinner table, it may well take the place of gossip and harmful criticism of

people and their doings, which children hear altogether too much of through the thoughtlessness of their elders.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. Give your ideas of the wisdom of young people borrowing money and paying interest on it to build and furnish a home.

2. Give your ideas of spending for amusements, theatres, picture shows, going to the lake and other places of amusement.

3. Should something be saved from each month's income?

4. What do you think of young people marrying those of another faith?

5. What is the true object of home life?

6. What is woman's greatest blessing?

7. How does it aid the home for parents to visit the school?

8. What religious exercises should take place in every Latter-day Saint home?

9. What can you do to increase spirituality in your home?

10. Have you adopted any of the suggestions advanced in this course of lessons? What has been the result?

## Helpful Hints for Juniors.

### LESSON VIII.

#### COURTESY AND CHEERFULNESS.

After girls have studied and practiced self-control, they naturally will be more courteous and cheerful in their home life and in public places. Have the girls define or give original definitions of the topic. Find out by quizzing whether cultivation of courtesy and cheerfulness will make a girl stronger; and which will develop strength most, to be cheerful when it is easy, or when it is difficult.

Appoint two or more girls to memorize gems on courtesy and cheerfulness, such as: "It is easy enough to be pleasant," etc. It might be interesting to have one or more girls relate an incident showing the effect of cheerfulness in the life of some friend. This being your last lesson, if time will permit, review the girls and find out just how helpful the four previous lessons have been to them in their homes, and elsewhere. Also remind them that you expect to see much improvement in their conduct the coming year, that although they are refined, well-bred, and sunshiny now, they can still advance and be-

come more proficient along the line they have been studying the past season. Do not forget to invite two or more mothers to attend this meeting. Any sort of sewing the girls choose.

#### Courtesy.

a In the home.

(1) To parents.

(2) To brother and sister—why?

(3) To guests.

b In public places.

(1) to members of family—effect. Illustration.

(2) To strangers—in what way?

(3) To friends.

#### Cheerfulness.

a At home.

(1) To members of family. Result.

(2) Can be cultivated—easy—difficult—why.

(3) Pleasure or duty?

b In Mutual—consequence.

c In public places.

(1) In what way?

d Does it express love?

# Literary Lesson.

## LESSON VIII.

The selections for one evening's study from the writings of some of our well-known women are given in recognition of the devotion, faith, and true worth of the writers as well as for the lessons contained in the poems. There is inspiration, hope, uplifting thought and optimism in them that is well worth the consideration of our young people. The life records of these women show trial, endurance, faith, tragedy, and final triumph that we wish to have remembered.

Apostle Heber J. Grant in a letter of sympathy written to a friend lately has this to say of Sister Emily Hill Woodmansee.

"Our hymn book is full and running over with words of comfort and blessing, but no hymn has given me such comfort as has Sister Emily Hill Woodmansee's 'Providence is over all.' It may be that my having known her all my life, and of her sufferings and trials has endeared her hymns to my heart. I know that her life was lived in full and complete accord with the splendid teachings of her beautiful hymns. I am wonderfully partial to the teachings and writings of those whose lives I know to be in full accord with their own works. Where they do not harmonize I am free to confess that the teachings fall on deaf ears in my case. Sister Woodmansee was one of the truly heroic souls whom the gospel has found and bound to the Church with bands of steel. The gospel found her in England. She came to 'Zion' part of the way with the handcart company and suffered the hardships incident to that trip which are far be-

yond the power to paint. She married one of the gifted men of the Church, who like herself, was able to write songs which inspired and comforted the people. I will quote a verse from one of her husband's hymns—page 29.

'Arise, O glorious Zion,  
Thou joy of latter days,  
Whom countless saints rely on,  
To gain a resting place;  
Arise and shine in splendor,  
Amid the world's deep night,  
For God thy sure defender,  
Is now thy life and light.'

"This man's life was not like hers in full accord with his writings, and she had the sorrow of seeing her husband and the father of her children cut off from the Church for immoral conduct.

"She later married a wealthy man who afterwards became very poor and she suffered deep poverty. She might have suffered more had it not been for an impression which came to me that she was in great need of assistance, and following this impression I called on her and had the pleasure of giving her some aid in her trouble.

"During her whole life she lived in perfect accord with the teachings of her beautiful hymns, and was an heroic, faithful soul, always trusting in God, no matter how 'dark and drear' her skies appeared."

A sketch of the life of Sister Woodmansee is given in the February issue of Vol. xviii of the *Young Woman's Journal*. One of Sister Emmeline B. Wells in the April issue of Vol. xix. One of Sister Eliza R. Snow in the January issue of Vol. xxi.



There are other and younger women among us who deserve recognition but time forbids our considering their writings this season.

It is recommended that the lessons be assigned in any way considered best by the class leaders and officers. It might be well to have

them read or recited by some of the girls, and then have other girls take them by topics or in such a way as to have each lesson or thought explained. In final questions all points overlooked by girls should be brought out by the teachers.

## Lines to my Wife on the Thirty-fifth Anniversary of Our Wedding Day.

*By Archibald MacMartin Dann.*

Do you mind, dear wife, the night we were wed—  
How the sleet came down—How dark overhead—  
How the old pines creaked in the breath of the East,  
As our friends came out to the Wedding-feast?

Yes, drear was the night, but the hearth was warm,  
And we heeded not the wrath of the storm.  
What were it to us if the night were drear,  
While the dear "Old Home" was a nest of cheer?  
'Twas nothing to us—the shriek of the blast.  
For our hearts beat high, and the hours flew fast.

Shall I ever forget my "Lily"—my bride—  
As she came that night and stood by my side?  
Came like a Spirit direct from the skies  
With Heaven's own blue still fresh in her eyes?  
No, never, Dear One, "Till the sun grows cold  
And the leaves of the Judgment-Book unfold"!   
I can see you now, in your robes of white,  
As I saw you then—that long-ago night.  
Your locks, my Dear, were a beautiful brown,  
And they graced your brow like a queenly crown,  
Your cheeks were fair, and your eyes were bright—  
'Twas an Angel, Dear, I wedded that night!  
And, turning to me, she gave me a kiss—  
O I sense it yet—that moment of bliss!  
My locks were as black as the raven's wing,—  
Ah, those were the days when Youth was king!

How full of rainbows all the future seemed  
That dismal night, as we coo'd and dreamed!  
Not a cloud we saw in the Morrow's sky,—  
Not a Sorrow lurked in the By-and-By.  
So we "Nosed" our craft to the Far-away,  
And we reefed no sail for a gusty day.  
Thus, hand in hand, with a trust sublime,  
We faced together the ocean of Time.

What magic is wrought by the Years, my Dear!  
Yes, wonders that baffle or Sybil or Seer!  
In time's great alembic what mysteries brew!  
What demons of Fate our courses pursue!  
O think of the dreams of our Nuptial Day,—  
Of our goals unwon and vanished for aye,—  
Of the gleams we saw in the Morrow's sky,—  
Of the darksome days of the years gone by!  
Cheeks that were fair, and eyes that were bright,  
Are not as they were on that far-off night.  
The brown and the black to silver have grown,  
And the Winter of life is claiming it's own.

Oh, the ocean of Time is stormy and deep!  
Nameless the treasures that lie in it's keep!  
Alas! we count 'neath its merciless flood  
Our dearest of kin—the blood of our blood.  
But yet we are left—God's purpose, my Dear—  
Despite the rude blasts of many a year.  
Life lacks the roses its garden once knew,—  
The frost has usurped the place of the dew,—  
And yet, little Wife, our hearts are still warm  
With the love of that night of the pitiless storm.  
Nor wrinkles, nor frost, may ever erase.  
The old-time charm of each other's face.  
We've journeyed thro' life in shadow and shine  
But I have been yours, and you have been mine.  
Your sorrows I've shared,—my sorrows you've soothed,—  
Between us, my Dear, the way has been smoothed.  
The roses are gone, but my "Lily" is here—  
God bless you! and bless you forever, my Dear!

Now here is a toast right straight from the heart—  
May God bless us both in the hour we shall part!





FISHING BOATS IN THE HARBOR.—See Article "Mary Teasdel," page 130.



# YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL

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## March.

By Kate Thomas.

Ho! Blusterer! Ho! Braggart! Art thou come?

How many thousands fled before thy frown?

How many of thy foemen trampled down?

What myriads of gazers stricken dumb?

At every beat of thy triumphant drum.

How pale grew cheeks that erst were ruddy brown!

Of mighty deeds that won thee thy renown.

Where is the cipherer could name the sum?

Boaster! Thinkest thou thy noisy tale appalls?

That for one moment our quick blood congeals?

We smile, nor even stoop to call thee false,

For loving other things thy private reveals.

Thy heart must be all gentle or how else

Comes maiden April trailing at thy heels?

# Sary's Baby.

*By Annie Pike Greenwood.*

This is a true story. That is why I am writing it. Also because it touched me deeply.

Old Mrs. Hume has the largest, freshest eggs in town. I was glad to pay her five cents more than the market price for each dozen. This was not her demand but a strategy on my part, for many others were fond of Mrs. Hume's fresh eggs.

One morning, having received my precious dozen, I sat with Mrs. Hume on her "side" porch, my baby in his go-cart facing us, and a number of grave fowls stepping abstractedly around us looking for possible tidbits. It was a typical Kansas day, bright, sunny, with a breeze stirring everything—the sort of day that comes all the year 'round in Kansas, as often in December as in June. It was September when we sat there.

"That's a fine cat you have," I remarked, as a large, grey feline curved sinuously around the corner of the porch and fell to licking her coat complacently in the sunshine.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hume. "She's a nice enough cat, but to my notion there's something in life to be a-doin' besides pettin' cats."

Mrs. Hume, eighty years old, splendid house-keeper, and mother, thrifty, alert, interested, if anyone had the right to speak in this manner, she had.

"Now, there's my son's wife," she continued. "They hadn't no children. Tom was just crazy for children, but it wasn't to be. Jane—she always had a mess of kittens to pet. One day when I went out

there—they was living in a dug-out then—a dug-out?—Don't you know what a dug-out is?—Most of the folks that has settled on land here has lived in a dug-out before they built a house. They dig a square room like a cellar, a little taller than a tall man. Sometimes they have more than one room, but my son had just one. They make a roof of lumber curved over like—like the top of a car, and cover it with sod. At each end they have a half window. They paint the house inside a kind of yellow with gypsum and water.

"My son's wife had it fixed real nice, with a carpet on the ground, and she blacked her stove, and had a yellow fur on the bed. When I come at this time there was a mess of kittens on that fur. I says, 'For land sakes, Jane, what're you wastin' your time fur on a batch of kittens that's already got a mother to look after them? I'd a heap ruther see you with a baby in your arms.'

"'Well, ma,' she says, 'nothing 'u'd please me better, but it seems the Lord wills different.'

"It was only a little while after that Mrs. Clim—she came in and says, 'I wish t' goodness I knowed of someone that 'u'd take a baby. There's that poor neglected little child of Sary Wurt's. It's a living shame how he goes.'

"Sary Wurt," explained Mrs. Hume, "wouldn't never tell who his father was, and nobody never knew, though a lot of them tried to guess. She was a music-teacher, and could

earn a good living; but after that, why, of course nobody didn't want her teaching their children. She was a good house-keeper, and as pretty a girl as you'd keer to see. But after her baby come she couldn't get nothing to do except maybe some washing or scrubbing. There wasn't many folks wanted her around. I don't feel like most folks does about a girl like that. I always felt sorry for Sary.

"It was the next day after Mrs. Clim come that Tom was to the house. I says to him, 'Tom, how'd you like to have a baby boy?'

"'Mother,' he says, 'if I had a baby boy I'd be the proudest man in Arbordale.'

"'Well,' says I, 'I know where you can get one!'

"Then I told him about Sary's baby. And he went t' where Sary had left it with Anne Debbins. Annie was workin' hard, and when he says he's come t' see Sary's baby, she says, 'I'm glad you come, and I hope you'll take the little feller. Sary leaves him with me,' she says, 'while she works out, but I ain't got time t' tend him. His grandfather won't have him around t' their house,' she says. 'When I was over there one time to their house,' she says, 'the little feller was tryin' to climb on his grandpa's knee, and his grandpa pushed him away and called him a bad name,' Anne says.

"Tom went out into the back yard with Anne, and there was Sary's baby. He was playin' in the dirt, and he didn't have nothin' on but a dirty slip, that was tied up in a knot behind. He was dirt from head to foot.

"When he see Tom he stopped still, then he called 'Papa!' and come a-runnin', and climbed right up into Tom's arms.

"It was the first time that baby had ever said that word, and Tom

just couldn't let him go after that.

"'Where's his clothes?' he says to Anne.

"He ain't got much of anythin', says Anne, 'and what he's got's all dirty.'

"'Never mind,' says Tom. 'I'll take 'em along.'

So Tom took Orville on his wagon, and he fed him candy, and all kinds of truck, and you can imagine what he looked like when Tom got him home.

"When they got to the dug-out, he lifted Orville off the wagon, and he says to Jane, 'Jane, look what I brought you home!'

"Jane took a look at poor little, dirty Orville, and then she says, 'Tom Hume, what do you mean by bringin' *that* home to me?'

"'Well,' Tom says, 'I guess if you can take care of a mess of kittens that're already got a mother, you can take care of this poor, motherless child.'

"Well, Jane—she didn't say a word. She just took Orville and give him a good bath, and a good supper, and she put him in a warm night-gown of her own, and when he was cleaned he was a right pretty little feller.

"Then Jane made him a bed in a big clothes hamper, and she rocked him to sleep, and while he was sleeping that night she washed all his clothes and ironed them.

"When they'd had him awhile, they thought so much of the little feller they was afraid Sary might want him some time. So they asked her if they couldn't adopt him, and she says yes, and we all went to the court-house to get the papers. Me and Pa went with them. Sary—she come with her father and her little nephew Joe.

"Well, we took out the papers all right, and when it was done, Sary and her father and little Joe

started to walk off down the street without sayin' a word to Orville. And him, poor little feller, a-standin' in the door, watchin' 'em go with the big tears streamin' down his cheeks.

"Sary!" I says, 'you come back here and say goodbye to Orville. And you, Joe, you come here. You ain't never a-goin' to play with Orville again.'"

Tears came into the old lady's eyes, and her voice was choked. "I says, 'You come back here.—He's got more heart in him than all the rest of you put together.'

"So they turned and come back—little Joe and Sary—and she kissed him goodbye, and so did Joe. 'Mrs. Hume,' she says, 'I forgot to say goodbye because I was so glad that Orville was goin' to have a good home at last.'

So Tom and Jane kept him, and he always called them mamma and papa. And now he's seventeen, and he helps Tom with his business.

"Sary?—she went back to earnin' her livin', and a few years after she married a man who knowed her past and didn't care. He had some means, so she done well. They moved away from here when she was married."

This was the story of Sary's baby from the lips of his foster grand-

mother. I could not restrain the impulse to lift my little son and hold him close to my breast, as I thought of that little waif of mischance whose life and happiness were so nearly a sacrifice to cruel and unjust prejudice. And how much happiness two people would have missed if they had not taken him!

A peculiar coincident of this story is that while I was writing these words I saw Orville for the first time. He is a straight, handsome, frank-faced boy, that any mother might be proud of.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a sad sequel to the above. It happened some time ago, but I heard it only today. Some months ago a female in Arbordale "considered it her duty" to inform Orville that he was not the son of his supposed parents. It seems he had forgotten his unfortunate young mother, but a few months ago she returned to Arbordale. She had, however, no intention of revealing herself to her son. But the conscientious female took the issue upon herself—she "seen her duty and she done it." Orville was broken-hearted, and refused to be comforted. It is to be hoped that the precious interloper will get her just deserts in this life as well as in the one to come.



# The True Easter.

*By Valeria DeMude Kelsey.*

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

"And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

How many people actually understand the real meaning of Easter?

Jesus did not establish a specific time for the celebration of His rise from the tomb; this observance came later, and has now become generally observed by the churches of the world once a year, in the spring, because this time of year contributes most to the symbolism of material resurrection.

In all the experiences which come to man, none is regarded with such terror as physical dissolution. In a sense this is well, for the fear of death is sufficient to keep many people from violence to the body,—and yet in another sense this fear is so painfully indicative of our state of development, that we cry out at our crudeness, our ignorance, our lack of faith, our blindness.

Jesus said:

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

"And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

What is it to be dead? Scientists prove to us that parts of the body may be dead and we remain able to walk, talk, and occupy the daily round of life. We sometimes speak of people as "Dead walking round." Death is inertia, unresponsiveness, silence, cold, oblivion. All these qualities are possible and common in every day life. We meet men and women at every turn who do

not really live, but who are content to exist; who have no thought about a fuller life, to whom bodily comforts are all that is needed. The possibility that they are responsible to others, of their relation to others, the profound significance of life,—all this has not penetrated their consciousness.

Now, this condition lies entirely in the personality of the creature, his habits, his appearance, his daily life as an animal. The average personality is so unspiritualized that we can in a way, truthfully say, "He is dead, walking round." And what do we mean when we say this? Simply this: the mind of the creature is completely engrossed in material existence; so completely that the spirit of him, the real divine being, has been unable to manifest itself through so dense a medium.

And yet, beneath all the appearance of sordidness, of inertia, of death, there is a spirit, beautiful and radiant, ready to break through and emanate from that body, resurrecting at once and forever the being which is eternal. So, perhaps, Jesus thought, when He said, "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

It is only in our crudest and most unawakened condition that we worship the material man. As we come to ourselves in this life, externals lose their importance, gauds cease to charm, the real creature witnesses to us wherever we go. We know more and more what people really are. Emerson says something to this effect, "Be still; what you are thunders so loud that I cannot hear what you say."

How mightily the world needs a great faith! Faith to see the good in every man; faith to live each day without wasting our forces wondering about tomorrow; faith deep enough and great enough to make us sure of the mighty destiny of man; faith, strong enough to bridge every gap, every need, every loss. With no lesser faith have we a right to be content. It is our lack of faith that makes anguish keener, pain more poignant. There is a faith which is assurance, deep-rooted, abiding assurance. This is the faith we should strive for. This it is which gives us anchorage, which makes joy possible though all the winds of heaven blow upon us.

Easter should be in its highest and best sense, also, a renewal, a recognition, a consecration; a time for added emphasis of the privilege of daily living; a deeper grasp of the fundamental truths of life, a keener consciousness that in "God we move and live and have our being."

The world regards Easter as the celebration of Jesus' rise from the tomb.

In addition to this, it should be the anniversary of *re-emphasis*—re-emphasis of the fact that man *does not die*; re-emphasis of the majesty and opportunity of the *earth-life*; re-emphasis of our material passing, as freedom and entrance into a larger life.

If we must think of the grave let us remember that the tomb was empty, that the stone was rolled away. Let us refuse to sink ourselves blindly in the senses. Let us refuse to believe that God designs us to suffering, to sorrow, to the anguish of parting from our loved ones. In all this there lies a

wisdom supernal and beneficent, which somewhere we shall comprehend, and comprehending, look back upon with joy. Somewhere we shall learn the true meaning of those wonderful lines of Tennyson's, where he says:

"Lest she should fail, and perish utterly,  
God, before whom ever lieth bare  
The abysmal depths of personality,  
Plagued her with sore despair."

Man was meant for joy—for understanding, all-embracing joy. See how the earth ministers to him from her living breast! At every turn the wonders of nature besiege him—his mind is teased from his sorrow constantly. Always we may hear the great Voice, saying, "Be still, and know that I am God." In wind and wave, in sordid street and balmy lane, in drawing room and hovel, as we come into the earth and as we pass out of it,—always we are surrounded, guided, loved. Our greatest need is to become fully conscious of this truth.

But we cannot grasp this even remotely if we go along sunk in the senses, counting dollars and cents, engrossed in plans to enlarge our bank account. Whatever we put into life we shall realize, if it be riches, fame, or God.

Truly may we profitably observe Easter, remembering the immemorial rise of man. We need the renewal, the revivifying, the inflowing of the Spirit of God—we always need it, and it is fitting that we should have the high tide of observance in the spring.

Well, indeed, for all of us, if we, figuratively speaking, strew palms, burn incense, and scatter flowers, realizing the life of man as springing eternal, flowing unceasingly from the heart of God.

## 'T WAS CALVARY'S CROSS.

By Henry W. Naisbitt.

WHEN I think of the cross, the wonderful cross,  
Which high on Mount Calvary stood;  
What a story it tells round the sin stricken world  
"Redeemed by "the shedding of blood!"

When I think of the cross, the sanctified cross  
Accepted by Father and Son  
The sinner hath hope, though priceless the cost,  
The victory surely is won!

When I think of the cross, the unshadowed cross,  
Standing out so all nations may see,  
Believing in Jesus and working with Him  
In judgment unsullied shall be!

When I think of the cross, the glorified cross,  
On earth as in heaven above,  
Resplendent forever undimmed it shall shine,  
The eloquent symbol of love!

When I think of the cross, the God-given cross,  
What wisdom, what love is displayed;  
Humbly, earnestly, proudly rebellious no more,  
The cross "a new creature hath made!"

Glorified, sanctified, unshadowed cross;  
Wonderful, God-given tree!  
Take my whole heart, oh blest Jesus, as Thine;  
Thou, Savior and Master shall be!

# Mary Teasdel.

## The Utah Impressionistic Painter.

By Alice Merrill Horne.

"Of pictures, I should like to own  
Titian's and Raphael's, three or four,  
I love so much their style and tone,—  
One Turner and no more,—  
(A landscape,—foreground golden  
dirt,—  
The sunshine painted with a squirt)."  
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Mary Teasdel began right by being richly endowed with talents for art. Fortunately, too, she had other gifts or she might never have made a place for herself among the few who occupy front rank in Utah art.

From both father and mother she inherited aesthetic tendencies and perhaps from the same source came her uncommon intellectual power. These innate possibilities were strongly reinforced by a natural aptitude to apply knowledge and power to practical purposes, creating for this artist a fund of initiative that some men might envy.

Not only is she resourceful in herself, but she is also versatile in art, and handles oil, water color, and pastel for portrait, figure, flowers, and landscape. This artist has a distinct leaning toward decorative art. She has a great interest in architecture, and her work in overseeing the planning, building, and finishing of several houses shows that she would also have been a successful architect.

Miss Teasdel's greatest quality is a subtle feeling for composition in which none of the other artists overtake her. This and a refined sense for "tone" (which Oliver Wendell Holmes admired so much in Turner and Titian), a sensitive individuality, and a tender spiritual understanding of harmony are to be

found in her art work. These gifts, of course, are unusual and are a predilection of other certain art accomplishments to which reference may later be made, but it is the *constant spring of perseverance that vivifies and keeps alive this woman's gifts, and that is making for her all things possible.*

None deny that the art life calls for certain great sacrifices. The wise know that great sacrifice sets free the loftiest thoughts and feelings, that are shut up in man's mortal existence.

In the pursuit of art education the difficulties are doubled for women, but even other sacrifices were required from the hands of Mary Teasdel.

Her father was a well-to-do merchant, who supplied his family with a beautiful home and gave them unusual opportunities for culture in education and travel. Being a generous man and full of trust and confidence in the integrity of his associates, he and his family were surrounded by many warm friends. There are those who appear to have forgotten Mary Teasdel now, who were glad to know her when she was the daughter of a generous man of wealth.

Mary was precocious, and while still very young had graduated at the State University.

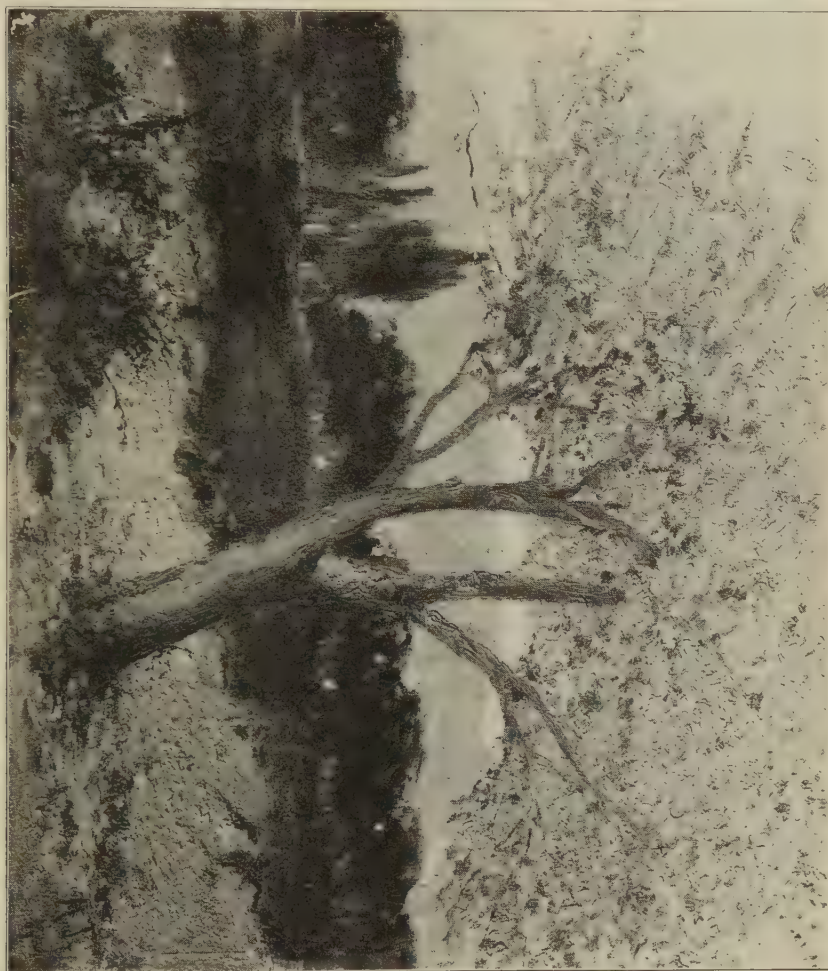
She was also trained in the accomplishments, in music, both instrumental and vocal, and in drawing and painting. In the latter subjects her greatest joy was found and very soon she had come to a decision that she would be a real



artist, and therefore would go abroad and study art from the foundation, and Mr. Teasdel reposed full confidence in his own powers to provide for this gifted daughter.

He was proud of her talents, but

It was a thriftily home that Mary grew up in. Her mother taught the children not only how to work, but to be saving and careful. Her father supplied her with a liberal allowance for pin money, and, look-



SPRING BLOSSOMS.

he did not believe in professions for women. In his opinion girls should be supported by their fathers and he saw no reason why a woman should desire to be independent in financial matters, when she had a parent or brothers who would gladly furnish her means.

ing forward to a day when she might undertake her life's work she began to religiously save what she might have spent (as her girl associates did) for pleasure.

Mr. Teasdel, big hearted and generous, now and then forgave large debts of his friends who were,



STREET IN NORMANDY.

or made the claim, of being financially close pressed. Possibly, unscrupulous men took advantage of his generosity. The fact remains that thousands of dollars were in this way turned from his store till. Perhaps his mercantile business might have survived these sacrifices, but a large railroad contractor, who was building the railroad to Park City, and who had been carried by Mr. Teasdel to the extent of thousands of dollars, became insolvent and failed to meet a cent of his account. The crash could not now be averted and Mr. Teasdel found himself financially ruined. He gave up all that he possessed to his creditors, for he was only barely able to meet his obligations.

Many of the friends(?) of this family now fell away. Those who

had received from this good man most assistance were most indifferent. Now, when he beheld himself stripped of property and utterly unable to assist her, Mary's father regretted that he had not given his gifted child study abroad in the arts she so deeply loved.

Misfortune never comes single handed. Within the space of a few months, Mary had to bear the loss of two grown brothers and an only sister who had been her boon companion, and was now snatched away in her young motherhood. One of the brothers, Henry, left his savings to his sister Mary, and this sum added to her own savings, which she had kept in the Zion's Benefit Building Society, was enough, with very careful management, to keep her three years in Paris.

It was a hard time to set out to face the world alone, for she must leave her parents and an only brother at a time when they most needed her, for they were crushed and desolate.

Mary had a true friend, Cora Hooper, now Mrs. Ernest Eldredge, with whom she went to New York and spent a winter in the art studios there. Here she found that American artists were quite as efficient in their instruction in art as her foreign teachers were, under whom she afterward worked in Paris.

The French studios were far better in other respects—the students abroad were much stronger, and the galleries there far surpassed those of America.

With another good friend, May Jennings Farlow, Mary Teasdel went abroad and remained three years.

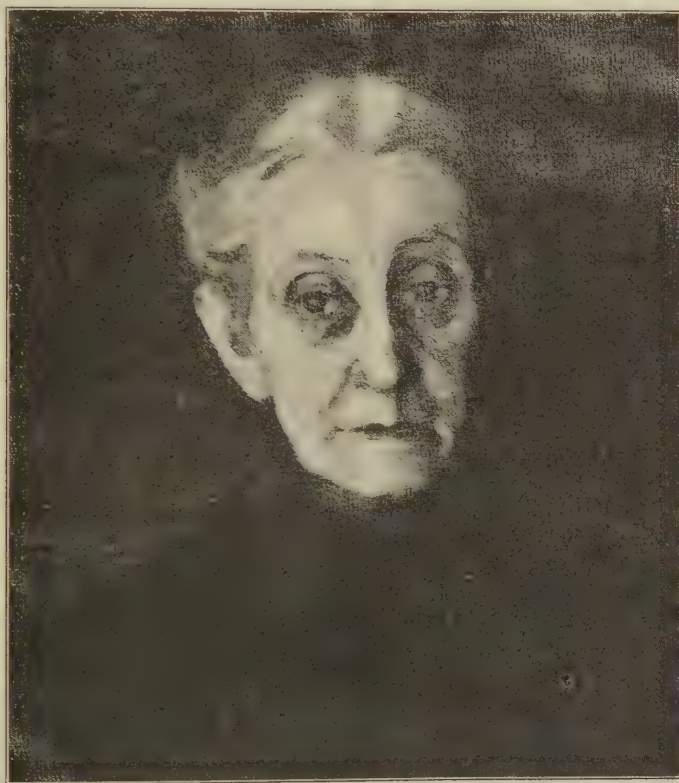
#### PARIS STUDIOS FOR ART STUDY.

Have you a rosy picture of student life in Paris and of the art

studios there? Forget them! The studios are dirty, and barren. No furniture embellishes them. There are plain bare stools from six inches to three feet high and a platform for the model—that is all.

The studios for women are a counterpart of those for men, but

morning and three hours—from seven to ten—in the evening. Usually there are two criticisms a week from the teacher. Pupils select positions around the model or cast and try to finish that drawing or painting during the week, for next week there will be a new model or



PORTRAIT OF MOTHER.

for women the tuition is double. The proprietors claim, that the extra money is for keeping women's studios cleaner, but the fact remains they are just as dirty.

There are three periods of study, morning, afternoon, and evening. A serious student could not get along with only one period. Miss Teasdel took four hours in the

a new pose. When the teacher comes to give his verdict, it is the custom for all to rise and listen with bated breath to the words that fall from this wonderful person. It is purely a one-sided affair for the student has nothing to say. All that he is or knows is what he has drawn or painted on his canvas or paper. To be so presumptuous as



to say "The model moved" or "The light was duller yesterday," would bring the student in disgrace. The following story illustrates the situation.

Benjamin Constant, the eminent artist, was giving a criticism to a young English student who had just crossed the "Channel" and joined the class. He told her many corrections to make in her drawing. She replied, "That is easy to say but hard to do." The astonished Constant left the room and no more criticisms were given that day. Word was left that until that young woman left the class no further criticism would be given there by Benjamin Constant. The matter was finally patched up by the young lady asking pardon and promising thereafter to be good.

Miss Teasdel at one time studied under Jules Simon, who is one of the greatest living artists. It was necessary to make application three months in advance to get a place in this class which had limited numbers. Here were always strong painters. Among them were women who were associate members of the "Champs de Mars," and in this class the girls had to dig to make a fair showing.

When Mr. Whistler came from England to Paris (of course we are always proud to say in parenthesis that Whistler was an American) he introduced an innovation in studio life. A quaint old house was obtained; the walls were tinted, and harmonious draperies and furnishings were placed to make an artistic effect. But not less remarkable than all this, the place was kept scrupulously clean. Miss Teasdel became a pupil there and enjoyed it all fully.

Whistler himself was always dressed immaculately, and always

gave his criticisms with his black kid gloves on, and everyone was extremely particular that no spot of paint should mar his perfection. Unlike other teachers, however, he would often paint on a student's canvas to illustrate his point of criticism. His pupils had to paint with the set of colors that he used when painting. He had an original idea—he started pupils right out on color, claiming that it is as easy to draw and model with paint and brush as with black and white. He said sculptors were better brought up than painters because they were given immediately the medium they expected to use. His criticisms were telling. Once he rubbed his finger over a part of a drawing, and said, "Why do you put that all in when you can come closer to nature by leaving it out?"

#### A STUDIO OF ALL NATIONALITIES.

In these classes all nationalities meet. There are always, Americans and Russians in large numbers. There are a few Swedish, English, and German students and an occasional French girl—most of the latter seek the private studio of a friend, being very greatly restricted socially.

The Americans and Russians are apt to be friendly, being more alike and they stay in Paris for years. The English go for only a few months and then return home.

There are girls and women from all avenues of life; from the lady who comes with an equipage and footman, to the poor girl whose hard savings have brought her to the studio for a limited time. Yet it is the most democratic place in the whole world. The nobility are those who can draw and paint. Money, caste, education, and clothes, count



for naught, they have no bearing on position. For these reasons Mary Teasdel who was gifted and as energetic as the best of them, was well treated by teachers and pupils and much was always expected of her.

In winter many afternoon visits were made to the Louvre and other galleries in Paris and churches and edifices that contain notable works of art.

In summer art students flee from Paris and seek the country towns of France for sketching. Eight or ten girls secure an art teacher and then take a house together in some beautiful spot.

Of her summer sketch classes, perhaps the one into Normandy at a fortified old town was the most interesting to our artist. The girls had rooms in a picturesque old farm house with a lovely garden. From this charming spot they had to walk a mile and a half to dinner, after which, they continued as far again which brought them to the river. This scene was visited for the

charming evening effect. During the three mile walk back to the farm house they studied twilight effects, which were exceptionally fine and which last there until nine o'clock in the evening. The work for the day would be ample for two memory sketches must be made of the previous evening's study. At least one "Twilight" and one "Evening" must be sketched in color.

Before leaving Paris, Miss Teasdel made good by being accepted at the French Salon in a group of ivory miniatures. The next season she had a portrait in oil accepted and the same summer two other of her ivory miniatures were placed in the International French Exposition. She was the second Utahn to have a picture hung in the Salon and our only painter to exhibit at the International French Exposition. Dallin was there with sculpture in both places.

Immediately upon her return home, Governor Wells appointed Miss Teasdel on the governing board of the Utah Art Institute.



HIGH TIDE.

She was elected president of that body and labored diligently and performed her duties with dignity and credit to the satisfaction of the serious artists of the state.

Mary's father died soon after her return. It was about this time that Miss Teasdel opened a private studio and also was employed in the Salt Lake High School. She painted considerably and devoted herself as much as possible to her mother. Miss Teasdel's financial ability had helped in a measure to restore their shattered fortune, and her mother's health failing, the two went abroad and another year was spent in study and painting. A summer in Holland was happily spent and a number of good pictures and sketches were brought from that interesting country. The two remained in Paris most of the time. Since her return her mother's health has been delicate much of the time. The responsibility of home sometimes interferes with a man's work. Woman cannot escape it and if she is womanly, she does not seek to do so. Though Miss Teasdel is a teacher of art at High School and has also much of the responsibility of home yet she finds some time in which to paint.

The summer of 1908 Miss Teasdel was able to spend much of the time painting, and she did her best work. This was exhibited in the State Fair and resulted in honors for her. She took the main prize with an impressionistic scene of City Creek Canyon in autumn. Of this picture Edwin Evans, our severest art critic, said, "It is one of the good things that have been done in Utah. Mr. Harwood (over whom Miss Teasdel took the prize) complimented her on this same work, saying, "The awards were just, and I think you show some great qual-

ities in your work that none of the men have as yet exhibited." At this same exhibition she took prizes for the best landscape in water color and the best figure in the same medium. The water color figure was especially praised by Evans. Among the judges at this exhibition was a sculptor, Mr. Potter, a visiting artist from the East. He also liked her work and this impersonal judgment coming from a stranger of very good repute as an artist and art critic, was very complimentary to Miss Teasdel. Miss Teasdel has been awarded all of the main prizes in the Utah Art Institute. Often even men are not given credit for excellence in the field of art. Women painters are apt to be considered as only "females." It has been a great shock to this simple class of the dear public to see a woman given so many honors as Miss Teasdel has won both at home and in art centres abroad.

As a water colorist Miss Teasdel is superior. She handles that medium in a spontaneous free way. Water color is a disappointment when handled in the same manner as oil. It has peculiar beauties, and while it is not as true a medium for values as oil, certain evanescent qualities can better be secured by its use.

Miss Teasdel has never sacrificed her ideals of art for commercial purposes. None have been truer to the intentions of art. There is nothing photographic in her paint, for her own individuality is plainly evident. This leads the writer to believe that she has the necessary qualities that will make for her a style of her own.

Style is the "Golden Fleece" with which the ambitious artist would wrap his canvas.—Not that even a



THE PINES AND DUNES, HOLLAND.

genius can construct a style for his use,—rather he cannot get away from what he is,—individuality is persistent.

#### THE GREAT TEST OF ART.

If you want to judge a picture ask yourself, "Could a kodak do it?" If a book carries no impression of the author's individuality, if any one might write that way, the book must fail to rise into the field of literature. The lack of style is as fatal to a picture as to a book. If the camera could do it, be satisfied by letting the picture be an artistic photograph. The greatest art must have the essential quality beauty. A picture may have that quality and still fall short as a work of art—it may be destitute of style.

Good art must at least be a translation, never a copy. Whistler says,

"If imitation were the greatest art, then the king of art would be the photographer! Certainly the public has a fondness for the photographic and yet they are not satisfied with the honest photograph and they want their pictures by a photographic painter, and then they insist that the work should be classed with the fine arts with the literature of painting, if you please!

The public has had such an impoverished diet in things that even the sanguine cannot hope to place that same public on a high diet all at once.

But art is growing. The artists are more appreciated and many people now are discarding bad pictures and placing good ones in their homes and there are those who are interested in real art and who know that *art is selection and interpretation, but not imitation.*

# “Heart of My Home.”

*By Alice T. Blake.*

“Jennie, we couldn’t wait another minute to come and see you,” cried Mrs. Vance and her sister, May Pitt, rushing into the cosy little room where Jennie Brown was rocking her baby.

“You dear girl, you look as pretty and sweet as you did the night of your wedding,” they both exclaimed rapturously.

“Thank you, girls, it’s so good to be home again,” Jennie answered. “Take off your wraps and sit down. After I put baby in his bed we can have a happy visit together.”

“He’s a sweet little fellow,” said Mrs. Vance, as Jennie held the wee one up to be admired.

“The sweetest in all the world,” cried the fond mother kissing and caressing him, “looks just like his father, don’t you think so, May?”

“Well, really,” hesitated Mrs. Pitt, “I never could see any resemblance between a grown up man and a tiny sleepy bundle of humanity like that, could you, Bee? But put him down dear, so we can have our talk out before Richard comes. Two years of separation gives us a great deal to talk about, doesn’t it? So run right off with him and back again as fast as you can.”

Mrs. Brown was soon back with her friends.

“He’s the dearest little thing to go to sleep by himself that I ever saw,” she cried joyously. “I never have to rock him as I did little Dick. But then Dickie was never very well as a baby, though now he is a strapping fine fellow. He’ll be coming in in a minute then you shall see. I won’t disturb him while he’s playing so nicely, for if he sees me,

he may want me to play with him.”

The callers laughed good naturedly and Mrs. Vance said, “Jennie, you are the strangest girl I ever saw. Do you really have time to play with your boy? He must be almost three years old, isn’t he? My little Jack, just twenty-six months old never thinks of disturbing me with his nonsense.”

“Dickie is just three years old and I like to give him all the time I can spare.”

“Do you know, Jennie,” spoke up Mrs. Pitt rather sharply, “now that I see you better, you’re really looking much older than you ought, and I just believe it’s the way you’ve been tied with your children now you’re home again and the social season is just opening, we hope we shall soon see you tripping the light fantastic—as bright and gay as any of us. Fred can get an invitation for Richard and you to join our new club. You must accept it. We have the jolliest times!”

“Oh, how fine,” said Jennie enthusiastically. “I’m just starving for some social life again. I brought such a beautiful lace gown with me direct from Paris, and—suddenly she stopped, startled by something she remembered. It was unnoticed by the girls though, who cried together:

“Oh let us see it, Jennie, please do.”

Jennie hesitated but was urged again to get it, so with a strange silence she brought out the dress.

“Oh, isn’t it beautiful!” cried May, “a perfect dream of loveliness. Say, Bee, this would be the ideal thing for Fern to wear in the last



act of our little drama, wouldn't it? That's a play (turning to Jennie) our society is getting up for charity."

"The H. H. C.?"

"Didn't I write you about it? The 'Helping Hand Circle.' I certainly thought I did. We girls organized it shortly after you left on your wedding trip. You were the first of the crowd to marry, except Bee here you know, but in that short time four of us have joined the ranks of the wedded, but we still keep up the circle meetings and have jolly times."

"Yes you must join this too, Jennie," said Mrs. Vance, you can help us out in our socials and entertainments, with your talent for music."

Mrs. Brown's heart throbbed violently.

"I would so like it, but I," she hesitated, "I can't leave the children so much, and besides—"

"Leave the children, what nonsense," cried Bee, "I leave mine a great deal, and return better prepared to cope with the trying cares they provoke. I never could bear the life of a woman, were it not for the bit of enjoyment I get in society."

"And you," spoke up May, "need to get out if any one does. Why, girl, you are already making a slave of yourself to your children and your home. Now when I married Fred, it was with the positive understanding that I should be as free to come and go as I had always been, I tell you Jennie, this being a drudge to home and children doesn't pay."

"Oh, May, you don't know what you are saying," said Jennie in surprise. "I love my home work very much, and as for my children—"

"Yes, children, that's just it," interrupted May, "I don't believe in a

woman wearing out her life always nursing a baby. But Jennie, here, is such a saint I never could argue with her. Now take my advice and rest up a bit."

"Yes, I should say so, there's Mrs. Lee been tied to her house and children for nine years, not knowing what happened beyond her own gate. Tired and cross through close confinement and hard work—for how could they be anything but poor with so many children—she has made life miserable for them all."

Jennie replied, "You have taken an extreme example, Bee. In a well ordered home a large family is a beautiful sight and one pleasing to our Heavenly Father, I am sure. Our religion, which is very dear to me, asks that we as daughters of God, do all in our power to assist in carrying out the plan of the great Creator—by giving tabernacles to His spirit creations. We were once very anxious to obtain bodies, and having obtained them how can we better show our gratitude, than by giving the same privilege to others."

"Oh, yes, that is perfectly right," said Bee, but there is reason in all things. I don't believe that the Lord approves of our bringing more souls into the world than we can properly care for. It is wrong and even cruel to do as many ignorant and thoughtless people do, bring innocent little children to a life of poverty, sickness, and sometimes even sin. I have two dear children for which I am thankful, but with the ever increasing cost of rearing a child, its education, social demands, and all—it would be impossible for us to have another child, we might as well step down and out."

"Bee is quite right," exclaimed her positive sister, "society demands

something more of us than to scrub, wash, and tend babies. It is the woman's aims and ideals, that will make the man what he is.

"But it is getting late, Sis. and I promised to meet Fred at the office, so we will have to continue this in our next." Rising she took Jennie's two little hands and kissed her kindly. "Don't be too sensitive, girlie, you will be much happier. We will look for you Thursday night at the ball. I'm so anxious to see you in your lace gown. Good bye, Jennie, do call soon."

Mrs. Brown sat thinking—thinking bitter thoughts. "Why should my life be so much harder than theirs? They are so free, so gay, and so happy. They look so young and pretty. They have nothing to make them tired and cross, only pleasure, pleasure! The dance, the social, the concert, the opera—they may have them all, while I have none. They are well and strong, can sleep or wake as they choose, while I must suffer and do as others choose for me. Oh, it is hard!" And the tears rushed down her fair cheeks unchecked.

A quick step and the door was thrown suddenly open. Hastily she rose and brushed back a tear, striving hard to gain her composure.

"Hello, sweet-heart," he cried, rushing to her with outstretched arms, "I am—Dearest, what is the matter, you have been crying!"

"Nothing, Richard, really,—it isn't anything."

"But I know it is, Dear, and you must let me take the trouble from you." Kissing her fervently he whispered, "You promised to let me carry a full half of the burden—would to God it were possible—but I can take this I am sure."

She put her head on his shoulder and sobbed convulsively.

"Jennie, dear wife, you must tell me what it is."

"Oh, it is hard, so hard, to—be—denied all—all that a woman's heart holds dear."

"What does she mean,—denied, denied what? Well of course it is hard, poor little one. Someone has been talking rubbish to her," he mused as he gently raised her hand, kissed her, and pushed back the loosened locks of hair, then kissed and caressed her again.

"Dear heart, my true little wife, I love you so. Life wouldn't be worth while without one like you to help a fellow along. I'll tell you, dear, two of us can pull a pretty heavy load through while one alone would faint at sight of it."

"Oh, you don't understand at all, men never will. It is good to be a wife, and a mother—but" sobbing hard, "sacrifice—has a—limit—sometimes—hasn't it?"

His face was pale, he struggled hard to control himself.

"Jennie," slowly and painfully, "I thought it was by your will as well as mine, and God's."

He turned his face and choked down a sob.

A sudden fear and pain clutched at Jennie's heart.

"It was, it was, I didn't mean—" How could she have been so cruel.

The front door was suddenly thrown open, and an excited voice cried: "Aren't the children here? Haven't they come back yet?"

Jennie's heart gave a leap. The children, who? Dickie was out in the yard a moment ago."

She hurried to the play ground. Richard and a neighbor, Mrs. Moore, following. Then Mrs. Brown remembered that it hadn't been just a moment ago, but almost three hours.

"Dickie and my little Tom were

playing together on the front porch when I left about two hours ago on a shopping errand, but I left positive instructions with Maybell to watch them, and while the careless girl stood talking with a friend they wandered out of sight, and she has been searching for them ever since. Oh, it is just terrible. There's no telling how far they have wandered. I thought they might have come back here."

"If they have been gone two hours there is no time to lose. Have you no clue as to which direction they took?" said Mr. Brown.

With fast beating heart, Jennie followed her husband out into the street. Together they searched the neighborhood, coming back occasionally to the house, hoping he might be there. But as minutes lengthened into hours, their fears increased, and they decided to separate, Richard searching in the eastern portion of the city, and Jennie, in the western.

To every person poor Jennie met she would tremblingly put the same question.

"Pardon me, but have you seen two little lost boys?"

"Lost boys! that's too bad. No, I have not seen any such children at all," was the invariable answer.

At length her anxiety became almost unendurable. She thought of the creek below the town, then of the railroad tracks, and then of every other danger her loved one might have met.

The sun was fast fading out of sight and the mother could no longer keep back her tears. "My sweet little boy," she cried, "lost, and I am to blame. It is a punishment from the Lord." All the time she was secretly praying: "Dear Heavenly Father, forgive my wicked thoughts. Have mercy on me, and

give me back my precious baby. I know I am unworthy, but forgive me, let me have him again and I will strive harder than ever to serve Thee faithfully."

Finally, hoping that Richard had found him, she hurried back to her home. But hope was changed to dread when she met her husband coming out to renew his search, evidently having been led home by the same thought as had she.

"Richard!" she cried, and fell fainting in his arms.

With the assistance of Polly, the servant, he soon caused her to revive and begged that she stay at home while he continued the search. "The police are scouring the town now, and friends are helping too, so I am sure we shall find him soon. You must not fear about it any longer, dear,—for the other one's sake as well as your own," he whispered.

But Jennie was too anxious to submit. At the gate they met Mrs. Moore. The question which neither could frame into words, they readily saw by her face, was unnecessary to be asked.

With trembling lips Mr. Brown said, "We will all go together this time, and throwing a shawl around his wife's shoulders, they started off again. At length they found a clue. Some little urchins idling along said they had seen two tiny tots trying to climb into a peddler's wagon, which had stood around the corner a short while ago. The anxious parents hastened to the spot indicated, but found neither wagon nor children.

Mr. Brown hurried to the nearest telephone and learned from police headquarters that the two children had been found, but one of them was hurt.

"Bear up, dearest," Richard cried,

lifting his wife into a passing carriage and then helping Mrs. Moore in, we will soon know, and—pray God it may yet be well.”

He commanded the driver to force his horses almost beyond their power, and the fervent prayers on the mother's lips were still unfinished when the carriage stopped.

“My boy, my darling,” cried Jennie, snatching her child to her breast. “Oh Heavenly Father, spare him for me—for us. Forgive me my great sins and I will in future serve Thee to the utmost of my ability—with Thy help. Oh, Father.” What cared she who heard those heart-rending prayers? It was her son, her first born she was losing—as all could plainly see.

Then everything grew misty and strange, and she seemed to hear them say something about wagon-fall—horse stampede—then all was still.

For almost an hour Jennie lay unconscious of the suffering about her. Mr. Brown wept silently and bitterly. “Let her rest while she can, poor one, for too soon she must know,” he said

Too calmly almost to be natural Jennie awoke, and without a single word, hastened to her little Dick's bed side. Kneeling and kissing his soft, white, forehead, she said simply, “He lives.” Turning to the Doctor she asked: “Do you believe my little one will live?”

The sudden question and calm demeanor of the lady startled the physician. “Well, we always hope for the best, but usually Mrs. Brown,—such accidents are fatal. Of course—”

But she heard no more, calmly going to the telephone, she asked the ward Bishop and his counselors to come quickly, to administer to her boy.

The Browns were Latter-day Saints and it seemed strange that despair and sorrow had so overcome the father that he had allowed the decision of the physician to be too firmly believed to even think of the powers of the Priesthood.

Jennie went over to where her husband sat with bowed head, sobbing like a child.

“They are coming right away, Richard, so our darling will soon be better.”

He shook his head sadly, saying: “You are brave, dear, but I fear—how can I tell you—it is—too—late.”

“It is not too late, for while there is life there is hope.”

“Jennie, the best doctor in the city has given up all hope.”

“Never mind, come with me,” and taking his hand she led him to their baby's bed side, where both knelt in silent prayer.

Faith, great gift of God, was hers, and as the Elders completed the wonderful ordinance of administration, peace and perfect assurance filled her heart; her husband, too, felt its influence.

Through the long hours of the night they watched and waited for a sign of some change in the child, the turn which would be for life or for death.

As the dawn began to break, it came. With feverish anxiety, they waited for the word from the doctor. Would he never let them know?

“Thank God,” at last he said, “there is hope.”

Again they knelt in prayer—this time in fervent thanksgiving. In a marvelously short time the child's recovery was so sure that Jennie was persuaded to lie down and sleep. “How good the Lord is,” she said kissing her husband as she left.



The clock was loudly striking four, but the sweet singing of Mrs. Brown as she worked, fairly drowned its noise. Two days had passed since the accident, and to Jennie they seemed the happiest, fullest, days of her life. Busy with waiting on her little Dick, and baby, and house work besides, the time had seemed to fairly fly. It seemed the sun had never shone so brightly; the birds had never sung so sweetly; her work had never been so pleasant; and life had never been so sweet.

"At your old trick again I see," and Jennie's song was suddenly interrupted with kisses from her lover husband.

"Oh, let me get my breath," she laughed, "but Richard, what are you doing here already? It is only four o'clock and I told you dinner at four-thirty. Richard, do let me go, so I can hurry."

"Well, if you insist I suppose I must, but take that, and that, and that—kissing her again as he spoke.

"Now for the little son." And Richard hurried into the child's bedroom.

That evening when the little ones were both sleeping, and all in the house was quiet, Mr. Brown took up his book as usual and waited for his wife to come and sit beside him. He waited for ten, twenty minutes.

"What can she be doing so long?" he thought. "She hasn't left the house or she would have said so."

Then the door swung open and a vision of true loveliness stood before him.

"Jennie," he gasped, "what—where are you going?"

She laughed. "Going to spend

the evening with my lover." Jumping up he took her in his arms.

"Heart of my home," he whispered, as they sat gazing into the open grate.

A loud ring of the door bell brought them both quickly to their feet, and without waiting for an answer Mr. and Mrs. Pitt came laughing into the hall.

"Good, good, girlie, I see you are ready and wearing your beautiful new gown. I was so afraid you might disappoint us, then turning to Richard she stopped, looked, and stammered something about his appearance.

"Hear you had an accident down here the other day," said Mr. Pitt, "how is the little fellow now?"

"Oh, yes," spoke up May, "I do hope he is better. You know I so much wanted to run down to help you out, but with the dress-maker there and my gown just at the critical point in the making, I couldn't get away."

"He is much better, thank you," said Jennie.

"Yes his recovery was almost miraculous," Richard said, "and he has improved much faster that we even dared to hope. But say, old boy, turning to Fred, what does this "going" mean, what are you all up to, pray?"

Mr. and Mrs. Pitt looked in bewilderment at each other then at Jennie, not knowing what to answer.

At length Mrs. Brown broke in to a merry laugh and said: "Sorry, really, May, to disappoint you, but I forgot to tell him about it, and it's too late now, for I have another engagement."

# The Home.

By Lula Bryan Call.

*A paper read at the M. I. A. Convention  
of Box Elder Stake.*

During the coming season, one of the features of Mutual Improvement work for the girls will be the study of the ideal Latter-day Saint home. Lessons will be given on this subject to prepare the girls for the important work of home making—for it will *surely* come to them. That is distinctly woman's work. She can shirk it—push it away—but she must shoulder it one way or another. If she never marries, she will be a home maker all the same, even if she lives alone in a hotel. That is her mission. It is all through her very being. She cannot escape it. Instinctively, she will add "home touches" where ever she goes, under any and all circumstances. It may be imperfectly done, but it will be done in some kind of a way.

To be able to do it well—to be able to *master* the minute details of this greatest and grandest of all arts, for it is the greatest of arts—is what every woman should aim for. Ask some wife and mother who does not have the knack of management, who never has her work any where near done, who never has time to enjoy the companionship of her husband or children or friends because her housework takes her whole time, who never knows one minute's peace of mind on account of unaccomplished tasks—ask her what she would give to be *master* of her work instead of its slave. Ask the wife whose house is spotless, who has devoted all of her energies in keeping the *mechanical*

part of her home in perfect running order, who thinks she can't neglect any item of her work for anything; and so has lost the society of her husband, drifted apart from him until he has sought and found companionship in some one else—ask her what she would have given to have known *how* to make a *home* instead of a place of abode! Then you girls can form a little idea of what these lessons may mean to you. It may mean just this, happiness or misery. To be a good home maker will bring unlimited happiness, not only to you but to every one with whom you come in contact; and, how far that influence will extend, you can never guess.

You are to study the ideal Latter-day Saint home because that is the highest type of a home—or should be. We are (whether we sense it or not) "a beacon light set upon a hill." The people of the world are watching us because we make such high claims for our religion, the highest that have ever been set by any people yet. The world is looking for the fruits of this gospel. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Our home is always a reflection of ourselves. There it is we live as we are naturally, nothing put on. Each and every one of us is part of the whole and each adds her light, be it dim or bright.

Homes are the rivets and bolts that hold the structure of civilization together. They exert an influence for the peace, and prosperity of mankind. What better work can a girl do? What loftier ideal can she have than to reign the queen of a home? In the home there is

such a variety of work that it gives scope for every talent we have or can cultivate. Teach yourself to love home work. You can by right thinking and prayer. Thoughts are habits as well as parents of habits. Don't get the false, foolish notion that labor is degrading for it is not. No progress in any line is made without labor. Idleness is not only sinful but is degrading both to mind and body. Who can have respect or reverence for an idle person? What do they gain in any way? Nothing that is good or beautiful or wise. And you may be sure, too, that the work that is around you is the special work given you by your Creator for your hands to do. He put you where you are and knows what is best for you to do. Hold up your heads with pride and work for you serve the King of kings.

When I read "Practice what you learn" I thought surely if I could make every girl see my soul's desire and my battle it would do more good than if I were perfect myself. Girls, you can't imagine what early practice of housework means to you unless you go through the experience some of us have. To learn how to do a thing and to do it are too different things. You can learn how to build a house—it is easy on paper; but to do the detail work, and overcome the unexpected obstacles that are sure to come to you is another matter. You need practical experience. Take it every chance you get. Help your mother. You are really benefiting yourself more than you are her, and you can take such a load off of her shoulders. She may say "I will do this for you now. You will have to do it long enough after a while." Why does she say that? Because she feels the burden of her work.

She loves you, and will sacrifice herself for you as long as she lives. Do you want her to do this? Is there no pride in your own ability that you would impose on her weakening strength! Is there no responsive love in your heart for that mother of yours? You will have only one, and she is your best and truest friend. When she is gone, you will never get over the loss of her. Will you let her do this for you? Then again—do you realize that the early training of your muscles in this work is worth more than a gold mine to you? Strength comes with use. Someday, housework won't be such a burden. Knowledge and the application of it will work a transformation in our homes. You and I are to help do this.

A home does not need any particular pattern, structure, conveniences, or location. Diogenes, the Greek philosopher, dwelt in a tub, contented. Men have built palaces adorned with all that is beautiful and useful yet have known in their hearts that they had no home. Our cellar is so small it will not hold all of our winter's supply of vegetables yet it was once a "dug out," the happy home of an honorable family. A couple I know commenced their home life in a small tent. The wife made that little spot all a home could ever be. Home is more of an atmosphere—a spiritual something that pervades the habitation we are accustomed to dwell in. It is the spirit of love and contentment. Love will turn a hut into a haven of rest and comfort, and make it habitable for the loved ones. Just as the perfume of rose leaves will permeate all that is around them—so a cheerful, loving home-queen will make the atmosphere of

her abode fragrant with peace and happiness.

Conveniences are all right if you can get them in a proper way, but they are not necessities. I know a woman who is artistic and appreciative of the beautiful; she is also careful and economical, and rather than go into debt, she made her own conveniences. Cupboards, tables, book cases she made out of dry-goods boxes; and she even took an old tin can, punched it full of small nail holes for a potatoe grater!

My own grandmother, in the early pioneer days was counted one of the best of cooks. She always had a nice dinner for company when there was so little to cook. How did she do it? She just used her inventive faculties. The first season in Utah she had her husband plant water melons and pumpkins. Ever after she could have pie and cake and pickles and preserves whenever she wished. How? They couldn't get sugar in those days you know so she dried the pumpkins, boiled the juice of some of them down to molasses—there was the material for pies and cakes. She took the juice of the pink part of the water melon, boiled it to a syrup and preserved the rind. She made vinegar of the juice of pea pods and pickled the melon rind. "Necessity is the mother of invention" and many, many times necessity is one of our greatest blessings. And don't you think these housekeepers took more real pleasure with their make shifts than the majority of women, who can afford anything they wish, do with their purchased household goods?

Make the best of what you have. The peace and love that will return to you for your unselfish spirit will more than repay you for the sacrifice of your feelings; and then,

there are better days coming afterwards, you can afford to wait contentedly.

Women should go at home making as a business enterprise, as a business man would go at his work, whole souled. They should put the best intelligence they can muster to their work and give their best muscle service.

Did you ever stop to consider how we serve our Heavenly Father? Do you realize that we could be compelled to obey His will? But it is not so ruled. We have our choice, we are not machines. We have our agency; we obey of our own will. Look into your own feelings. Does it give you the most pleasure to demand service of others or have it given you freely and kindly at your slightest request? There is no comparison between the two. The one fills your heart with bitterness, the other, with satisfaction and a desire to return the kindness. Then, you take the server's part. What gives you more pleasure than to do something to help the one you love dearly? Try it. The most heavenly feelings will come to you and you can sense clearly that our Heavenly Father did well to accept none but willing and loving service from His children, it develops the highest attributes in them; and that is the kind of service we should render to each other.

Love, that is the sublime essence in everything, that is what makes heavy loads light; transforms darkness to sunshine; despair to hope. We can't do too much to cultivate it. The gospel teaches us just how to love; and the testimony we can gain of its beautiful, living truths will transform our lives. We are all full of imperfections and weaknesses. The gospel teaches us how



to overcome them, and makes us charitable to the faults of others. It brings hope to us poor struggling ones, and gives us ambition to set our stakes high—we can't set them too high. Sometime, we shall be able to realize our dreams of perfection; but now we should put on our armor of faith and work, work always. Never let discouragement master us. Keep trying to do better, some day success will come to us; and remember as we wish to help others with our ideas, they have good ones to give to us. That is why we are banded together, for Mutual Improvement. Isn't there more strength in a bundle of sticks than in one alone? Do you think you are the only one on the top round of the ladder? Look around you. We don't live in a nut

shell but in a world of many minds. Helpful suggestions are all around you. Gather them up and pass them around.

There is another home life I would like to say a word about, the real home life we all lead, solitary, alone. This dwelling is the home of our soul here on earth. Sometimes it is stately and beautiful to the eye; sometimes plain and unpretentious. That is just as our Creator has ordered it. But we can have a beautiful, peaceful, joy giving home whatever it is to the view. We can cleanse it of selfishness, envy, and malice; adorn it with a willing, loving spirit and that desire to do good will bring peace and contentment all our life and make our real soul home the dwelling of the Spirit of God.

## "No Cross, No Crown."

*By Grace Ingles Frost.*

All have their lone Gethsemane,  
Each soul its cross must bear,  
But like our Savior, Lord and King,  
All have the gift of prayer.

O, let us then remember,  
As we groan beneath our load,  
That He the Blest of Heaven,  
Hath traveled Sorrow's road,  
And that if we would reign with Him,  
We too the thornes must wear,  
Accept the bitter cup as He,  
Or ne'er His glory share.

# An Alphabet of Women.

*For why should men do all the deeds?*

MRS. HALE (Sarah; 1790-1879) may be remembered as the editor of the Boston "Ladies' Magazine," and the Philadelphia "Godey's Lady's Book."

MME. HENSEL (1805-47) was a pianist and composer, the elder sister of Felix Mendelssohn.

MRS. HUNGERFORD is anything but great, but it might be interesting to know that "she's Irish, she's Irish," and is "the Duchess" who wrote "Molly Bawn," etc.

MRS. ANNE HUTCHINSON (1590-1643), is rather interesting since she was a religious enthusiast who created somewhat of a disturbance. She was what they call an anti-woman—one who is above the moral law. She was born in England, but emigrated to Massachusetts in 1634. She stayed there about three years, when she was banished. She was killed by Indians near Hell Gate, New York.

Hypatia, the heroine of Charles Kingsley's decidedly worth-while novel of the same name, was a celebrated philosopher. She taught in Alexandria. Her time was at the end of the fourth and beginning of the fifth century. She was a beautiful and noble young woman whose personal charm had great influence over her followers. She was hated by some of the fanatical Christians and brutally murdered by them. Read Kingsley's "Hypatia."

Was Helen of Troy real or mythical? She lived in the days of Hector and Achilles. But she should be known. She was the wife of Greek Menelaus. Paris, the son of King Priam of Troy, on a visit to Menelaus became so enamored of her beauty that he carried her to Troy. Ulysses was sent to induce the Trojans to give her back, but they refused. Wherefore Menelaus gathered the Greek forces together and began the ten years' siege of Troy. After the death of Paris, she married his brother, but finally betrayed him to Menelaus to whom she returned. Helen must be a real woman—as real as Dante's Beatrice—for surely no fictitious heroine could so ring of truth as to live through all these ages.

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS (1793-1835) an English lyric poet, was born in Liverpool and died near Dublin. Her name was a household word in her own country, and the United States. She was only fourteen when she published her poems. She was thus early noted not only for her talent, but for her great beauty, gentle spirit, and winning manners. She was married at eighteen, but not happily. Six years afterward her husband consented to a separation and went away leaving her to devote her life to her five sons. She settled in Wales, the country whose loveliness was probably like her own character. Some of the critics praised her works highly. Sir Walter Scott was a dissenting voice; he admired her personally greatly, but said that

her verse had "too many flowers and to little fruit." It is in tenderness of feeling and beauty of expression that she excelled. Her tone is elevated and serene. The last years of her life she spent at her brother's home in Dublin, the centre of a company of brilliant friends. She died in the height of her life, beautiful and beloved, aged only 41. The poems in the old school reader attest her popular: *Cassibianca*, the "boy who stood on the burning deck." The *Land-ing of the Pilgrims*—"The breaking waves dashed high," which ends with a stanza that might do for a Utah pioneer sentiment, also—

"What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?  
They sought a faith's pure shrine!"

The "Homes of England," and the "Hour of Death"—

"Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north  
wind's breath,  
And stars to set; but all—  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own,  
O Death!"

Are among a hundred that many  
know by heart.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON, born in Virginia, lives in New York. Her's is a common name in current magazines. Some of her novels are, "The Anglo-maniac," "An Errant Wooing," and "A Son of the Old Dominion."

"MARION HARLAND" (Mrs. Terhune) is also a well-known name, and was also born in Virginia (1831). She has been chief editor of several magazines and department editor in such magazines as "Wide Awake" and "St. Nicholas." Her domestic works, as "Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea," and "Com-

mon Sense in the Household," were a chief part of many home libraries. "Sunnybank," "Mirian," "The Hidden Path," "Alone," etc., are among her novels.

BEATRICE HARRADAN, an English novelist will be recalled for her successful story "Ships that Pass in the Night." The book has a human touch that makes it truly interesting, though it cannot be classed as a great story. Even "The Disagreeable Man" is pleasing.

JANE ELLEN HARRISON is an English writer and lecturer upon Greek art and mythology. In 1882 she began her career as a lecturer at the British Museum. She has been prominent in the university extension movement.

MRS. PHEBE COFFIN HANAFORD was the first woman to become a minister in the Universalist church. She has written the lives of George Peabody and Abraham Lincoln, stories, sketches, essays, and poems.

ISABELLA HAPGOOD is a Massachusetts writer, known for her knowledge of Russian subjects, ("Songs of Russia," "Russian Rambles") and her translations of Hugo, and other great European writers.

MRS. SOPHIA HERRICK was especially interested in the microscope, and her "Plant Life under the Microscope," "The Earth in Past Ages," etc. She was the editor of the *Southern Review* and afterwards became one of the editorial staff of *Scribner's Monthly*.

MARIETTA HOLLEY's, "Josiah Allen's Wife," "My Opinions and Betsey Bobbet's" bring a smile at their very name. She is a humorist, was born in New York State.

Her books had an exceedingly large circulation.

In passing, it might be interesting to note that Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes, that voluminous writer of strictly moral books was born in Massachusetts. Such a circulation as "Lena Rivers," "Tempest and Sunshine," and the *et ceteras* had! Some of her books would come under the head of "best sellers" by going into the 50,000 copies!

ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON is known for both prose and numerous verse. She helped Edmund Clarence Stedman to compile the "Library of American Literature." She was one of the editors of the New York Tribune.

HELOISE (a lo ez, 1101-1164) is a human monument of devoted, unselfish love to a man who took everything and seemingly gave little back. Abelard (1079-1142), was a brilliant French scholar at the height of his popularity as a teacher when he fell in love with Heloise, an innocent, beautiful young girl of eighteen. He became a resident of her home by offering to make her his pupil. Once there this graceful mannered, accomplished man of the world must have found it not a difficult task to win the heart of the inexperienced girl. Abelard was not of the marrying kind as that would hinder his advancement in the church. But he was compelled by her guardian to marry Heloise. She used all her arguments against it, feeling that she

must be no barrier to his ambition. There was a secret ceremony which she afterwards voluntarily denied for his sake. But their association having become proven Abelard insisted upon a separation, and throwing himself with fanatical ardor into the church took the vows of absolute self-denial, and Heloise, to please him, became a nun. It was a long time before her aching heart became resigned and her letters to him are full of despair and unswerving affection. He made a hermitage which he gave up to Heloise—on his death she had him buried there, and upon her own, she was buried by his side. Later both were removed to the cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise in Paris, where they still lie side by side.

Whether Abelard was a saint of renunciation of a selfish prig depends, as everything in life does, upon your viewpoint.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, of whom pages might be written, is considered by many as our greatest woman. She is probably the best informed woman in many lines we have. She took up the study of Greek after she had turned sixty years of age. She is philanthropist, poet, lecturer, biographer, and essayist. She has traveled extensively. She stands for equal political rights and equal education of men and women, and was opposed to slavery. Her wonderful "Battle Hymn of the Republic" should be known as generally as the "Star Spangled Banner" should.



# Experiences at an Oriental Wedding.

*By J. Wilford Booth.*

How would you like to be one of these girls and live away over there where Rachel and Rebekah, Ruth and Orpha, Deborah and Delilah, Hannah and Peninnah, Martha and Mary, Tabitha and Tryphena, and all the Bible girls used to live?

Let me introduce you to some of our more modern girls of the east and then I will tell you how they court, how they become engaged, and how they get married.

No. 1 is Miss Ovsanna Chunguzian; 2, her sister Rahil; 3 and 4 are sisters, Satanic and Elisa Malbandian; 5 is Mary Khastian; 6, Filoritz Polosojian; 7, Hrepsema Pilavpian; 8, Yepros Chunguzian; 9, Reba Booth; 10, Dudu Kalleshi-

an; 11, Arusiatic Aposhian; 12, Mar-ian Kevorkian; 13, Satanic Uzunian; 14, Arusiatic Uzunian; 15, Yeranic Kulaksuzian.

These are the members of the Y. L. M. I. A. of Aintab, Turkey. Since the picture was taken, No. 8 has died and Nos. 4, 7, 9, 10, and 11 have come to Zion. And the rest are very anxious to come.

With this introduction of our Mormon girls in Turkey, we shall describe a marriage ceremony such as is common in the land of Syria, and Palestine.

My wife and I were guests. We went at 9 a. m. *Ala Franka* to the home of the happy bride groom. It was in the city of Aintab. The bride's home was in the eastern part



of the city so we joined a large procession and marched with funeral slowness from his to her place of abode. The latter was the domicile of a merchant, and the evidence of poverty was absent though nothing more than ordinary ease in circumstances could be detected by the surroundings.

About seventy-five men, women, and children crowded into a room on the lower floor, where *salams* and welcomes, and fitting replies, between hosts and guests, were profusely indulged in. Cigarettes were passed and smoked, while coffee and "rockie," (grape whisky) were drunk by all who wished the draughts. Promiscuous chatting, amid frequent toasts and benedictions and well wishes, occupied the time for nearly an hour, when the bride was brought down from an upper room beautifully "adorned for her husband." She was short in stature, and sweet and modest. There was a fearful conflict in the girl's soul where the love of mother was warring with the claim of her devotion for a future companion; hot tears poured down her face in quick succession and her screams were harrowing. (It is considered immodest and forward to surrender and evacuate the parental home without such visible signs of sorrow.) Many were the friends about her, saying "don't cry, don't cry." She was covered from head to foot with a black *ezar* neatly drawn around the waist, and a thin, white veil beneath, hung over the head and face.

With a lady escort clinging to her arm, some attendants before and some bringing up the rear, the young bride was taken to the church (Armenian) with even slower steps than we had marched to get her.

The great cold church with only

carpets for seats, and bare, grey walls whose monotony was broken only by a few doors, and the decorated candle-covered shelves before which the priests were officiating in gorgeously colored robes, offered to the beholder a sight peculiar to the east alone.

Soon after our arrival at the church, the bridegroom put in his appearance (he did not go with us) plainly dressed, and having a light shawl of white and gold pinned around his neck and shoulders.

Now for the first time since their betrothal, and perhaps the second time in all their life, the two stood facing each other.

One of our little Mormon boys stood on a chair and held a silver disc so as to touch the temples of the contracting parties who now stood leaning forward that their brows might rest the one against the other.

The scriptures and the ceremonies were read by the priest in a drawling sing song style. They were asked if they would honor, obey, and cherish each other in all conditions of life, and with a prayer and a blessing from the long-bearded priest, the "marriage rites were over," and then we all marched in unmilitary style to the place of beginning. The men were soon seated in one room and the lady guests and the bride in another, separated almost like "the rich man and Lazarus."

Our room was about 12x20 ft. and was well filled with the male guests. At one end of the room sat the young bridegroom surly and quiet and solemn. I was next to him taking silent notes. At the opposite end sat the "band" making music all the day. A back woods fiddler, from Arkansas, a banjo-picker from old Mexico, a tam-

bourinist from Tennessee, and a yelling shepherd from Wyoming, with one night's rehearsal would at least be able to "hold a candle" to this famous orchestra. Cigarettes were passed by platefuls and less than six of all that jolly throng refused a smoke.

The windows were closed and the

room, and both if they were together) would stand for hours waiting permission to sit. One of our own sisters there who was married twenty years before, was kept on her feet in one position for five hours while the guests were in their merry making glee.

Coffee and "rockie" were passed



MOTHER AND BABY, THE DAY AFTER THE LITTLE ONE'S BIRTH.

air soon grew thick with fumes and foul odors, but my curiosity to see the outcome gave me the fortitude to suffer and be silent.

At frequent intervals new guests would come into the already crowded room, and the newly married man, out of respect for his company would arise and remain standing until all were seated, and until he received permission from some influential one, or from the last who entered, to be seated. Often guests came in so thick and fast that the order was forgotten, and the poor fellow (as well as the bride in her

and soon the more intoxicating liquid became a general beverage, the smoking continued with increasing fumes, and so went the time for fifty-five minutes.

I asked for a drink of water, and there was a shuffle and bustle to have some brought from the well.

Time passed on. The Armenian priest came in, and all arose and bowed with "hilarious reverence," each artistically waved his hand in upward curves from belt to brow—the usual manner of salutation—and uttered words of welcome to his holiness. The priest in his long



black gown politely recognized the deference paid to him, then came and shook hands with me and took his seat on my left. The groom was at my right. We exchanged compliments and salutations and chatted on topics akin to the occasion for some time when the reverend gentleman ordered the windows opened for a breath of fresh air. "It is better to have them open," said he, "while there is so much smoke in the room." And with the same breath there exuded from his mouth a fume from his own cigarette.

"How are you? And what are you doing?" he again asked, for a half dozen times is not an excessive number to enquire of one's health on such a day.

"I am well and just watching the proceedings before me," I answered in reply to both his questions. "I have been here a long time, and saw the need an hour ago, of opening the windows, but concluded to see to what extreme they would go, and now I thank you for your quick perception of the situation," I said, with an air of praise for the aged priest.

It put him in a delicate position for he could see he was being extolled at the expense of his flock, and he was glad to turn and pronounce a benediction on one who offered to drink to his health a mug of liquor in *Ala Franka Style*.

When the band would cease playing some curious guest would question me about the wedding custom of far off America, but I answered short, exceedingly short, for fear my hints might break into the order of the day, and crowd some feature of their local proceeding from the program, which I wished to see in full.

While the grape whiskey was be-

ing freely drunk by the happy fellows, one of the guests sitting in front of the priest asked him if it is really a sin to drink a little on such festive occasions. "If you do not go beyond measure there is no harm in it," replied the spiritual leader.

Till now, I had but once given trouble to the "governor of the feast," and that exception was when I asked for a little water. Forty-five minutes after that I took out my watch and said, "*Efendim bana bir az rockie vermek istermesen?*" ("My lord, will you give me a little whisky?") There fell an awful silence on the merry crowd, and all eyes turned to me in astonishment. "The Mormon minister is going to drink," was whispered here and there. In just ten seconds the mug of liquor was in my hand, and as I arose to give the toast the silence was intense. With the intoxicating draught in my right hand and the priest who had just given his authoritative sanction for a limited indulgence in the same, sitting next to me I broke the stillness by saying:

"My friends, before I drink this 'rockie' I wish to speak to you.

"This is the first time I ever saw water counted dearer than whisky. Three quarters of an hour ago I asked for a drink of water but it has not reached me yet. I now asked for liquor and in ten seconds it was placed in my hands."

There was a mingling of surprise and chagrin, smiles and laughter, frowns and apologies. Continuing, I said:

"The customs of our country are very different from those of yours, and not wishing to oppose you or even break into your habits, I ask only to make a contrast and let you decide which is the better.





GRINDING GRAIN.

"Your priest was asked by the gentleman here if it is a sin to drink a little. Did you note his answer? He gave you some very good advice and I heartily concur in the same. He said if you did not go beyond measure there is no harm in it. That is true, my friends, but what is the measure. It is the door of the saloon, and when you bring that liquor past that place, into this room and it passes your lips it is doing harm.

"I have watched your proceedings today with interest; some of your customs I admire. In America and Europe we have a custom which I think is perhaps one of the most senseless customs in the world.

"For example I am going to drink this water." (I had returned the 'rockie' and taken the water when it came) and before I do so I say to you, I drink this to your health; and then while you are getting the benefit of my toast I am drinking the water. Now has it

benefited you any for me to drink the liquid myself?

"But you have a sensible way of toasting each other. After I have drunk in your presence you say to me, 'May it be healthful to you' and it may be to me, for it has gone into my stomach, but it can add nothing to your health at all. In that, you are ahead of us. There is another side of this toasting, however, which I must show you. When you drink this liquor I cannot join in your toasts and say '*Afayet olsun.*' (May it be healthful), for if I did I should be a hypocrite. God has said that such drink is not healthful, so how can I wish you health in doing that which He has said is not good for us. When you drink water I can join you in your toasts.

"Just one more point: In America we honor the bride and bridegroom by making it pleasant and comfortable for them, and in doing

them service at their bidding. Here you think to make them honor you by having them stand for hours till one of the guests grants them permission to sit down. You exhibit great love for each other. I love you all, but I cannot join you in doing wrong."

Some nodded their sanction to my speech, some sought to palliate their present doings, and the priest made a long excuse for not breaking away suddenly from established customs, but said the church was making efforts to bring about reforms among the people at their wedding feasts.

The band played, mugs, pitchers, and plates with drinks and smokes were passed, and soon a dish of rice and meat covered with a folded cake of unleavened bread was handed to each one for supper. Hilarity increased, singing arose to yells, the hip and arm dance began,

and clapping of the hands to the time and tune of the general medley was indulged in. Job's sons and daughters eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house could not have been more rude and rowdy than was our crowd that day.

Amid this wild confusion just as the clock reached one minute to twelve (sunset), there was a sudden stillness. All was over and all dispersed with the solemnity of a cemetery procession.

The girl went to her new home with the groom's people, and for forty days is not supposed to go to see her mother. She must keep her face veiled for some time, and not (in some cases for years) be heard to speak aloud in the presence of her father-in-law. Like Rebekah of old, many of the girls today see their mother for the last time in life, if they marry outside of their own city.



A MODERN REBEKAH.



# GIRL · QUERIES

*Conducted by Catherine Hurst.*

*Address all communications in this department to Question Box,  
Bishop's Building, 40 N. Main St.*

If "Florida" will note the answer to "Rose" in the September, 1909 "Journal" she will receive the desired information.

If "Lella" will submit one or two of her "stories" to the "Journal" I can better answer her query.

"Mary T." will find an answer to her first query in the October, 1909 "Journal."

For growth of eyebrows—two ounces vaseline, one ounce of glycerine, one quarter ounce of cantharides and ten drops each of rosemary and lavender water. Be sure not to touch the eyes with this lotion. A competent hair dresser could treat them for you.

The October number of "Ladies' Home Journal" has instructions in physical culture. Proper exercise of any member of the body tends to develop it.

Face powder. Pure rice powder one ounce. Powder boric acid twenty grains. Powdered oxide of zinc (best quality) two ounces. Powdered carbonate of magnesia, one ounce oil of rose two drops.

Press each ingredient through bolting cloth several times, and throw away all coarse particles. Add oil of rose before last sifting.

"Pauline" has no doubt solved her problem by referring to January "Journal."

My dear "Mildred" I would urge you to look higher. You are young and very inexperienced, I take it. Do be cautious, as an unwise step now, would probably cause you sorrow later. If you could engage in some very interesting work, change your mode

of thought, also refuse to meet the person in question, for a time at least, you would most likely feel better. Try and view him from a disinterested standpoint, and ask yourself similar questions to those suggested to "Hope" in the January "Journal." We do not always receive an answer to prayer immediately, or just in the way we would like it to be.

Is it good form to dance with a young man if you do not know his name?—J. E. R.

If the young man is unknown to you—a stranger—do not dance with him. If a "boy" of your own district or circle, whom you know to be respectable, but do not remember his name, there would be no harm.

Is it proper for a gentleman to give valuable gifts to his lady friends?—Promise.

A man should not offer valuable gifts to any lady outside his own family, unless she be much his senior, and a dear friend of long standing. A lady should not accept such gifts from a gentleman unless his relationship to her warrants it. Trivial tokens of friendship—a book, flowers, or box of bon-bons—are not amiss; but a lady should not be under obligations to a man for presents that represent any considerable money value.

How can I prevent icing from running down the sides of cake?—Mabel.

Take a narrow strip of muslin and bind around the cake when icing it.

Why do hot water bags always wear out around the nozzle first?—Jean M.

Because of improper method in filling. If you will use a funnel when filling the bag it will prevent the rubber round the nozzle from rotting so quickly.

# OUR GIRLS.

## "A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

*By Nina Welker.*

One cold winter morning, Professor Fartain sat in his cosy library reading the morning mail. A regular Idaho blizzard was sweeping through the valley. Nothing more dreary, than the storm which was raging outside, could possibly be imagined. But within, in the room where the professor sat, everything was bright and cheerful, a glowing fire burned on the hearth, pictures adorned the walls, vases filled with hot house roses stood on the mantle piece and table, filling the room with their fragrance. In fact, there was nothing that would suggest the sad, sad story of the professor's life.

When but a small lad his father and mother had both died, leaving him, the sole heir to an immense fortune, with few friends and no relatives. Instead of squandering his money, as most boys of his age would have done, he left it in the hands of the family lawyer and went away to school. At the age of twenty-one he had acquired a splendid education and returned to his home in Idaho, bringing with him a beautiful young wife.

Two short, happy years glided swiftly by and a little girl was added to the many blessings God had granted them. When these fond parents were told, that their little child would be a cripple for life, it was hard for them to see the justice of it. But "time heals all wounds," and in their eagerness to add to their baby's every comfort,

they in a measure, forgot their sorrow.

"Rose," was the name given the child. Just a year from her birth a plague swept through the country, carrying destruction everywhere and leaving death in each house it visited. When it swept through Fairdale it entered the happy home of Professor Fartain and snatched from the clinging arms of weeping child and heartbroken husband, one of the purest and noblest women the great Creator had ever placed on earth. In his frenzied grief Professor Fartain vowed he would never again trust in a God who could be so cruel as to take the mother of his crippled child away when she was needed so badly.

Professor Fartain now turned his attention to worldly ambition, thinking in that way, to drown the great sorrow, which at times nearly overwhelmed him. Step by step he made his way upward until he was a recognized educator. But he refused all positions offered him, for the memory of his dear wife clung round his old home and he could not tear himself away. But when a new High School was erected in his own town, he was offered and accepted the Principalship. He put his whole heart into this new work and it was not long before his school became one of the strongest and best in the west.

Always kind and obliging to everyone, Professor Fartain was



universally loved and respected. However, anyone simply passing him on the street would think him cold and stern, but by closely gazing into his deep sad blue eyes one would instantly see a different man—a man who had passed through years of sorrow and suffering. Could one but hear the welcome he gave to little Rose, on his return from work each day, one would know that but for this gentle cripple the Professor's life would have been a blank. Only one request did this fond father refuse his little child, when she asked: "Dear papa, won't you kneel down and pray with me?" his eyes flashed fire and he would leave the room with a defiant toss of his head.

Professor Fartain's worldly ambitions had exceeded everything but the love he had for his crippled child, and as he leaned back in his easy chair on this one particular morning, a smile flitted over his face as he thought of the success of his school and how it had defeated time and time again schools greater than itself with which it had contested. Absently looking over his mail, he came across a letter which attracted his attention, probably because of the post-mark which represented a small village, of perhaps four hundred inhabitants. He opened this letter with some curiosity and just a suspicion of a smile flitted across his face as he read the heading. As his eyes wandered down the page he burst into a hearty laugh as he read the closing sentence. "What is it papa?" called little Rosa, pushing her chair through the door and up to the desk where her father was sitting.

"Oh, Rose, it's something great!" replied her father, as he laughed again; "the richest joke of the season, just listen—

"RIVERSIDE ACADEMY,

"RIVERSIDE, IDAHO.

"Principal of the Fairview High School.

"DEAR SIR:—We, the students of the Riverside Academy, do, hereby challenge the students of the Riverside High School to a contest; consisting of an original story, debate, and a men's basketball game. We will do all in our power to make the trip a pleasant one for you.

(Signed)

"RIVERSIDE ACADEMY."

"What do you think of that, dear?"

"Why, papa, do they think they can win?" said little Rosa.

"Yes, isn't that absurd?" answered the professor. "Why that school is only a few years old, and just look at the experience we've had. I do believe they have never contested with any school as yet, and then to challenge us the first one, as if they intended to whip us. Oh my! won't my students laugh, and won't we take the conceit out of them." As another peal of laughter escaped her father's lips, little Rose felt a strange thrill of sadness sweep through her and a deep longing took possession of her heart; "oh if she could only help him to break his vow and live nearer to God," she felt that not even her mother in heaven could be happier than she.

In the midst of her reverie the dinner bell rang and drove from her mind, for a while at least, the serious thoughts she had entertained concerning her father. But that night as she lay in her own bedroom, they came to her with double force taking all the sleep from her tired eyes. For hours she lay still and motionless, gazing out at the stars and wondering if her mother were watching her and her father, thinking how grieved she

would be if she knew of her father's vow, for he had told little Rose of it, and now, as she contemplated the years that had gone by since her father had uttered a prayer, a low moan escaped her lips and half unconsciously she muttered: "Oh, God, can'st Thou not show my father the folly of his ways? He is good, oh, so good and kind to me, but he thinks nothing of Thee, can'st Thou not humble him and for the sake of dear mamma point out to him the only way by which he may meet her in heaven? O Heavenly Father, do save my papa, amen." Feeling a little relieved after this outburst of grief she sank into a restless and broken slumber. When daylight came peeping in at the window, little Rose awoke with a slight headache, and when she went down to breakfast her father noted a worn look on her usually smiling face. In answer to his anxious inquiries, she replied that she felt well only a little tired. So with a fond goodby he left and went to tell his students of the joke he had received the previous day.

His heart swelled with pride as he looked over that large body of intelligent boys and girls all welcoming him with a smile as he entered chapel. When he arose to address them, everyone was all eagerness and attention in a moment. "Students," he said, "I have something very interesting," and then he read to them the challenge he had received. He had hardly finished when peals of laughter shook the building. Slightly raising his hand he silenced them with: "Well, what shall we do about it?" "Accept," everyone shouted at once, motioning again for silence the professor continued, "Very well, I think the vote is unanimous, it will not hurt the basket ball team to go

to Riverside and have a little practice game, as for the debaters, I hardly think they need preparation. We can get one of the first or second year girls to read one of her themes for the original story, but students don't whip them too badly—go easy on them." And sitting down amid the hearty applause of his students not the least thought, that they might get beaten, ever entered his head. The time set for the contest was two weeks from that date, which was "too much time," as the students expressed it. After duly writing and mailing the acceptance, Professor Fartain went about his daily work with a merry heart and smiling face.

That night, after the cares of the day were over, as he wended his way homeward, his thoughts wandered from one thing to another until they finally rested on little Rose. "Dear child," he said half aloud, "she did not look well this morning, I wonder if anything is troubling her," and quickening his steps he soon arrived home. Hastening to the drawing room, where he usually found her, he saw his little child leaning back in her chair, one hand on her head so absorbed in thought that she was not aware of his arrival. As he stood regarding her for a brief moment, he thought she seemed paler than usual, crossing the room to her side he said: "Isn't my angel well?" At the sound of his voice little Rose looked up with a glad smile and replied: "Yes, papa, only I have a slight headache," then hastening to change the subject she asked, "And did your school accept the challenge?" Little Rose could not have chosen a better subject to turn his attention for he was soon chatting merrily about the coming contest. "Just two more weeks and we shall go down and whip them good."

But instead of Rose's face brightening up, as he expected it to do, a shadow fell over it and she asked anxiously, "How long will you be gone, papa?" "Oh, only three days, dearie, that isn't long, is it?" For answer little Rose only sighed and leaned her head wearily on the back of her chair and gazed intently at her mother's picture hanging on the wall opposite her. That mother whom she had no recollection of but who seemed nearer than any earthly friend.

The two weeks passed quickly by and the day that Professor Fartain with a chosen number of students was to leave for Riverside, had arrived. Although nothing in particular had happened in the professor's school during those two weeks, a great change had come over his home. Little Rose had grown weaker and weaker every day, and notwithstanding her strong determination and her assertion that she felt well only a little tired, she was nevertheless forced to take to her bed. Despite the medical aid that was given her the patient sufferer grew gradually worse, and on the morning that the professor was to leave for Riverside she seemed so unlike her sweet self that one would hardly know her. Her eyes bright with fever, followed her father whenever he moved from her side, until at last when the final preparation for departure was made and he bent over her to say goodby, she could no longer restrain the tears that now filled her sad blue eyes. "Just three short days," he said, laying his hands on her burning brow. Rose choked hard to keep back that something that would rise in her throat, and acting on a sudden impulse she threw her arms, so thin and wasted, around her father's neck and sobbed as though her little heart would break.

"Oh, papa, I do wish you didn't have to go, can't you put it off for another week?" she pleaded, as she buried her face in her father's coat. "Why, darling, don't feel like that," he replied, a sudden fear grasping at his heart.

But Rose was not to be consoled, and clinging tighter to her father, she could only say in a low sobbing tone, "Oh, please don't go, papa; don't leave me, I know mamma wouldn't like you to, won't you stay, papa? You can have your school all the time, and you might not have little Rose always." And then suddenly growing calmer and looking straight into her father's eyes she said, "and, papa, what if we should never meet again?" This was too much for Professor Fartain, and throwing himself on the bed, he gave vent to his feelings for the first time since his wife died. Calming himself at length, he raised his head, saying, tenderly: "Sweetheart, if you don't wish me to go I will not, my school can go without me." For one brief moment Rose felt supreme happiness. But it had suddenly flown, for the sound of the carriage, which was to convey her father to the depot had stopped at the door. She could hear the merry laughter of the students, and as her father left the room to speak to them, she wondered if he would keep his promise.

Meanwhile, Professor Fartain was trying to convince his students that he was unable to go, but they would not listen, and sending for the doctor, he asked him if there was any danger. The doctor replied, "None, none whatever," and after much persuasion their principal finally consented to go. But now came the hardest part, for he must tell little Rose of his decision. Going up to her bed, he whispered, "Rose, the doctor says you are in



no danger, my school insists on my going, so I guess I will have to leave you, darling." Never will the professor forget the look she gave him, and never will he know the anguish it cost her to say, "alright, papa, have a good time, but don't forget Rose." "My brave angel, I will not forget you for one moment," then kissing the parched lips, he left her for the field of contest.

It would have been impossible for anyone to have remained down-hearted in such a merry crowd as boarded the 2 p. m. train for Riverside. They were all talking about their intended success, when one young fellow, nicknamed "Jill" by his companions, was noticed to be quite occupied with his own thoughts. Jill was quite poetically inclined, and when he was quizzed by his comrades, he said, with a solemn air: "Boys, while my calling is not a prophet, still I can say, with the ring of truth in every word, we are going to get beaten."

"Oh! oh! oh! shouted everyone, "and why?"

"Well," he replied, "you are not going to have any original poem."

The boys fairly shouted. Even the professor nearly fell out of his seat, and while one of the boys fanned him in mock alarm, an old lad came up with a bottle of camphor, saying: "Just take a little sniff, me lad, 'twill do you wonderful." Finally the professor recovered from his fit of laughter just in time to hear Jill say, "you may laugh now, but you won't coming home." After another burst of mirth had subsided Professor Fartain managed to say, "Well, Jill, you prepare us a poem and we'll see you have a chance to deliver it." So feeling quite important, Jill once more sank into thought. After awhile he raised his head, saying,

"Professor Fartain didn't your friends used to call you Jack?" "Yes," answered that worthy sir, wondering what could be up now. Then taking a paper and pencil out of his jacket, Jill wrote a few lines and handed them to his principal. It was all he could do to keep from laughing as he read that short verse, but his face was perfectly sober as he said, "That is certainly fine, don't you think so boys?" and then he read:

"Jack and Jill went to Riverside hill  
To whip a bunch of hayseeds,  
Jack led the way, Jill won the day,  
And everyone praised their gay  
deeds."

The students did not try, as the principal did, to keep sober. Much offended, Jill exclaimed haughtily: "You shall not hear the rest until I give it, and am applauded by everyone in Riverside. One of the boys replied, "Then we'll not hear it, I fear." But luckily for him Jill did not catch this remark, he was already busy thinking and writing, and continued to do so until the train stopped at the station a few miles from Riverside, they then took the midnight coach and arrived there about three o'clock in the morning. After a few hours sleep, principal and students went out to "look at the town." At nine o'clock they all gathered at the Academy, the field of contest.

The first was the original story. Miss Menily, a sweet young girl of eighteen represented Fairdale and had a beautiful story prepared, which won. Then the debaters were called and professor Fartain whispered to his students: "You see how easily we beat them in the story, now whip them in the debate."

"We will," they answered as they left him. Jill was greatly disap-



pointed, for he thought he would be called upon to give his poem next, but he soon forgot himself in listening to the debate which was growing more interesting all the time. Fairdale had the affirmative side and her first speaker easily gave the impression that he and his co-laborers were to win. The first speaker for the negative gave that same impression. But the second speaker for the affirmative became too confident and began to lose ground. Then came a time when it looked doubtful for Fairdale because the second speaker tore his opponent's argument to pieces until there seemed nothing left of it. When the third speaker for the affirmative began, it seemed clear to all that he had won the day. Professor Fartain and his students, even to Jill, cheered when he finished. But it was not quite decided yet, for the negative had one more speaker and then there was the summary. However, everyone seemed to have lost interest now, as there appeared no show for Riverside. But what is that third speaker saying? The whole student body was thunderstruck. He seemed to be striking right at the heart of his opponent's argument. What appeared so strong and fixed, now fell to pieces before the miraculous touch of the Riverside speaker. When time was finally called, not a point had been left unattacked, he had built, out of his opponent's arguments, one for himself that could not be shaken.

Professor Fartain's heart sank as he realized that his only hope was in the summary, and when he saw how weak that was, he felt dazed. "Could it be possible that his school had been defeated! It seemed only a brief moment before the judges came in giving the decision 68 to 10 in favor of River-

side. For just one brief instant the room seemed whirling around, and the professor came as near loosing himself as he had ever done. But he quickly remembered that he must cheer his defeated students, and so was ready, with words of comfort for them when they came down from the scene of disaster. They, themselves could hardly comprehend that they were actually defeated.

It was now nearly one o'clock, and as the basket ball game was at two, they had scarcely an hour in which to dine. Hardly a word was spoken between the principal and his students during that hour, each was so occupied with his own thoughts. But when they reached the Academy again their principal took the basket ball players aside, and said: "We have been whipped for the first time in the history of our institution, now it is up to you to win the day." Just those few words did more to encourage them than anything else could, and they went at it with a determination which meant "do or die." When the game was half through Fairdale had 12 Riverside 3. Professor Fartain's hopes rose, only to be dashed to pieces as Riverside won basket after basket during the next half. But it was a close shave, and when, after what seemed hours of suspense, time was called and the score (18 to 15 in favor of Riverside), was given it would have been impossible to have described the professor's feelings. He felt as if he could speak to no one, and in a half-hearted, dazed manner he shook hands with the victors.

A ball was given that night in the "Gym" and a merry time they all had. All but Jill and the professor. Jill would not speak, for he felt that he had been insulted. After getting his poem all ready and then

not being called upon to deliver it." Both the professor and the students had forgotten about it, and could not imagine what had caused his silence, as for Professor Fartain, now that the excitement of the day was over, he began to let his thoughts wander back to little Rose, and an awful gloom, which he could not shake off, settled down over him and over and over he repeated, "I wonder if she is alright." He tried his best to appear cheerful, and as far as outward appearances were concerned, was successful.

After the dance was out and he was at last alone in his room, he tried to take the sleep he had so longed for. But he could not for one moment close his weary eyelids. When the coach drove up to take them to the station, he was still pacing restlessly up and down in his room. It seemed to him it would be years before he could reach home again. The coach seemed going at a snail's pace, and when at last he reached the station, he breathed a sigh of relief, for he now thought he could travel a little faster. But after the first mile or so the train seemed to slow down and he felt positive he could walk and beat it to its destination. None of the students had much to say, wounded Jill unable to control his indignation longer, thought it justice to his wounded pride to give them a piece of his mind, and so he burst out scornfully: "Didn't I tell you you'd get defeated. My poem would have won the day for you, but you wouldn't have it, so it serves you right; I'll never have another thing to do with such an outfit." The students sat up with a roar of laughter which added oil to the fire, and two or three would have had their "heads punched," as Jill afterwards

expressed it, if the professor had not come to the rescue.

"That's too bad, Jill; I was so excited I never thought another thing about it, but I will make it right when we get home." Jill had not much confidence in them, but after a little more grumbling, he leaned back in his seat and fell into a deep slumber, from which he was soon awakened by the brakeman calling, "Fairdale."

Professor Fartain, without waiting for baggage, students, or anything hailed a cab the moment he stepped off the platform, and giving the driver his address told him to drive there in ten minutes if it killed the horses. The driver thought him crazy, but nevertheless drove as fast as possible, and soon arrived at the given address. All was quiet without and no sound came from within. Professor Fartain thought this strange as it was now nearly noon, "Surely the servants have not all gone off," he said to himself, as he opened the door. When he walked across the hall, the faint sound his shoes made on the carpeted floor seemed to resound throughout the whole house, the stillness was so intense. A sudden fear grasped at his heart, turning him numb with terror, and then feeling at length the use of his limbs, he rushed upstairs and would have burst into Rose's room, but the door was opened softly and there stood the doctor, pale and trembling while the servants were clustered in one corner trying to keep from sobbing. The professor's eyes wandered hastily to the little bed in the corner, and he saw two nurses leaning over it. For a brief moment he seemed stunned, then suddenly the awful truth thrust itself upon him. With a terrible shriek he staggered forward and would have fallen, but for

the doctor who caught him, dashed water in his face, and handed him something to drink, saying, "Don't take on like that, she isn't quite gone yet, and may wish to speak to you."

Just hearing "she's not quite gone yet," with one bound he was at her side, and pushing the nurses away, knelt down by her. How white and motionless she was. He laid his hand on her brow and found it cold as ice, he put his ear to her heart and could hear no sound. Then he could no longer keep back the awful anguish he felt, and in a voice which bespoke too well what he suffered he groaned: "Oh, Rose, you have not forsaken me, just speak to me once and tell me you are only sleeping, Rose! Rose! do speak to papa."

Not a stir, no sound came from the silent lips. The professor seemed suddenly to have lost all control of himself and seizing Rose in his arms, he shrieked: "She shall not go, nothing can take her from me, Rose, come back, I demand it."

What was that? Was it a slight movement of Rose's lips? The professor gazed at her intently to see that he was not deceived. Slowly the big blue eyes opened, little Rose stared for a moment at her father, feebly put up her thin hand, and said, very faintly: "Papa, you've come at last."

"Yes, yes, darling, never to leave you again." He would have rebuked himself to her for ever leaving, but she laid her hand on his mouth, saying, so low he could hardly catch the words: "Papa, I must leave you, our Heavenly Father has called me and I must go, but I cannot die happy knowing that you still keep that awful vow." He was going to speak but she silenced him. "I cannot last much

longer, so let me say what I must. In my little trunk is a letter, papa, promise me you'll read that and do as it says." The professor was silent, for he feared what it contained, so Rose continued: "Won't you promise me, papa?"

"Oh Rose, you're not going," sobbed the professor. "Papa! papa! don't act like that. I must go, but please don't deny me my last wish. Promise me, papa, you'll do as the letter says."

Her sweet life was fast ebbing away, there was no time to lose, so leaning down he murmured in her ear: "Darling, I promise."

A sweet smile o'erspread her countenance, she moved her lips as if to speak, but it was too late, the spirit of little Rose had left its earthly tabernacle to dwell in a holier sphere.

The poor broken-hearted father felt that he had nothing more to live for. His sorrow was now too great to be expressed in sobs or moans, and for hours he sat motionless on the bed, staring, as it were, into the dark, dark future. "Oh, what shall I do without her!" he moaned to himself as he looked down at his lifeless daughter. "Why can't I go too, there is nothing to live for, nothing—nothing." Then he remembered his daughter's last words, and going to her trunk, he took out a neatly folded paper, and read:

"I'm going to leave you, papa,  
To journey off afar;  
I'm going up to heaven,  
Where all bright angels are.  
Mamma came to see me,  
Just the other night:  
I said I'd like to be one,  
And she promised me I might;  
And then I thought of you, papa,  
And wondered what you'd say.  
When they told you that your little  
girl  
Had gone so far away.

And so I said to mamma:  
 'I guess I'd best not go;  
 I mustn't leave dear papa,  
 He'd grieve about it so.  
 And then she smiled so sadly,  
 It almost made me cry.  
 I couldn't guess the reason,  
 And so I asked her why.  
 Then she said so sweetly,  
 'I'm sad, my little one,  
 For your papa's work's not finished,  
 And I fear has not begun.  
 And then I wondered why mamma—  
 An angel good and true—  
 Didn't go to see you, papa,  
 And tell you what to do.  
 She must have known what I was  
 thinking,  
 For she said, 'It cannot be;  
 I cannot see your papa,  
 But you can speak for me.  
 Tell him his wife in heaven  
 Has bid her daughter say,  
 She'd like to see him come to her  
 In some bright future day.'  
 Now, papa, won't you do it?  
 Won't you break that dreadful vow?  
 For little Rose and mamma  
 Together wish it now.  
 And then when all's completed,  
 And our Father bids us rise,  
 We three shall be united  
 In our home beyond the skies."

He read it again, crude it was indeed, but written by little Rose, the one now so cold and lifeless. As he gazed at her she seemed to

say again, "Promise me you will do as the letter says." Could he do it? Oh, could he trust in a God who had taken from him all he had to live for? In his deep despair he cried: "I can't! I can't!" For hours he sat alone with his dead, standing on the brink of an awful chasm which would tear his soul from God. He could not take his eyes from the face of his little daughter, and she seemed to be begging with those half closed eyes, glassy though they were, for him to save himself. Then a soft whisper seemed to creep into his soul stilling that awful tempest that raged within, it said: "It's well, it is for the best."

Then a great peace enshrouded him and a sudden desire to seek heavenly aid in this his great hour of trial, crept through his being. Gently kneeling down by Rose, on whose face the smile still lingered (it even seemed to have grown brighter) he folded his hands, lifted his eyes to God and murmured: "Father, I thank Thee." At last his vow was broken. A little child had led and conquered.

## Laverne.

*By Bettie Elliott Redding.*

Laverne Noell was visiting Salt Lake—Salt Lake, the far-famed city that each year entertains countless thousands of tourists, who view, with much interest, the great achievements accomplished by the strange religious sect which has made the Salt Lake Valley "blossom as the rose."

Laverne admired the beautiful scenery, she loved the rough and rugged mountains, whose snow-clad peaks stand out so prominent-

ly, and whose bubbling springs glide so merrily down through the long, wide streets, irrigating the beautiful trees that afford such enticing shade for the pedestrian.

"O, how beautifully this town was planned; how unique to see such lovely wide streets. Surely our Eastern cities might do well to pattern their future towns by this example," she cried, as she wended her way to the Temple block.

She admired the Temple, which



is built of native granite; the large, dome-shaped tabernacle, whose massive organ is the wonder and admiration of the many visitors, who are treated to special organ recitals, and the tabernacle's acoustic qualities, which are so rare for the size of the great building.

While lingering in the shady park-like square, she noticed an elderly man sitting not far distant from her. He approached her and said, very politely:

"You seem very much interested in this beautiful spot. May I ask if you are a stranger?"

She told him she had just arrived from the East and was visiting the city on her way to Los Angeles.

They became very friendly and the stranger gave her a graphic description of the past history of his much loved Salt Lake.

"Did you really know Brigham Young?" she cried.

"Yes, I knew him well. I was with him when he went to yonder Peak," he said, pointing to a prominent land-mark known as Ensign Peak. "Here," he said, pointing to the valley below, "is the spot where we shall establish a mighty city and build the Temple of our God. Here is the valley—now a land of sagebrush and sego-lilies—that we shall make to blossom, to be the home of countless thousands of our faith. Whatever faults that man may have had, we can only look upon him as a great and noble man, a great colonizer; a philanthropist, an intellectual man of superior courage and ability. Of course, this naturally sounds strange to you, who, doubtless, have heard the weird tales that are ever told to blacken the reputation of the just.

"See the strides we have taken; see before you this town, which,

sixty years ago was a barren waste!

"Now, we have the coming metropolis of the West. In a few years, we shall be a great railroad centre—the greatest west of the Mississippi.

"We extend a hearty welcome to any strangers that desire to settle in our midst. We are glad to receive good, loyal citizens from any part of the world."

"So you do not wish to exclude those not of your faith? But how do you people treat outsiders?" she asked.

"With the same courtesy, the same consideration, that they show each other, and we persecute no other denominations. We have no desire to part with any that are praiseworthy citizens."

"I merely ask for information," she continued. "We hear so many fabulous tales of how you people treat our Eastern folks who are here in your midst,—tales that do not reflect credit upon you. Of course, some of these tales are so absurd that no reasonable person would credit them for an instant,—like some tales told by your hack men to us strangers for instance."

"Yes, that is a lamentable fact; unprincipled men, thus employed, do tell our visiting strangers some malicious falsehoods—falsehoods that go back East and do us great injustice.

"You see we are a people that are so little understood and so widely misrepresented. Our enemies malign us; our would-be friends do not understand us, so there the matter stands."

"Yes, I guess that is true," she replied, then added, with a gentle shake of her head: "I have no particular love for any denomination; they are all praiseworthy in some respects, but this way of 'snarling

at each other,' is very wrong, I think."

"And you do not belong to any church? How strange." Then he added: "That accounts for your interest in our people. I am glad you have taken a keen interest in us, and our beautiful city. I trust your stay here will continue to afford you unlimited pleasure," with these words, they parted.

As Laverne strolled on through the streets, that to her seemed so beautiful, her thoughts reverted to her lover, Thornton Mann, whom she had not seen for five long years. When last she had heard of his whereabouts he was in Salt Lake. She had longed to see him, to meet him once more; for, though they had quarreled, she loved him still.

As her eyes were scanning the ceaseless throng that was passing her, in the vain hope of locating her lover, her sympathetic heart was touched by the scene before her. It was a common one, yet this girl looked upon the unfortunate cripple with great pity.

The man had lost his limbs and was managing to wheel himself about by means of a four-wheeled device. He looked so utterly helpless that she was just thinking what a terrible thing it would be if some fiery horse should run away and dash into him, when she noticed the throngs of people getting out of the way. Looking quickly around she saw a horse running madly down the street. It seemed he would dash into the cripple! What could she do to save the poor unfortunate man from such a fate!

Quick as thought, she sprang forward and seized the reins.

The animal came to a sudden stand still, and, in doing so, threw Laverne heavily to the hard pavement.

But the cripple, who had the minute before shuddered, as he had prepared for his awful fate, was now saved, and he sighed:

"Thank God, I am saved, though it were better for me to die than that fair creature!" The driver was at Laverne's side almost instantly. He raised her up tenderly, and, as his eyes fell on her beautiful face, he cried with great emotion:

"My God! It is Laverne."

At the sound of the voice she loved so dearly, and had yearned so long to hear once again, Laverne opened her blue eyes and beheld Thornton Mann bending over her.

By this time, there were plenty of spectators; the ones, who the minute before were so frightened, were now on the scene, with that longing curiosity which so characterizes humanity.

Laverne was removed to the hospital, where she received the best of treatment, and where, it was found, her bruises, though painful, were not serious. She soon recovered and was quite well when her parents arrived in Salt Lake.

Thornton Mann went directly to Mr. Noell and told him that he was going to marry Laverne.

"We have met again and as our meeting was so tragic, so unexpected, we have decided to be lovers again, to bury the past, and live in the hope of a happy future. You will not refuse us, this time?"

The father frowned. He had never desired his lovely daughter to marry Thornton Mann. He wanted her to marry to better advantage, for, while Mann was a good fellow, he was very poor.

The lovers would not listen to a denial, so a pretty little wedding was solemnized.

The day that they moved into their little rented cottage, they were surprised to find that they were the happy recipients of a check of five thousand dollars.

The only words that accompanied the check were:

"To the brave little heroine that saved a cripples' life."

The happy young couple were now able to take a trip to Los Angeles.

But after their travels were over

and they had returned to Salt Lake, they both felt, that, for a healthy clime and sociable people, Salt Lake was the ideal place to make their home. So they settled down in the midst of the people, whom Laverne soon learned to love dearly, for in them she found thrift, honor, virtue, in fact, all that is praiseworthy, all that is required to make up splendid womanhood, and noble manhood.

## True Heroism.

*By Charlotte Wetzell.*

Not of the man who has won broad lands for his country and his king,  
Not of the man who is famous in war and bloodshed do I sing,  
But of him whose inborn sins are conquered by his might,—  
That man who is master of self, and who dares to do the right.

What matter if poverty dog his steps? Is lack of means a disgrace?  
What matter if in this world of pride, he hold but a humble place?  
The man who will stand in the higher world with the chosen ones of  
God

Is the one who conquers his earthly lusts and clings to the Iron Rod.

It is not that the man never sinned on earth, nor had a base desire  
It is that the sin was repented of, and the sinner is one step higher.  
It is that he conquered his own worst foes and became the master of  
self—

Undaunted, a hero in moral law, he is rich in Heaven's wealth.

Head and shoulders above the crowd who on earth hold high degree,  
He towers, a monument of strength, an example to you and me,  
He has not fought in bloody wars, nor is he a statesman of fame,  
But a man of whom his Maker is proud, a Hero worthy the name.

# Domestic Science.

*Blanche Caine.*

## PROTEIN FOODS.

### MILK.

Milk is peculiarly adapted for use as a food by man for several reasons. It contains all of the four classes of nutriment—protein, fats, carbohydrates, and mineral matter—in more nearly the proper proportion to serve as a complete food than any other food material. It is in a form well adapted for varied uses either alone or more especially in combination with other food substances and in the preparation of various dishes for the table. At the price ordinarily paid for milk in large cities it is a food of reasonable cheapness, and at the prices prevailing in small cities and country towns it is an economical food.

The value of skim milk as a food is not generally appreciated. When taken with bread or used in cooking it forms a very nutritious addition to the food. Skim milk has nearly all the protein of the whole milk. By the removal of the fat in the cream it loses half its fuel value, but practically none of the protein. What is left has all the value of the whole milk for building and repair of tissue, for the making of blood and muscle and bone, and half the value of whole milk for supplying heat and muscular power. Skim milk then, should be more wisely utilized. The ways in which a skillful cook can utilize skim milk in cooking are almost endless, and the protein thus added to the daily ration is of the utmost importance.

In the cooking of milk, the more common experience seems to indicate that cooking or heating the milk makes it somewhat more difficult for most persons to digest, but there are exceptions to this rule, if it be a rule. When milk is used for custards, etc., scald it, do not boil it.

#### *Baked Custard.*

4 cups scalded milk  
½ cup sugar.  
4 to 6 eggs.

¼ teaspoon salt.  
Few gratings nutmeg.

Beat eggs slightly, add sugar and salt, pour on slowly scalded milk, strain in buttered mould or pudding pan, and set in pan of hot water. Sprinkle with nutmeg, and bake in slow oven till firm, which may be determined by running a knife through custard; if knife comes out clean, custard is done. During the baking, care must be taken that water surrounding mould does not boil, or custard will whey.

Always bear in mind that eggs and milk in combination must be cooked at a low temperature. For cup custards allow 4 eggs to 4 cups milk; for large moulded custard, 6 eggs; if less eggs are used, custard is liable to crack when turned on a serving dish.

Use same proportions for a "custard pie."

#### *Soft or Boiled Custards.*

2 cups milk.  
¼ cup sugar.  
2 eggs or yolks of 3.  
½ teaspoon vanilla or ¼ teaspoon lemon.

Scald milk, beat eggs, and mix part of milk with egg, then turn back with the remainder of the milk. Cook in a double-boiler, stirring constantly until it thickens and the foam disappears from the top, or until it forms a coating on the spoon.

Add sugar, strain, cover, and cool. Then flavor. May be used as a source for various puddings.

#### *Floating Island.*

Make a soft custard with the yolks of eggs. When cold pour into a shallow glass dish. Beat the whites stiff, sweeten, and heap in the center of the custard. This meringue may be flavored and colored by beating into it a little fruit juice.



# THE RELIGION CLASS.

This article comprises a development of Lesson 21 of the intermediate department. The aim in this lesson is to enable the children, while at public assemblies, to help the physical activities at the lowest point possible and the spiritual (the heart and the head) at the highest. The teacher need not tell this aim to the class, but merely keep it as a guiding thought in his own preparation and plan. To keep the physical activities down, the instructor may ask each child to answer these questions: (1) In what part of the room (where you go to meeting) are you most tempted to make a noise or be inattentive? (2) With whom? (3) Where are you least tempted to do so? (4) With whom? (5) In what position (of body) do you find yourself best able to keep quiet? This question might be pushed further till the instructor gets from the class the thought that objects in the hands sometimes tempt the attention away from what is going on, and thus the shuffling of feet results similarly. On the spiritual side, such questions as these might be put for answer: (1) Have you come to talk with your friends or to commune with the Lord? (2) How would you act if, while Jesus was on the earth, you were listening to His words? (3) In what way are we communing with God in religious services? (4) What is done in the meeting to invoke the presence of the Holy Spirit? Name the several things done—singing, praying, etc. In this way the instructor will have shown the means of reducing physical activity on the part of the children while at religious services. Now comes the positive religious attitude, to be brought out by such questions as: (1) How should we be acting, then, at meetings, physically or mentally? (2) If we are acting physically, what are we losing mentally? (3) What is there going on at meetings that might hold our attention, or

mental activity? This last question should bring on the song, the prayer, the administration of the sacrament, etc.

The story of Moses and the burning bush (Exodus ch. 3), or Jesus cleansing the temple (John 2: 13-22) might be told here to bring out the thought that any place dedicated to the Lord is sacred.

Our attention has been called to the fact that some instructors are without outlines. No teacher can properly conduct a Religion Class without a copy of the plan of lessons. Stake superintendents and ward principals should take this matter up at once with a view to seeing that every instructor has an outline. There are copies still to be had.

We still hear an occasional report from a stake superintendent or a ward principal that parents are not converted to the need of the Religion Class. Is such a report really true? Can it be that any father or mother among us who knows anything about this organization can still believe that it is not necessary? We suggest, therefore, that the parents who do not send their children to the Religion class may either not be aware of what we are trying to do for their children or have obstacles in the way of making use of the organization. In any event, though, here is an opportunity for work. Several ways have at various times been suggested by which parents may be converted. The latest idea is one that comes to us from an Ogden stake. There, with the consent of the stake authorities, special invitations are sent to two or three parents in each ward to attend the class on a certain day. For the next session invitations are given three others, and so on till all the parents have been invited. The results were unexpectedly good.

# OFFICERS' NOTES.

## HOME READINGS.

The following questions asked recently will probably be of interest to many, so they are here printed with the answers:

Q. Are girls to keep an account of everything they read or only the books outlined by the General Board?

A. They are expected to report all reading of an educative value. It should include all good books and the reading done in connection with school or other studies, but not that of the ordinary newspaper.

Q. Would the stories in the Journal be classed as fiction?

A. Yes.

Q. Would the sermons be classed as theological?

A. Yes.

Fermont Stake has adopted the following plan to keep account of the Home Readings:

The librarian in each association will have a roll book similar to the one kept by the secretary. She will have six spaces ruled for each month. Once a month she will get and record a report from each girl as to the number of chapters read under each heading—Fiction, Poetry, Essays, History, Theology, Miscellaneous.

Then at the monthly officers' meeting the stake librarian will call for a report from each ward librarian.

## REPORTS.

Ward president, has your report been made out and sent to the stake secretary? Has it been compared with last year's, to see if the finance, etc., agree? If not, please have it done at once.

## THE TRAVELING LIBRARY.

### POEM REVIEW.

"Keramos"\* is less generally known than many of Longfellow's compositions. The poem, however, is singularly characteristic of the poet, who

\*Earthenware.

needed not the phenomenal in nature, nor yet the clangor and excitement of the battle field to waken his muse.

Nothing seemed too commonplace. The potter's clay, which to most of us is naught but mud or dirt, was the subject of the inspiring 'Keramos.'

"Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round

Without a pause, without a sound;

So spins the flying world away;

This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,

Follows the motion of my hand;

For some must follow, and some command,

Though all are made of clay!

"Thus sang the Potter at his task

Beneath the blossoming hawthorne-tree,

While o'er his features like a mask,

The quilted sunshine and leaf-shade

Moved, as the boughs above him swayed,

And clothed him till he seemed to be A figure woven in tapestry.

So sumptuously was he arrayed

In that magnificent attire

Of sable tissue flaked with fire.

Like a magician he appeared,

A conjurer without book or beard;

And while he plied his magic art—

For it was magical to me—

I stood in silence and apart,

And wondered more and more to see

That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay

Rise up to meet the master's hand,

And now contract and now expand,

And even his slightest touch obey;

While ever in a thoughtful mood

He sang his ditty, and at times

Whistled a tune between the rhymes,

As a melodious interlude.

"Turn, turn my wheel! All things must change

To something new, to something strange;

Nothing that is can pause or stay;

The moon will wax, the moon will wane,

The mist and cloud will turn to rain

The rain to mist and cloud again,

Tomorrow be today."

Then as the potter sings, the listener is wafted in imagination through many lands that are famous in Ceramic (Keramic) art.

First he is borne across the ocean to the quaint little town of Delft, where originated the world-renowned delft-ware, then southward to the home of Bernard Palissy, the great French inventor of enameled ware, who lived in the sixteenth century. How vivid the description of this great man's work:

"Who is it in the suburbs here,  
This Potter, working with such cheer,  
In this mean house, this mean attire,  
His manly features bronzed with fire,  
Whose figulines and rustic wares  
Scarce find him bread from day to day?

This madman as the people say,  
Who breaks his table and his chairs  
To feed his furnace fires, nor cares  
Who goes unfed if they are fed,  
Nor who may live if they are dead?  
This alchemist with hollow cheeks  
And sunken, searching eyes, who seeks,

By mingled earths and ores combined  
With potency of fire to find  
Some new enamel, hard and bright,  
His dream, his passion, his delight?

"O Palissy! within thy breast  
Burned the hot fever of unrest;  
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine  
The exultation, the divine  
Insanity of noble minds,  
That never falters nor abates,  
But labors and endures and waits,  
Till all that it foresees it finds,  
Or what it cannot find creates!"

The traveler pauses in his flight, to hear again the potter sing:

"Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar  
A touch can make, a touch can mar,  
And shall it to the Potter say,  
What makest thou? Thou hast no hand?  
As men who think to understand  
A world by their Creator planned,  
Who wiser is than they."

And now soars the imagination above the Pyranees and Spain, to the Majorican Isle:

"Whose little towns, red roofed with tile,  
Are ruby-lustered with the light  
Of blazing furnaces by night,  
And crowned by day with wreaths of smoke."

Thence on he sails to Italy to view her works of art, and to her artist Robbia he pays this glowing tribute:

"A nobler title to renown,  
Is thine, O pleasant Tuscan town,  
Seated beside the Arno's stream;  
For Lucca dellia Robbia there  
Created forms so wondrous fair,  
They made thy sovereignty supreme.  
These choristers with lips of stone,  
Whose music is not heard but seen,  
Still chant, as from their organ-screen,  
Their maker's praise; nor these alone,  
But the more fragile forms of clay,  
Hardly less beautiful than they,  
These saints and angels that adorn  
The walls of hospitals, and tell  
The story of good deeds so well  
That poverty seems less forlorn,  
And life more like a holiday."

Greece next claims his reminiscent thought:

"But the most wonderful of all  
The ornaments on tombs or wall  
That grace the fair Ausonian shores  
Are those the faithful earth restores,  
Near some Apulian town concealed,  
In vineyard or in harvest field—  
Vases and urns and bas-reliefs,  
Memorials of forgotten griefs,  
Or record of heroic deeds  
Of demigods and mighty chiefs:  
Figures that almost move and speak,  
And, buried amid mounds and weeds,  
Still in their attitudes attest  
The presence of the graceful Greek—  
Achilles in his armor dressed,  
Alcides with the Cretan bull,  
And Aphrodite with her boy,  
Or lovely Helena of Troy,  
Still living and still beautiful."

Then follow visits to Sicily, Abyssinia, Arabia, and Egypt.

"Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race,  
Of every tongue, of every place,  
Caucasian, Coptic, of Malay,  
All that inhabit this great earth,  
Whatever be their rank or worth,  
Are kindred and allied by birth,  
And made of the same clay."

Next to China is the listener wafted  
where bird-like he poises above the  
town of King te Tching,

"A burning town—or seeming so,  
Three thousand furnaces that glow  
Incessantly."

"As leaves that in the autumn fall,  
Spotted and veined with various hues,  
Are swept along the avenues,  
And lie in heaps by hedge and wall,  
So from this grove of chimneys  
whirled

To all the markets of the world,  
These porcelain leaves are wafted on—  
Light yellow leaves with spots and  
stains

Of violet and crimson dye,  
Or tender azure of a sky  
Just washed by gentle April rains,  
And beautiful with celadon.

"Nor less the coarser household wares,  
The willow-pattern that we knew  
In childhood, with its bridge of blue  
Leading to unknown thoroughfares;  
The solitary man who stares  
At the white river flowing through  
Its arches, the fantastic trees  
And wild perspective of the view;  
And intermingled among these  
The tiles that in our nurseries  
Filled us with wonder and delight,  
Or haunted us in dreams at night."

After a visit to Nankin, where is  
viewed the wonderful Tower of Por-  
celain with its painted balconies—and  
balustrades of twining leaves. Its por-  
celain bells that all the time "Ring  
with a soft melodious chime," the pot-  
ter again breaks the reverie:

"Turn, turn, my wheel! What is be-  
gun

At daybreak must at dark be done.

Tomorrow will be another day;  
Tomorrow the hot furnace flame  
Will search the heart and try the  
frame,

And stamp with honor or with shame  
These vessels made of clay."

In the entire poem there will be

found perhaps nothing more sugges-  
tive and impressive than the lines just  
quoted.

Last to be visited on this migratory  
flight is the far-off Island of Japan,  
from whence comes such profusion of  
beautiful "Keramos" and where the  
traveler finds

"The counterfeit and counterpart  
Of nature reproduced in art.

"Art is the child of nature; yes  
Her darling child, in whom we trace  
The features of the mother's face,  
Her aspect and her attitude,  
All her majestic loveliness  
Chastened and softened and subdued  
Into a more attractive grace,  
And with a human sense imbued.  
He is the greatest artist then,  
Whether of pencil or of pen,  
Who follows nature. Never man,  
As artist or as artisan,  
Pursuing his own fantasies,  
Can touch the human heart, or please  
Or satisfy our nobler needs  
As he who sets his willing feet  
In nature's footprints, light and fleet  
And follows fearless where she leads.

"Thus mused I on that morn in May,  
Wrapped in my vision like the Seer,  
Whose eyes behold not what is near,  
But only what is far away,  
When suddenly sounding peal on peal,  
The church bell from the neighboring  
town

Proclaimed the welcome hour of  
noon,

The Potter heard and stopped his  
wheel,

His apron on the grass threw down,  
Whistled his quiet little tune,  
The noon will be the afternoon,  
Not overloud nor over long,  
And ended thus his simple song.

"Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon, too  
soon

Too soon today be yesterday;  
Behind us in our path we cast  
The broken potsherds of the past,  
And all are ground to dust at last,  
And trodden into clay!"



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PERFECTION OUR AIM.

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| Mrs. Elizabeth T. Sardoni   | Assistant Organist           |

SALT LAKE CITY. - MARCH, 1910

## He is Risen.

"He is not here but is risen"—how simply was the message told without blare of trumpets or toll of drum. It first saluted the ears of the faithful women, who went to his sepulchre bearing spices and ointments. To woman was granted the great honor of carrying to His disciples the wonderful tidings, that Christ was risen from the dead. That message has been a wonder, a comfort, a joy, an anchor to His followers ever since. Through His victory over death, hell, and the grave had come peace not in the way in which the Jews had been looking for it—not because a great military leader had come with conquering legions to subdue their enemies, peace had come not because there should be no more war, but because upon each who would re-

ceive that message had come the "peace which passeth all understanding." Death had been conquered, the grave had lost its victory.

As the risen Lord said to His beloved followers: "Peace be unto you," it came and also strength to go forth and proclaim the Gospel and the fact that Christ had risen from the dead; strength came to endure persecution and martyrdom with a smile of forgiveness for those who harassed them.

Then dawned a new day whose sun shall never set. To Christ had been given all power in heaven and in earth. Since then the world has risen on wings of hope and faith. The thought of living again where all shall be made clear, where wrongs shall be righted and where all that is gained here shall be added upon has been a guiding star leading men and women from gloom to light, from doubt to faith, from sorrow to joy.

As the recurrent spring time brings again the celebration of that wondrous day when the Lord of Life broke the shackles of death each one who has heard the voice of the good Shepherd sings exultant praises to the Father and the Son for the wonderful birth, life, death, and resurrection of the Christ who "led captivity captive and gave gifts unto men."

## Comfort from the Gospel.

Perhaps there is no other time in one's life, when the gospel of Jesus Christ gives more comfort than when a loved one is called to leave earth to return to heaven. To the believer in the divinity and resurrection of the Lord of Life and Light, death loses its sting, the grave, its victory. "The peace, which passeth all understanding"

abides in the hearts and homes of those who know that their Redeemer lives. Mingled with, stronger and bigger than the pain of parting is thanksgiving for the beautiful life and the glorious victory of the one who has faithfully finished life's mission, and who is worthy of the blessed words of the Master, "Well done."

When loved ones stand about the open bier gazing with tear-dimmed eyes on the earthly tabernacle and see the look of satisfaction and peace on the face of the departed who has been faithful unto death, they realize that naught but selfishness would call back to mortality the one who has willingly yielded to the Master's summons. Death is not terrible but glorious to the righteous. To those left to battle on without the help and companionship of wife, mother, husband, or father, the way often looks dreary and lonely, but the Comforter comes to soothe, sustain, and cheer those who are willing to abide by the Father's will and who will cry,

"Father, I know thy ways are just,  
Though all to me unknown,  
Oh grant me grace thy love to trust

And cry 'Thy will be done!'  
Although thy steps I cannot trace  
Thy sovereign right I own  
And so supported by thy grace  
I'll cry, 'Thy will be done.'"

And all day I sent prayer like incense up  
To God the strong, God the beneficent,  
God ever mindful in all strife and strait,  
Who for our own good makes the need extreme,  
Till at last He puts forth might and saves.

—"The Ring and the Book," *Browning*.

## "Wilford Woodruff."

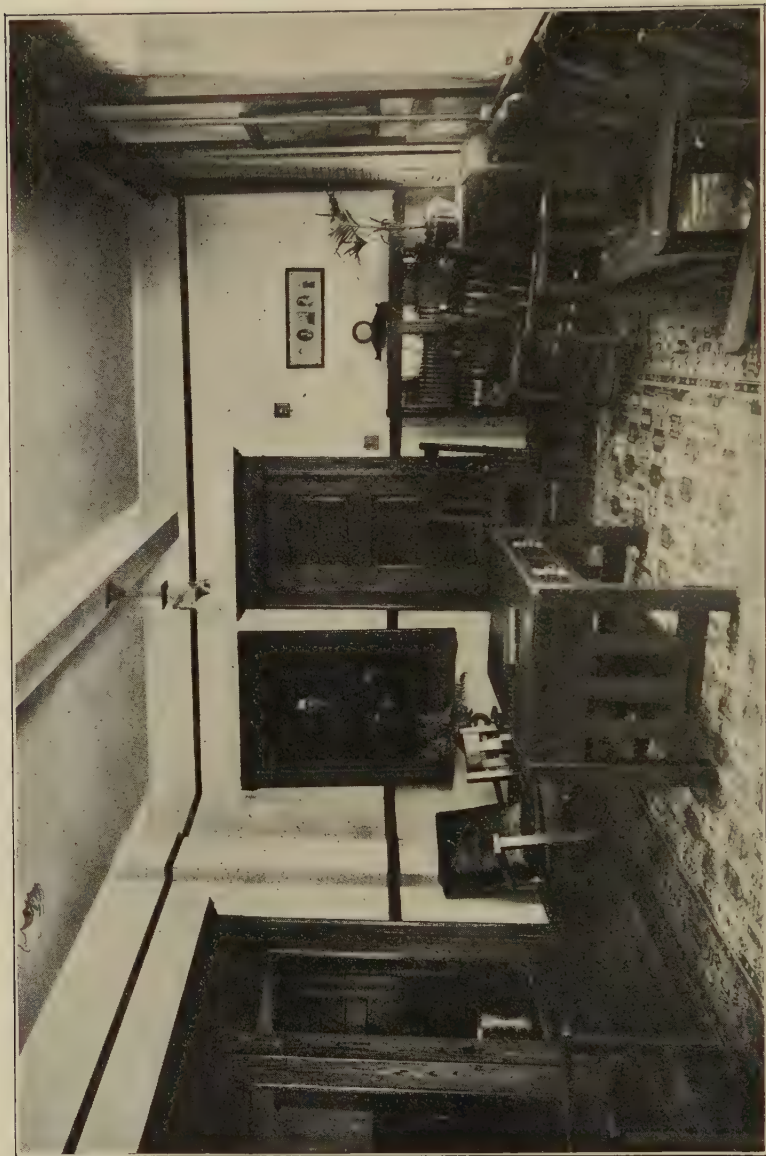
The history of the life and labors of Wilford Woodruff "as recorded in his daily journals" is one of the valuable books that appeared in 1909. President Woodruff's life was so closely woven into the history of the Church that it is valuable because of the information it gives concerning the struggles and victory of the people with whom he cast his lot.

Lives of great men are ever incentives leading weaker ones on and upward. It would be well for all to read the life of this good man.

## A New Edition of "The Articles of Faith."

The Deseret Sunday School Union has just published "The Articles of Faith" by Dr. James E. Talmage in a vest pocket edition, price \$1 post paid. One is enabled to do a great deal of reading when a book is of such a size that it can be carried in the pocket or hand bag. We need not mention the excellence of the book, it is so well known. The sixth edition has already appeared which speaks of its continued and growing favor.





GENERAL BOARD ROOM.



# YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL

Vol. 21.

APRIL, 1910.

No. 4.

## Our New Home.

*By Ann M. Cannon.*

"While we live in palaces and are permitted to enjoy the luxury of a home like this, I pray that we and the children of the pioneers will not forget their log-cabin humility and faith. If the Lord blesses us with riches, oh! my brethren and sisters, let us remember that all these things are perishable!"

These words, from the lips of

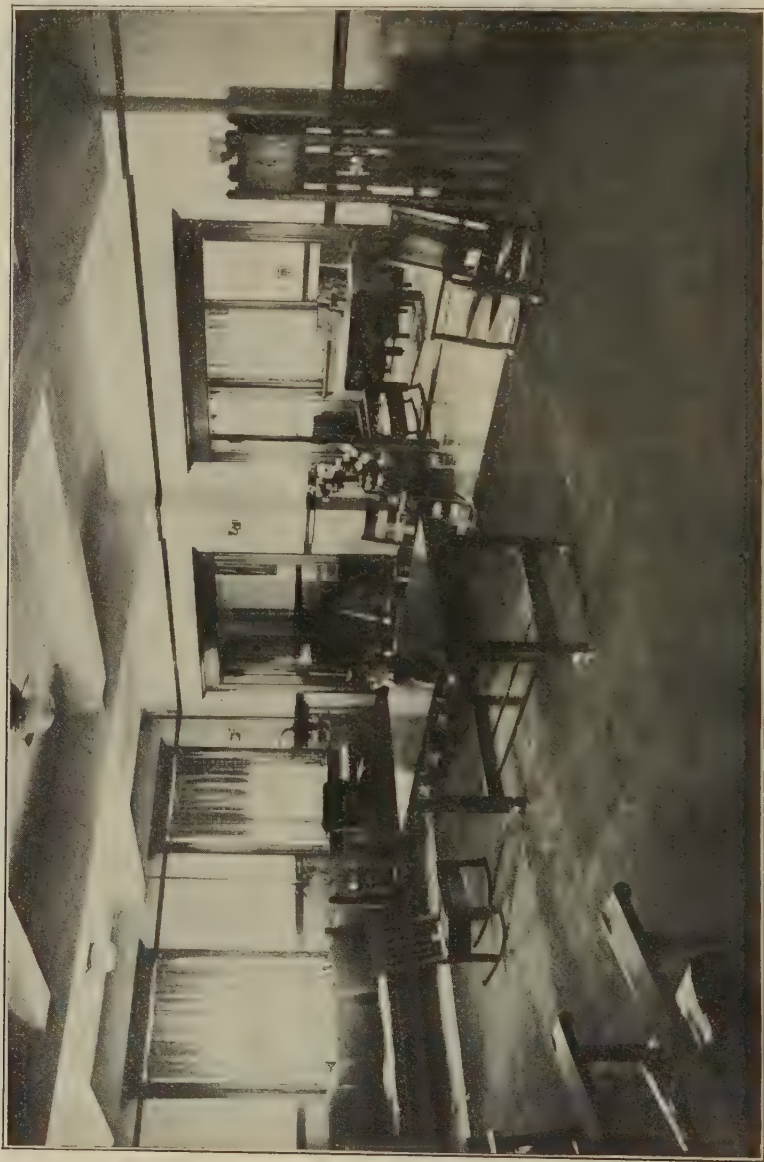
President Joseph F. Smith, prior to offering the dedicatory prayer for the Bishop's Building, on January 27, 1910, thrilled through those assembled, strengthening their resolution to be what they should be—worthy sons and daughters of the sterling men and women who sacrificed much to establish their children in this far-western wilderness.



BISHOP'S BUILDING.

In October, 1900, when President Lorenzo Snow promised the three women's organizations of the Church a building site opposite the east gate of the Salt Lake Temple, none were sanguine enough to even dream of such an edifice as the one which now graces the spot. Presi-

dent Snow stipulated that it must be a building worthy of the location, and some one added that it must cost at least twenty thousand dollars. The women who were so bold as to think of raising that sum were looked at in open-eyed astonishment. Nevertheless, they went to



RECEPTION ROOM.

work to draw plans and collect funds. The committee appointed by President Elmina S. Taylor of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, consisted of Counselor Maria Young Dougall, Adella W. Eardley, Minnie J. Snow.

It was decided to call upon each local organization to contribute to the fund. In addition, a committee, consisting of Sisters Elizabeth C. McCune, Minnie J. Snow, Augusta W. Grant, and Agnes S. Campbell, was appointed to make a canvass of the well-to-do women of Salt Lake City, and vicinity, asking for their assistance to erect this "Woman's Building." The feeling with which they undertook the task can be understood from Sister McCune's answer, when put on the committee:

"Well, I'll go. But I'd rather carry mortar in a hod to build it."

Through the efforts of this committee, about two thousand dollars was collected. The contributions from the associations aggregated a little over five thousand.

After President Snow's death, on October 10th, 1901, came a period of inactivity in regard to the building, though his successor still held the promise in mind. The delay was due to the fact that the Church was then engaged in the erection of the Deseret News Building, and Deseret News Annex, which was an enormous undertaking in view of the then existing financial condition of the Church. As soon as possible the Presidency turned their attention toward the erection of this building. Early in 1907, the General Boards of Relief Society, Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association and Primary Association, were consulted by the First Presidency, Presidents Joseph F. Smith, John R. Winder, and An-

thon H. Lund, in regard to erecting a building which should be a home for the Presiding Bishopric and other Church officers as well. The advantage of this plan can readily be seen when one stops to think of the cost of maintaining such a place—heating, lighting, janitor and elevator service. The sisters consented and plans for the present beautiful building were soon under way. It has proved very advantageous to be thus located. And the General Board of Young Ladies' wish to express appreciation of their beautiful quarters, and the many kindnesses shown them by the presiding authorities.

The entire building is simple, yet elegant. It is as near fire-proof as a building of the kind can be made. The walls are undecorated, as yet, except for the wainscoting in light yellow tile effect. The wood-work is a dull golden-oak, and the floors are of maple, highly polished.

The lower floor or basement consists of a series of vaults, entirely fire-proof, each organization located in the building having one or more, according to its needs. The first or main floor has its entrance from Main street (No. 40 North.) This is occupied by the Presiding Bishopric and Quorum of the Twelve. To the second, third, and fourth floors, access is gained from Temple Avenue. The second is occupied—the north side by the General Board of Relief Society, the south, by the First Council of Seventy, and the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association; the third—the north side, by the General Board of Primary Association, the south, by the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, and the Superintendencies of Religion Classes and Church Schools. The fourth floor consists of one





SECRETARY'S ROOM.

large assembly or banquet room, and two small ones, where refreshments may be served.

Never before have the general offices been sufficiently large for conveniently attending to the work. Heretofore the desk of the General Secretary has been in the room where all Board and committee meetings were held. These being frequent, it was often necessary for her to suspend work or seek other quarters. Never before in the twenty years of the JOURNAL's existence has the editor had a room of her own, where she could be free from interruption. For all of these conveniences the General officers are very thankful, and they appreciate highly the pleasure expressed by their girl members on finding the head offices so commodious and comfortable. As President Tingey says: "They belong to the girls.

We are here to-day but someone else may be to-morrow."

The reception room belongs conjointly to the Primary and the Young Ladies'. Here, whenever opportunity permits, we hope to meet and become better acquainted with all our girls. It is adjoined on the north by the Primary and on the south by the Young Ladies' General Board rooms, the three being connected by large doors, which may be thrown open to make one apartment. In our own room will be noticed a life-size portrait of President Elmina S. Taylor. This is the work of Artist Lee Greene Richards, and is considered one of his best works. It is presented by the Young Woman's Journal, for which President Taylor expended so much of her slender supply of strength, and to which she gave so much of loving thought as well as



encouragement to its struggling editors. The picture of the business office does not show the mailing department, which adjoins that room on the east.

#### THE DEDICATORY SERVICES.

On the evening of January 27, the general officers of all the organizations housed in the building, with their wives and husbands, assembled for the dedicatory service. The officers acted as reception committees in their respective apartments during the first hours. Then all repaired to the upper floor and were seated at the tables spread in the spacious assembly room. A delicious repast was partaken of, during which the following program was given:

1. Prayer... President Anthon H. Lund
2. Piano Selections—*a. Quartette from "Rigoletto" (Verdi), b. Impromptu on "Swanee River,"*..... John J. McClellan
3. Address ..... President Francis M. Lyman, of ..... the Quorum of the Twelve
4. Vocal—*a. "Swiss Echo Song" (Eckert), b. "Annie Laurie" (Dunn)* ..... Lizzie Thomas Edward
5. Address ..... President Seymour B. Young, of ..... the First Council of Seventy
6. Piano Selections—*a. "The Serenade" (Chaminade), b. "Taffy"—*..... Edward P. Kimball  
(An original composition)
7. Address ..... Bishop Charles W. Nibley of the ..... Presiding Bishopric
8. Vocal—*a. "The Prodigal Son" (Buck), b. "An Old Plaid Shawl" (Haynes)* ..... Oscar W. Kirkham
9. Address ..... President Anthon H. Lund, of the ..... Religion Class
10. Piano selections—*a. "Minuet" (Schubert), b. "Einsamer Wanderer" (Grieg)* ..... Tracy Y. Cannon
11. Address ..... President Geo. H. Brimhall, of the ..... Church Schools
12. Vocal—*a. "If You'll Remember Me" (Ball), b. "'Tis My Own Native Land" (Balfe)* ..... George D. Pyper
13. Address ..... President Heber J. Grant, of the



YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL BUSINESS OFFICE.

- Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association
14. Piano Duet Edna H. Coray and Orpah Walker
  15. Address ..... President Bathsheba W. Smith, of the Relief Society
  16. Vocal—*a.* "The Happy Three"—*b.* "Kathleen Mavourneen" (*Krouchet*) ..... Evan Stephens
  17. Address ..... President Martha H. Tingey, of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association
  18. Vocal—"The Unknown Grave"... Hyrum M. Smith
- "Winter Quarters" (afterward called Florence), he described them as consisting usually of poles, often built "wigwam fashion," and covered with sod. "Yet," he said, "they were happy. Those people possessed palatial faith and hope and courage." Referring to the early homes in Salt Lake, he said, "Finally, when the 'White House' (President Brigham Young's residence, situated East of Eagle Gate, and which may still be seen there) was built, we thought it a palace."



EDITOR'S ROOM.

19. Address ..... President Louie B. Felt, of the Primary Association
20. Singing—"Come, Come Ye Saints" ..... The Assembly

The addresses all expressed appreciation of the new building.

President Joseph F. Smith, in responding, traced the history of the people from the organization of the Church, through the trying days of Kirtland and Nauvoo, down to the time of their locating in Salt Lake Valley. Speaking of the homes at

He spoke of the vicissitudes through which the people have passed,— "those people who lived in sodded tents, and who endured hardships, journeying they knew not where, but believing in the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith." Speaking of the Kirtland Temple, he said, "It was a barn in comparison. Yet God graced it by His presence. Angels visited the Prophet in that poor home." Speaking of the temple at Nauvoo, he said it would compare favorably with the one at St.

George, not with the others. "And it was built by sacrifice." Continuing, President Smith said:

"Now, I have one thought: Today, while we live in palaces and are permitted to enjoy the luxury of a home like this, I pray that we and the children of the pioneers will not forget their log-cabin humility and faith. If the Lord blesses us with riches, oh! my brethren and sisters, let us remember that all these things are perishable!"

President Smith then gave an account of the cost of the building and

saying that the next to receive attention will probably be a "Historian's office." Referring to the fact that some people thought a new "President's office" is needed, he said, "I'm not concerned about better quarters for the President. The place we now occupy is historic. But I *would* like to devise some means by which to keep the soot out." Concluding, he said, "It is your business to make this building an offering to the Lord, and to consecrate it to His purposes."

The dedicatory prayer was then



ASSEMBLY OR BANQUET ROOM.

the amounts contributed by the different organizations. Expressed pleasure in the fact that it had given labor to "our own boys," and that the architect (Don Carlos Young), is a son of President Brigham Young, and the builder (W. J. Tuddenham), a Latter-day Saint. He spoke of other buildings needed,

offered by President Joseph F. Smith.

Bishop Nibley thanked the committees, the soloists, the young lady waiters, and all who had assisted.

The assembly sang "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet." And benediction was offered by President Francis M. Lyman.



# After Four Years.

*By Florence R. Hill.*

Four years ago! It seems longer than that since the San Francisco earthquake, when many of us slept on the grass by night, and, when hungry, stood in line for a loaf of bread and a can of beans. Only four years ago, that we gazed in dry-eyed sadness upon the ruins of home and treasures. There is a difference between the then—and the now. The more sanguine of us, in those disastrous days dreamed of a greater, grander city, but in our wildest flights of fancy we never conceived of a rejuvenation of such magnitude in so short a time.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, speaking of the apparently ruined Stanford University, said:

"It is not buildings that hold together a college or town, but the spirit that abides among the people that live there."

San Francisco is being rebuilt because of that spirit; her chief asset has been her magnificent courage and perseverance. The fire left some twenty-five hundred acres—over three hundred city blocks—charred and desolate. The business streets were piles of brick, ashes, and tangled scrap iron. Some of the streets were buried forty feet under this debris, and as we climbed our dusty way over it, we wondered if it ever could be cleared away. But soon the pick and shovel began to work; the bricks were cleaned and neatly piled for future use, and teams began hauling the refuse, which was dumped in the bay to fill up water lots, except for a small part of it used for bal-

last on outgoing vessels. Before the flames had ceased to paint their lurid fantasies in the heavy sky, many merchants were signing leases in the unburned section. As soon as the telegraph could click the messages, orders were sent east to rush goods for new stores. This spirit of confidence that made men optimistic in the face of heavy odds, and willing to keep their money here, is what saved the city.

Temporary buildings began to rise as quickly as material could be secured. The local warehouses and lumber yards had nearly all been destroyed, but the world responded to the hurry call. From the northern forests came lumber, from Europe, cement, and from the East hardware, iron, and steel. It is estimated that during the days immediately following the fire, three hundred and fifty thousand people left the city, and a bare quarter of the population remained to face the situation. As soon as work commenced, mechanics and laborers came from many sections. All day and far into the night the hammer and saw were busy. We march-stepped to the tap of the hammer striking nail. The sound was music, and its tune always the same.

"What a rush of aproned workmen;  
Hear the hammers, hear the saws;  
See the city new up-rising,  
With a sturdy growth surprising,  
Without resting, without pause.

What though shaken, burnt, and fallen,  
Houses, swept to swift decay;  
They can be replaced with stronger,  
Firmer, finer, lasting longer,  
And a City made to stay."



Have you ever seen an ant-hill ruthlessly destroyed? Have you watched the dogged perseverance of the tireless little ants as they labored to rebuild their homes? If so, you comprehend to a degree the stress and struggle in the reconstruction of this western metropolis.

Necessarily the first buildings, both for residence and business, were temporary. It follows, too, that the first permanent buildings were commercial in purpose, as the immense maritime and overland trade continued, and even increased and must be handled, requiring warehouses, offices, stores, and banks. As a result the business section of the city has made rapid strides. The buildings are of steel construction, and concrete or brick, and are considered proof against every known element. Market street for more than a mile from the ferry is flanked with retail houses, except for an occasional hotel, bank, or theatre. There are yet a number of temporary places, but the law requires that these must be removed by the first of May. When it is considered that structural engineers found only six ruins on this street that they figured could be used, it is evident what a tremendous undertaking this was. The retail shopping district has been extended beyond the original lines, taking in a number of thoroughfares intersecting and parallel to the Main street. In this extension the more exclusive stores are located. The number of these establishments, one after the other, creates a unity and harmony very pleasing. Theatres and cafes are sprinkled freely throughout this down-town district. A pleasure-loving people, we built play-houses of corrugated-iron in our calamity days, and our cafes were in once dwelling houses. Today they are in fire-

proof edifices, alive with color and atmosphere, and cater to throngs as in the olden days. The lawyers, bankers, and brokers have gone back to their former locations, likewise the manufacturers and wholesale dealers.

Apartment houses are very popular and are being erected throughout the city. Hotels are rebuilt in many instances on their former sites. The St. Francis and Fairmont, which were gutted and stripped but had frames and walls uninjured, were soon ready for occupancy. Recently the palace, the epitome of hotel perfection, opened its doors. This name is inseparably associated with local history, the old hostelry being a famous landmark and endeared to travelers the world over. Though uninjured by the earthquake, the palace was a prey for the flames. The new building represents an investment of over ten million dollars.

A number of churches, too, are completed and several are in course of construction.

The residence section, while progressing slower, is now practically rebuilt. Municipal building has made less headway. Temporary structures housed the city fathers and the schools that had been burned. The city hall, except one building, has been razed and the problem of tangled scrap-iron and brick that for so long disfigured that part of town, has been solved. Five million dollars are to be expended for a new city hall. During the past year the contracts awarded for municipal buildings now being erected, amount to over three million dollars. The city is building a hospital, infirmary, fire houses, hall of justice, and schools. Millions more will be expended for thirty-four schoolhouses, two garbage incinerators, and a perfect fire

system, that will include ninety great cisterns and sewers. These cisterns are located throughout the city and will render available water, should the regular supply be shut off, as in 1906.

Chinatown is not as of former days. Its buildings are more orientally lavish in color and design, and the blind alleys and rookeries are gone, likewise the underground tunnels. But with it all, one feels that the brick and stone impassive fronts are the screens for all that has always been native to Chinatown. The same quiet shuffle of queued San Francisco goes its accustomed way,—the merchants in the big stores gorgeous with their priceless stock, just as suave; the coolies as mysterious; the children as picturesquely charming, and the women as impenetrably veiled in the intangible mystery of the oriental.

The Latin Quarter is as populous as ever. The streets are always full of babies with the soft browns eyes of southern Europe. The French, Spanish, and Italians live here. I was going to say house here, but how so many families of such proportions can get into what they call homes, is difficult for us with our ideas of comfort to understand. They spend the waking hours upon the street, I presume, by the number always found there, and are garrulous, garish, and interesting. This section was very soon rebuilt. Its residents cared little for unionism, strikes, or money troubles. They worked together, independent of the rest of the city. They are a frugal people, and had the means for quick rehabilitation of their quarter.

Bohemia is located in this vicinity. Artists, poets, musicians, and other patrons of the muses, again

have opened ateliers, studios, and hall bed rooms—according to their financial prosperity. In the dingy cafes they smoke and drink, feasting to-day and starving to-morrow. It is a bit of the artists' Paris smuggled into our Latin quarter.

It is said that figures tell their own story. Concluding my observations on the reconstruction of the city it is fitting to add that official figures show that the total amount of building contracts let since the fire foot up to a total of one hundred and fifty million one hundred and sixteen thousand, nine hundred and seventy eight dollars.

Honor is due to the banks of the city, for their part in this stupendous task has been considerable. When disaster swooped down upon us, nearly every dollar was locked up in the banks, either as cash or securities. The money question soon became an all-absorbing one. Fortunately the hundreds of millions of funds in the United States mint were saved, and as soon as communication was opened with the East, all the New York correspondents of the various banks here were ordered to transfer to the United States Treasury large amounts held to our credit there. This being done, an "urgent necessity" fund of several millions was provided at the mint. Here was located a temporary organization, known as the San Francisco Clearing House Bank, with whom the other banks opened accounts, and so were able to supply immediate demands. About the middle of May the vaults were opened and in a great majority of cases the contents were uninjured. The financial crisis of 1907-8 was weathered successfully by nearly all our banking institutions.

It has seemed that the fates have

twisted the threads of San Francisco's destiny rather unkindly. With a more gigantic undertaking on her hands than any city has ever attempted before, she has had difficulties and discouragements almost insurmountable. Strike has followed strike; the insurance companies have been delinquent in their payments. The money stringency of the country frightened us, and the scandalous corruption of the city officials shamed and hindered us. Much has been done, however, and much remains to be done. There is ever before us the inspiration of a big job.

This western metropolis is conglomerate. All classes and nations can find a cozy corner somewhere—some spot that suffuses the spirit of home. The union of this suffusion creates the spirit of San Francisco which is felt and loved, yet cannot be defined. Because of this we play as heartily as we work. Our first relaxation and recreation was when the Atlantic Fleet entered the harbor, and a right royal welcome we gave the visitors. Work, worry, and hardship had been our portion for over three years, when a play day was decreed. Having prided and plumed ourselves for our accomplishments, we felt a burning desire to invite the world to come and applaud. Hence, the Portola Fiesta, October 19-23, 1909, a week for frolic and (not to be un-American), to boom and advertise the city.

Out of the oblivion where he had snored in sweet forgetfulness for one hundred and forty years, Don Gaspar de Portola was dragged because he had accidentally discovered the bay of San Francisco, and that event was as fitting to use as excuse for celebrating as any other. The re-incarnation of this gallant

captain of Spanish Dragoons, came from his home in southern California to receive the key of the city, and take his place beside the carnival queen. Courtly in bearing and courteous in demeanor, Don Gaspar's representative acted well his part. The queen, surpassingly charming, endeared herself to the people, and I am sure many will recall with pleasure the brief, but happy reign of Virgilia I. In deference to the worthy don, his country's colors were chosen for the carnival. Everywhere flamed the red and yellow of Spain. Ropes of electric lights, interspersed with rows of flags, spanned the streets. Never before had the city been so elaborately decorated. It is estimated that over a million people participated in this festival. Six nations were represented on the water, England, Germany, Holland, Italy, Japan, and our own country. Spain could not spare a vessel, as that nation was embroiled in war with Morocca at the time. It was fitting that the world should come and join us in the five, whooping hilarious days of this Pacific Mardi Gras, for neither California nor San Francisco alone achieved this city of architectural beauty and commercial enterprise. The whole world has aided by its confidence in investments and trade.

"Who is Portola?" those of us who seldom delve into the tomes of the past, asked. His story is one of simple conquest, and duty quietly performed. That fame enrolled him on her scroll was unintentional on his part and unrealized. A captain of Dragoons in the army of King Charles III of Spain, he was commissioned to go to California, expel the Jesuits there, confiscate their missions and turn them over to the Franciscan Fathers of Mex-

ico. He was then to take control as military governor. Landing at San Diego, he proceeded north, expecting to reach Monterey. The missions confiscated, contrary to expectations, were poor; the journey, owing to the rough country, difficult; the Indians, troublesome, and death, a grim reaper in the ranks. He missed Monterey and continued north, still searching for it, and came upon an inland sea. They were tired, sick, and on half rations, and doubtless saw little of interest in the blue expanse of water on whose shore they made camp for two days before retracing their steps to Monterey. Soon after Portola turned over his governorship and was forgotten. The coast belonged to Spain by right of discovery. The first vessel to enter the harbor was in August, 1775—the San Carlos of the Spanish Armada.

Since that time the waters of the bay have had but little rest. A long line of wharves receive heavy

cargoes from many ports and send out again in the same steamships consignments, that overland and coast trains have brought in. The flags of the nations float in its breeze and our own and foreign iron clads drop their ponderous anchors in its depths. Steamers, schooners, fishing smacks, and the small craft of uncertain purpose, ply their trade upon its surface.

So after four years, San Francisco again greets the anniversary of her Phoenix-like regeneration, glad for what has been done, but realizing that much must yet be accomplished. A population of five hundred thousand presents many considerations. Crime, poverty, and want there is here as in every large city, but we also have plenty of pluck and energy. Other disasters may befall us, our busy ant hill may again suffer the iron heel of relentless fate, but come what may, we will work together and bit by bit we will build again the peerless city by the Golden Gate.

## The Lily.

*By Ruth M. Fox,*

A lily by the way-side grew,  
Within its cup a drop of dew,  
Which soothed the throat of a thirsting bird  
And once again its song was heard.

A little song, but a fainting child,  
Opened its eyes and list'ning smiled;  
And a mother's heart was thrilled with cheer  
But the lily held the secret, Dear.



# Of Pleading Eyes, Beware!

*By Ethel M. Connelly.*

"Hello!—Yes.—Dick Carey?—One minute, I'll call him.—Dick! Oh Dick!—Say fellows shut up a minute he couldn't hear a train whistle in this racket.—Dick! come down here, somebody wants you at the phone."

A door banged somewhere up above and a sleepy looking fellow, with rumpled hair came clattering down the stairs. Nate remembered to put one hand over the transmitter as he called.

"Better smooth your curly locks, it's some fair maiden."

As he relinquished the receiver he silenced the others with a gesture, and each boy tiptoed nearer the telephone, grinning at Dick's discomfited attitude.

"Hello," he was saying. "Mrs.—who?—Vida—what?—Oh, I beg your pardon, I didn't catch the name at first.—No, I haven't.—Why I shall be delighted.—Then I'll call for you at eight?—All right. Good-bye."

"By crickety! caught again!" exploded Nate, as Dick turned round with rather a sheepish face. "And the beauty of the town at that! Are you all on, fellows? It's that pretty little Vida Clark. Where are you going with her?"

"Oh, just to the Overton Concert," answered Dick, with an affectation of carelessness, for this concert was one of the most notable affairs of the musical season.

"The Overton Concert!" exclaimed Nate. "Whew! Did she ask you to take her?"

"Well, hardly." Dick flushed hotly. "Her mother invited me to go in their party."

Nate fairly howled.

"Dick, Dick! you poor lost orphan! It's all off with you if mamma has her eye on you. Bob can tell you that, can't you, old man?"

Bob colored uncomfortably.

"Oh, go to the dickens," he said shortly. "Dick's a fool. After we headed Alice off he said he'd never speak to a girl again, and now he's in for it worse than ever."

"Yes, and he's in deep this time, because his heart is gone, too, isn't it, Carey?"

Big Alf Caine accompanied this addition to Dick's discomfiture with a slap on the back.

"Well, hardly," scoffed Dick. "You boys make me tired." He always took the teasing of these older fellows good naturedly. "Why this invitation is only a common courtesy. I wish you'd make less racket down here. I'd like to get my French before dinner."

As he went up stairs Bob sent after him a parting shot.

"Well, this common courtesy will cost you several plunks for flowers, etcetera, so you'd better run along and hunt up the cash."

The boys down stairs had already returned to a hot discussion of college politics, and none of them noticed Dick stop suddenly in his ascent. Almost immediately he went on up again, but more slowly. This new thought put an entirely different aspect on the affair. A moment before he had felt rather elated and flattered at this mark of attention from the parents of Vida Clark; but to a boy eighteen, who is dependent on his parents for every cent, the prospect of florist's

and confectioner's bills was somewhat appalling. It took but a moment to hunt through his pockets and discover that only a few dollars of his month's allowance remained, with no prospect of more for two weeks. It would take most of it to buy the candy and flowers that he knew would be expected, for of course he never dreamed of accepting the invitation and not doing the proper thing. He looked ruefully at his soiled shirt. It would mean no laundry next week, but there was no help for it. He might as well stop worrying and enjoy himself. Vida certainly was the prettiest girl in town; she'd been awfully sweet to him, and—well, his thoughts were very much the same as those of any other boy at the impressionable age of eighteen.

At the Overton concert, while he sat beside pretty Vida Clark blushing and smiling over his violets, and afterward at the little supper at her home where Mr. and Mrs. Clark showed him every courtesy, his pleasure and self satisfaction were complete; but next morning, when he woke late with a blinding headache, and walked two miles through the rain to the university because he couldn't afford car fare, he sadly jingled the few dimes in his pocket, and soliloquized that Eden always had been strewn with thorns ever since the advent of Eve.

At dinner that night the boys gave him what they called a dressing down. As he entered the dining room a little late Nate jumped up and pushed a chair under him.

"Mr. Dick Carey, gentlemen, he announced ceremoniously, bending attentively forward and flourishing a napkin. "What will you have, huh?"

"Here, sit down, you idiot. What's the matter?" Dick muttered as he unfolded his napkin.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," murmured Nate, gently, but reprovingly. "Mr. Carey is accustomed to the best of polite society. Lower your voices and don your most elegant manners. When real swells —"

Dick snatched up a glass of water, and only the entrance of Mrs. Caters with the meat prevented a catastrophe. The boys subsided into their seats, and Bob asked mildly,

"Where did you get the violets you're wearing, old man? I saw Vida Clark carrying violets this morning, too."

Alf Caine snickered amiably as he fished a quarter out of his pocket and tossed it across the table into Dick's saucer.

"You'll need it, Carey, violets are expensive at this season. How was the concert?"

"Simply great," answered Dick. "Everything was"—

"Yes, yes," Alf nodded, sagely, "we know, rose colored glasses, state of rapture and bliss. Of course you thought it was great. Say, Mrs. Caters, you'll be able to make money off Dick after this. He won't be eating much. People in love and you know—Just pass the meat please, you don't notice me losing any of my appetite."

"Nobody'd worry if you did. You'd always have plenty left," put in Bob, as he helped himself to the choicest bit before passing the platter.

"There, there boys, you make such a confusion I declare I can't tell who's served and who ain't." Mrs. Caters adored her 'family,' as she called them, but always pretended that they were a great nuisance. "Why, Mr. Dick, you surely ain't through! What more can I pass you?"

"Nothing thanks. I'll be excused though, please; I'm going out,"

Dick answered unwarily, for he only escaped amid a shower of "Give her my love, Carey," "Don't forget the chocolates or she'll send you home," "Better come back and get Alf's quarter, you'll need it," and much more chaff of a similar nature. It all struck home for he was going to take Vida Clark to a party, and he really did wish he had the extra quarter.

When he came home he was in a worse predicament than ever. He had made an engagement with her for the Junior Prom, and in some way she had given him to understand that a carriage was in order. Nate, who came in a moment after, found him sitting in a disconsolate heap on the floor of his room, and in a few minutes had gotten at the heart of his trouble.

"You know, Nate," Dick said, despairingly, "it is not my fault. I've never showed her any attention before. Why couldn't she and her mother leave me alone?"

"Well, why did you ask her to the Prom then?"

"She made me."

"Made you? What do you mean?"

"Oh, with lovely pleading eyes, and devious winning ways," answered Dick with a rueful smile.

"Um, yes, I thought so. Maybe you'll learn some day not to see lovely eyes when they plead to the tune of carriages."

"Well, it's ridiculous, anyway, to expect fellows in college to go such a pace."

"Right you are, but maybe they think that because you come from a western ranch your dad's made of money. Oh, they'll work you all right."

"But what can I do? I've got just seveny-five cents. How am I to hire a carriage and buy flowers out of that?"

"Search me. That kind of arithmetic is out of my line. I don't move in swell society. I'd help you if I could, but you see," and from various pockets he brought out a small handful of nickles and dimes. "Can't you telegraph home?"

Dick stared moodily at the carpet for a while. "Well," he said at last, "I guess mother'd lend it to me. If I wired father he'd tell me to go to the dickens."

Dick slept very little that night, but two days later, when his mother's check for twenty-five dollars came he brightened, and because he felt very rich he bought new pumps and a few extras for the Prom.

It's queer where money goes. The day after the Prom a diligent pocket to pocket search brought to light only forty cents, and he turned pale, every time he caught the flutter of a skirt. But alluring temptations beset him on every hand, and before his regular check came, he owed everybody in the house, and two weeks laundry bills to Mrs. Caters. Festivities every evening proved demoralizing as well as expensive; kindly professors grew serious, then severe; the letters from home began to be unpleasant reading; the boys, with their continued chaffing were as annoying as mosquitoes; and last but not least, Vida herself held him in a species of slavery that was both delightful and maddening. Another month brought matters to a climax.

One night Mrs. Caters handed him a letter just as he sat down to dinner. He tore it open eagerly, hungry for the sight of a welcome check, but at the first glance he turned pale, and sat for a moment very still.

"Come out of it, Carey!" Alf gave him a resounding slap on the shoulder. "Did daddy forget the check?"



"Looks like it," Dick answered, slowly folding the letter.

"He's probably heard about that oyster supper the other night," suggested Bob with his mouth full of potatoes.

"Or those American beauties, violets, chocolates, and theatre tickets," added Nate.

Dick made a despairing gesture.

"Don't fellows. It's ceased to be a joke. Father is raising the dickens. He got my credits last week, and of course, you can guess that they're all disgusting. He says that if that is the best I can do there'll be no more money. It means I'm up against it."

The boys were silent for a moment. Alf looked uncomfortable.

"If I had any money," he began. But Dick stopped him.

"Don't talk about lending me any, I owe every one of you already. I'll have to hunt a job."

"What'll you do?" quired Bob.

"Work on the road, I guess," answered Dick, from the depths of his despair.

"Alf concealed a smile as he observed Dick's slight form and dandified appearance.

"Here, cut that grave-yard tone and talk sense. The thing you'd better do is to drop the girl."

"Easier said than done," muttered the poor culprit. "How can you drop a girl?"

"Oh, tell her it's Lent and you are abstaining from female society," put in Nate.

"No, just tell her you've found out that you're up against a losing proposition," added Alf.

Dick got up leaving his dinner untasted. Surely Vida would be more sympathetic than these grinning idiots who, he thought grimly, would joke at their own funerals. But his explanation of his difficulties could not have been very en-

lightening, for the only thing that Vida understood clearly was that he wanted work to show his father that he was worth something. Mr. Clark, when he heard the boy's resolution, thought it highly commendable, and offered to look around for a nice, easy, pleasant place for him. Dick went to his room somewhat encouraged, but a two day's hunt for work effectually dampened his spirits. Then he called at Mr. Clark's office and explained that he must have work, that he wasn't particular as to the kind, because naturally the place that would bring in the most of the much needed money would be most acceptable. Dick was a little mystified at the gentleman's sudden loss of interest and his vague polite promises and still more in the dark when he reached home and found a note from Vida canceling her engagement with him for that evening. But he had an unpleasant awakening when on two successive evenings he was told on calling that she was out, she who had always been at home to him! Poor Dick felt very desolate and alone, and in pure desperation worked like a Trojan. For a week he slaved over his studies, then a letter came from his mother.

"Dear Dick," it said. "I've been pleading your case with your father, and he is about ready to forgive you. Didn't I tell you to beware of the girls? I knew your danger, for remember, I was a girl once," then at the end this postscript, "I thought you might need some money, so I've sent you a check for twenty-five dollars, but it's the last, remember."

That night Dick paid his debts to the boys. As he pocketed the remaining change Nate looked meaningly at the telephone.

"About time you ordered vio-



lets, isn't it?" he asked mildly.

Dick flushed. "Say, boys, let's have it over at once. Vida Clark and her father both turned me down when they found out I hadn't any money and might have to work, so that's all ended."

There was silence for a moment, then Bob asked, "How much did it cost you, Carey?"

In addition to other things, conditions in virgil, trig, and chemistry, and about six inches of my

self-respect," answered Dick, with a rueful smile.

"Well, you ought to be immune," concluded Nate.

"Immune? From what?"

"Oh, pleading eyes, and devious winning"—

Dick's glass of water drowned the rest, and Nate escaped by way of the back stairs, humming softly, but distinctly as he went, "When The Right Little Girl Comes Along."

## April.

*By Kate Thomas.*

Shakespeare was born in April! So was he  
The Danish singer<sup>1</sup> unto children's ears  
Who makes the day sweet and the night less long,  
And to old hearts grown old with stress of cares  
Recalls a touch of youth and tenderness.  
So was that grim old statesman<sup>2</sup> Germany  
Is proud to honor, "Keeper of the Peace;"  
And she,<sup>3</sup> that Star of Woman, whose bright light  
The man<sup>4</sup> who claimed a star called Destiny  
Was fain to see extinguished: and the pale,  
Pure, shrinking Yorkshire lass<sup>5</sup> of virile pen.

Now does it seem this gentle month could bring  
The sturdy Roundpate<sup>6</sup> that cost Charles his head?  
Rather the mild-eyed poet of the Lakes,<sup>7</sup>  
Whose harp sang first to laughter, then to praise.

America, my country! two great names  
That April gives thee, true-toned Henry Clay,  
And his who framed the Immortal Document—  
(O Jefferson! the Honored Scribe art thou!)—  
Shall live with thee till April is no more,  
And Liberty forgot for want of chains!

And, Thou, O Height! O Savior of the world,  
When shepherds watched their flocks, when came the Star,  
Might it not have been April?

<sup>1</sup>Hans Christian Anderson, <sup>2</sup>Bismarck, <sup>3</sup>Mme. De Stael, <sup>4</sup>Bonaparte, <sup>5</sup>Charlotte Brontë <sup>6</sup>Oliver Cromwell, <sup>7</sup>Wordsworth.

# Utah's Sculptor, Mahonri M. Young.

By Alice M. Horne.

"I am going to use my art in erecting monuments to the Utah Pioneers. Back of the Mormon people there is a big idea: this as manifested in their life, migrations, and sufferings have always appealed to my imagination, and they embody an infinite number of artistic

that would be required from this sculptor, before the life size figures of the "Martyrs" could be set free in bronze from the plaster moulds—idealized, spiritualized, and actually placed in the long waiting empty niches by the two entrances at the east end of the Salt



themes." So spoke Mahonri M. Young, in his private art studio, in Paris, 1904.

He was at that moment working upon a miniature head of the "Prophet." Its companion piece, the "Patriarch," still moist in clay, stood on a nearby shelf. It was impossible for us to anticipate the time, the effort, and the patience

Lake Temple. But there they stand completed at last.

In the south niche the Prophet Joseph Smith holds, in a grateful grasp, the New Witness for God—The Book of Mormon, and typifies the *instrument of Revelation between God and man*.

In the north niche stands the Patriarch Hyrum, typifying the

Church—the followers—the believers. Yes, the brothers in bronze have become an actuality—Joseph clothed in leadership, power, and action.—Hyrum grounded in faith, loyal to the death, and with a most striking admixture of wisdom and humility and lofty aspiration.

Since that June in Paris, 1904, Mr. Young has spent a good part of five years in perfecting these two life sized monuments. For the Prophet, alone, he made more than thirty drawings, using various poses. He modeled with great care six different heads, and three of them were life size. He has also modeled three statuettes and two full life sized figures.

He has consulted with many acquaintances of Joseph and Hyrum. President Smith, Nathan Tanner, Lucy Kimball Smith, Bishop Romney, B. W. Smith, E. B. Wells, and others, were so helpful that the artist says "Without their aid I could not have achieved the work." The sculptor also made a special study of the two types—that of Joseph and of Hyrum that are so strangely persistent in the Smith family.

Of the President's family, his daughter, Mrs. Ina Peery, gave most help on the Joseph, though some of the younger girls and Joseph F. Junior have also some of the physical characteristics of the "Prophet," but the resemblance is more pronounced in the girls.

Joseph F. Smith is very much the type of his father, Hyrum, and so also are his eldest sons, Hyrum and David.

Members of other Smith families—cousins to the "Prophet," were also used for models.

John Henry Smith's sons, Winslow and Nicholas, resemble the martyrs in physique, but facially are unlike them. From Winslow

the sculptor took measurements for the Joseph; Nicholas, who is the Hyrum type amplified, gave much assistance in posing for the patriarch.

So much on the mechanical solution of the work. Mr. Young's conception of these portraits is founded upon the death masks, contemporary descriptions, and documents, the few portraits and the recollections of those who knew the two leaders in the early days of the Church. Though many models have posed for this work, the statues are purely portraits of Joseph and Hyrum, and are not in any sense portraits of any "sitter." Still characteristics and resemblances of many members of the Smith families may be seen in these bronze figures.

#### A COLLECTION OF BUSTS.

A group of bronze busts executed during the last year or two, is interesting, as they show Mr. Young's power of portraiture.

A searching portrait is the bust of Brigham H. Roberts. Mr. Roberts lends himself admirably to the needs of the sculptor: In character and personality he is intensely unique. In some respects he suggests the Gladstone head. You feel the modeling of the muscles of his whole head are very decided, in fact, his head is modeled all over.

In this production the artist has surpassed himself. It is a work that will bring great criticism from a large class of the public, because there is not a note of the commonplace in it. The common-place in color and line and thought is the only condition that can be grasped by the American public, as a whole. They are not an artistic nation. Mr. Young has surpassed himself

in this portrait. Shakespeare like, he has made no effort to give a one sided story, so, in this piece of bronze, behold Roberts with his weaknesses as well as his virtues. You are made to feel his combative-

ness, and ruggedness, as well as his sensitiveness, his intellectuality, and his gentleness. Then, too, take note of the physical strength, the mental endurance, the stubborn touch that does not hide the general feeling



PORTRAIT BUST OF BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS.



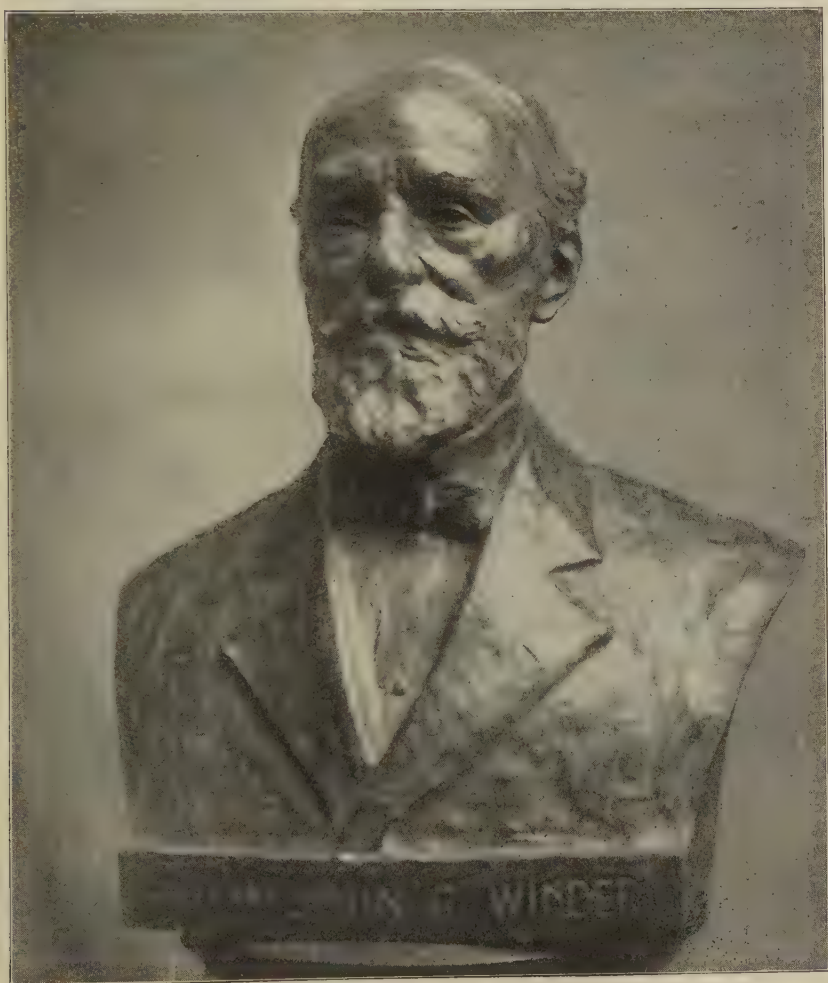
of geniality. The dash of selfishness and the burst of generosity are as apparent as his spirituality. Mr. Young has sculpted the "Black-Smith Orator" with bold, but loving hands, for in each rugged feature some sweet refinement is disclosed, while the human struggle is always manifest in no less a degree than the quality of statesmanship.

PRESIDENT JOHN R. WINDER.

Beautiful old age shows in the

sunny placid, fatherly, portrait of John R. Winder.

The bust of Bishop Romney is also good. Mr. Young's keen scrutiny and almost relentless habit of probing might well make some fear to sit for him. Mr. Romney suffers little from the searching study; in fact, a sitter who possesses richness of feeling, as well as mental endowments, offers a type that especially



PORTRAIT BUST OF PRESIDENT JOHN R. WINDER.

appeals to the sympathy of this artist.

#### HIS WIFE.

The best stroke for success that Mr. Young has made was in his se-

itual, gifted woman—fit to be placed among the Saints in grace and purity.

Lambourne in clay is like a bust of inspiration, and shows the giant struggle of mentality in the subduc-



MRS. MAHONRI M. YOUNG.

lection of a wife—one who admirably fits into the art life—a gifted musician. The artist reveals his admiration for her in a bust, the first from life that came from his hands. It shows a type of a beautiful, spir-

tion of materiality. The on-looker catches an inspirational thought of the superiority of divine gifts, and also the power that comes out of the struggle to use the talent.

The prospector and the studies of

laborers disclose an attitude of the artist which enables him to discover beauty in homely, lowly life. These will appeal to only a small class of the public.

#### MONUMENT TO THE SEA GULLS.

Perhaps his best promise as a sculptor is in his conception of a monument to the sea-gulls—to the birds that saved the Utah pioneers from the famine that swarms of crickets threatened when they were about to consume the first harvest of grain, which came to bless the desert. A dark cloud of sea-gulls appeared, and closing down upon the grain patches, they gorged and disgorged the pests of crickets until the fields were rid of them—then they flew back, back to their haunts on the shores and islands of the great Salt Lake.

The sketches are complete for this work of art and make an imposing piece of sculpture—a fit monument to this most notable event in the history of the pioneers, when, in answer to united prayers, Providence sent the sea-gulls, and the saints rejoiced in their deliverance from famine and death. It is proposed that this monument be erected and placed inside the Temple block, where the drinking fountain now stands.

Hon. Young and Lee Greene Richards have been friends from boyhood, and appear to be parallels in many ways. They are very nearly equally gifted. There is no doubt about the quality of their talents. These two have the best chance to rise to the top in the art world, having not only the gifts, the time to devote, the audience to work for, but they are still young.

Hon is more spontaneous than Lee, but he is more likely to get off the track. Lee can hardly go

wrong. Hon expresses himself volubly, Lee uses few words, but he could easily turn to poesy. Hon knows he is right and is fearless. Lee is more humble though he believes in his gift. They have each exalted ideals of art.

Mr. Young says: "I have received greatest inspiration in my conception of sculpture from Donatello and Paulialo, who were of the Italian Renaissance, and were the forerunners of Michael Angelo. Hondon, the Frenchman, so successfully modeled Washington, Voltaire, and Franklin, that I look upon him as the forerunner of modern sculpture. The work of the great German Adolph Hildebrande, Rodin, George Minnal, and Mailol, are the modern men I greatly admire. Dr. Rimmer was one of our greatest sculptors. Olin Warner I look upon as the greatest American sculptor.

Mr. Young has secured all of the prizes to be awarded in the State, and has taken honors away from home. By special invitation he has exhibited in the Pennsylvania Academy of Design, Philadelphia, and the National Academy of Design, New York, and in the Chicago Art Institute. In Paris he sold the American painter, Chase, a water color and also two were bought for the Muse Carnalet, Paris. He was recognized in three Salons in Paris in various ways with models in clay, pastels or drawings, but so far, his most important works are his commissions for the Church, of the "Martyrs," and his portrait busts. It is to be hoped that "Celia," Lambourne, and the monument to the sea-gulls will all be made permanent, either in bronze or marble.

An interesting fact remains to be told. After Hon's return he went many, many months without a pa-

tron or an order, but he went on drawing, painting, and sculpting. Finally, when patience was nearly threadbare, H. J. Faust Jr., gave the young man his *first commission*, to model a *woman in butter*, for the State Fair.

The butter woman made a sensation, and as she slowly melted, the public thawed out, and after that more important orders came.

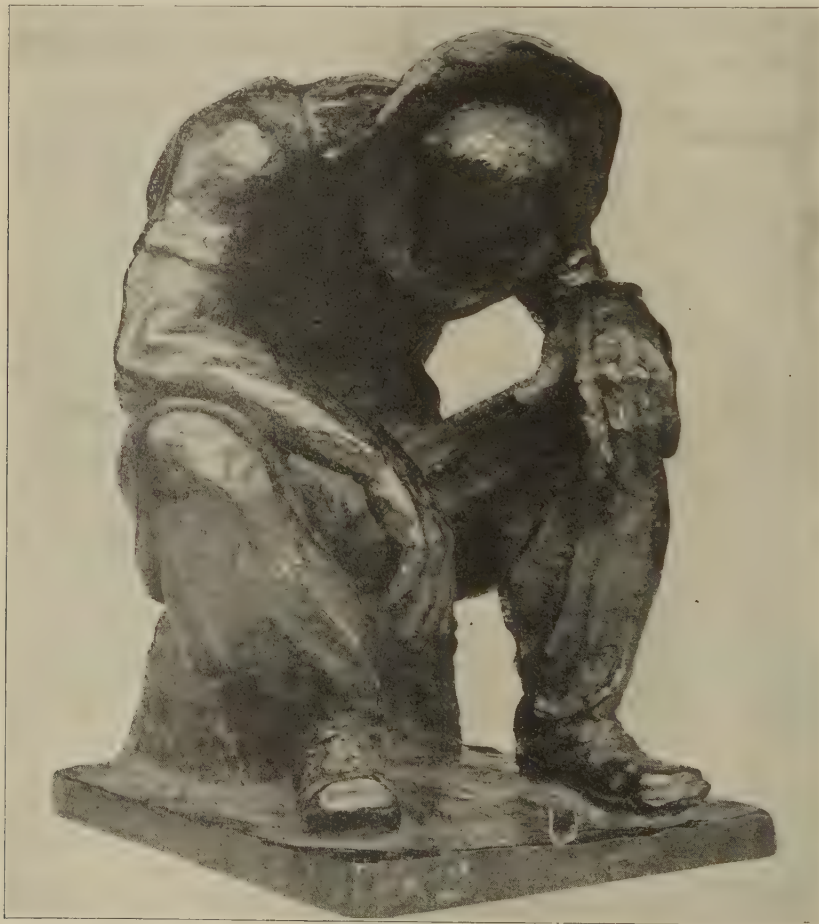
Mr. Young has found the human pulse of the people on this desert soil, for he has idealized the sentiments of the Mormon people.

His success goes before him. In his studio at the Templeton Building, you may see the beginnings of many interesting subjects already suggested, in clay or pencil. Among these is a thought of a noble bust of his grandfather, Brigham Young.

#### A SCULPTOR WHO PAINTS.

Mr. Young is peculiarly forced into sculpture rather than painting. While his painting is a success, his talents are all of tremendous value to one who sculps.

The water colors that he paints



TIRED OUT.



are charming, but their artistic quality is not in color nor tonal qualities, but they are treated more as drawings than as water colors.

The great quality of his water colors, and for that matter, his oils, too, is the *animation, the movement, the vibration of life*. He expresses no doubt, no fear, and there is love in every line. Few, indeed, appreciate and love the line as does this artist. In painting, as well as in sculpting, he reveals his own point of view. His choice of selection is always good. He generally has a great many figures in his pictures which are suggestive of life. These pictures are always well drawn and well composed, but in every touch there is a strong feeling for form. So, though he loves paint and brush, destiny has sealed his fate, he will win fame by the use of his thumb.

The thumb! That instrument of marvel—the sculptor's best tool. That organ by which the Omnipotent ordained man to be above all other creatures of the earth. By its use man creates beauty, plenty, convenience. No tool of manufacture can approach the hand, with its wonderful thumb in the perfection and delicacy of its work, nor in its multiplicity of uses. Foremost educators are beginning to learn that the highest training for power that the child can receive is through the intellectual use of the thumb.

Mr. Young is growing rapidly in breadth, and if he keeps up the strides he is now taking he will be apt to outstrip even the best of our Utah artists.—That time only will tell. We know what his gift is. It is his openness to quick inspiration. He sees in a flash what he



THE CHISELER.

should do. He does not need to grope for the light. His conception is strong. This power to see a thing as a whole in a flash enables him to keep his work simple, harmonious, and undivided in purpose. It has the quality of inspiration and feeling, rather than of thought and labor. Thought and labor are necessary, but should never be apparent. It is enough that the artist toils and sweats in his labor. It should look when finished as if it were a simple thing to do. We cannot forgive the artist who makes labored things, and we will borrow no trouble from him. He must do the work and leave us the repose or we will cast him into the rubbish

heap, with the other millions of mistakes.

Though Mr. Young's first impulse comes like a revelation, he is willing to spend years if necessary to work out his conception, but some of his best things are done at white heat and are accomplished within a few days.—This of course is where neither material nor time push themselves between him and his inspiration.

Finally be sure of one thing, that though you may enjoy your work, you are never so gloriously in love with what you are doing as this sculptor is in executing with his dexterous thumb and the clay, the revelation and the inspiration of his soul.

## Sing On.

*By Grace Ingles Frost.*

*Sing on, sweet birdling, sing on!  
Ah! sweet is thy springtime song.  
Art thou singing, singing to me  
About a wee nest in yon tree?*

*Thou singest of flower's and trees,  
Thy melody floats on the breeze,  
As lightly thou soarest on wing,  
Trilling thy blithe song of spring.*

*Sing, on, sweet birdling, sing on!  
The day grows bright with thy song,  
Ah! birdling that I too might be  
As thankful for springtime as thee.*

*Sing on, sweet birdling, sing on!  
And fill my heart with thy song,  
That I may sing praise unto God,  
As thou for awakening sod.*

# The Sixth Sense of the Blind.

*By Emma A. Riches.*

It may not be generally known that blind persons can move about in strange rooms and places with a remarkable degree of certainty and without coming into collision with anything. This is accomplished by the aid of an extra sense. One can call it a sixth, distance, or spiritual sense, but it seems that the Lord has mercy on those whose sight sense has been taken away, and gives to them another which partially replaces it. It is well known that bats can steer clear of obstacles in total darkness. In order to make sure that the sense of sight was not employed Spallanzani blinded some bats, and found that they flew about as confidently and surely as ever, without colliding with any obstruction. This experiment proved that warning of the presence of objects is received through some part of the surface of the body. In the case of blind persons, it was once thought that this warning was conveyed by sound waves reflected by the objects. This theory however is disproved by a simple experiment. When a blind man's ears are stopped completely, he can still detect the presence of objects to a certain extent and his distance sense remains, although it is somewhat diminished, which shows that the sense of distance is not identical with the sense of hearing.

One thing must be observed here, however, that not all blind people have this distance sense, and those few who do possess it, have it in varying degrees of keenness, the same as other senses are developed more or less keenly in ordinary per-

sons. Some blind persons locate this sense in and near the forehead, the sensation being rather vague, but somewhat resembles a light touch.

At the risk of appearing egotistical, I must talk about myself. For one thing I know more about myself than I do about anyone else and therefore trust I will be pardoned for these personal remarks. Being blind myself I understand these things better than one who has her sight.

Many times I have been moving about and unconsciously have stopped suddenly without any apparent cause. On putting my hand out, however, I have found that there was some obstacle about an inch from my face, and it was my distance or spiritual sense, which undoubtedly warned me of its proximity. There is one peculiar thing about this, however, and that is, that if I am thinking on this matter and saying to myself that I will be able to move quite safely, I generally come to grief, and it is only when I forget all about my blindness and move about without thinking that I am guarded and guided in this almost inexplicable manner. Another instance is when I get on a street car by myself, as I often do, I can locate a seat, passing by seats which are occupied without feeling, when I am not thinking of my lost sense, but if the conductor or anyone helps me, it takes away that ability.

There are many other things I could relate if space permitted, which all go to show that there is some shadowy substance, some-

thing immortal I think, which takes care of this body and allows it to come to no harm, when one of our senses is lost or numbed and we are unconscious of it. One case in particular comes to my mind. There was a blind friend of mine who visited a house which was isolated every week to give a music lesson, and he had to cross about half a dozen vacant lots in a diagonal direction, there being no beaten path. He enquired concerning the direction, counted the steps and made use of other methods to guide him, but never succeeded in going straight to the door, always floundering around more or less before doing so. But one day something happened which completely occupied his mind, and he started off for this house still worrying, and not thinking of his blindness; to his great surprise he went straight to the door of the house as easily as if he could see. This is strong proof of a sense of some kind that guides a blind person. Is it our spiritual eyes? I am inclined to think it is, although I cannot give a definition of same, but it is an unseen something which is developed more or less in the blind. I do not know how my views agree with theology, but I believe the body of flesh we have is a tabernacle for a spiritual body, which in turn surrounds the soul, unless the spiritual body is the soul. In any event we have the means whereby we can sense things other than by the use of our five senses, but this sixth power lays dormant unless called into action by the loss of one of our other senses. This may be a rather vague explanation, and I only wish it were possible for me to explain more fully, but it is a difficult subject to define. How-

ever, I know that a blind person can tell what another person looks like and imitate expressions and note certain oddities of features, which could only be ascertained by means of eyes of some kind, if not mortal, why not spiritual?

A blind lady once asked a friend to go to a certain house where the sightless person had visited only once before. The sighted lady was a complete stranger to the street. During their walk they engaged in animated conversation and quite forgot their object, until the blind lady stopped, pointed, and said, "I think that is where I want to go." It proved to be correct and her friend was astonished, and exclaimed in wonderment, "You blind have a power from God, for in no other way could you have located this place."

In Salt Lake City there is a girl who has been blind from her birth; if asked where she is, on Main Street, she can tell you exactly, although you may have tried to bewilder her, without her knowledge of course. In a certain store, she always puts out her hand and takes a fashion plate off a certain hook unerringly, without stopping, although she may have been wandering all over the store with her mother previously.

This is not a scientific explanation of the sixth sense, only the results of it, in fact it is admitted to be beyond such an explanation at present, and it is very likely will ever remain a mystery to a certain extent until we pass beyond the veil. Nevertheless, it is comforting to know that God, in His goodness, has provided a means whereby the blind are not entirely sightless in every way.



# Trudie's Farewell Party.

By *Elsie C. Carroll.*

It was an afternoon in the late summer that Trudie Zirbel, walking along the beach of Oyster Cove, thought of the afternoon two month's and a half before, when she had sat there dreaming the dreams which were already coming true. In one week she would start back to Newton, where she would attend school at the Academy the coming winter. The thing which had appeared so impossible only a short time since was coming to pass; just like a fairy story she told herself. And yet to-day she was conscious of a dull ache in her heart. She had not realized before how dear the little village, with its simple, kindly inmates had grown to her. She was thinking now, of how she had come there a homeless orphan, and now she was going away with a host of the truest friends. When it had seemed she must stay there always she had failed to appreciate the wealth one really has in simply the love of warm hearted friends. Now that the opportunity for which she had hoped so longingly, had presented itself, and, she was really going away—well, she wondered if, after all, there was not a great deal in the old saying, that "anticipation is better than realization."

Trudie had been a general favorite ever since she had come to the village, but since her heroic rescue of Grandma Schiller, the praising and petting she had received would have spoiled a less sensible girl. Old and young had rejoiced with her when she found the pearl,\* though they were loath to lose her, and they

knew well enough that her good fortune meant nothing else.

"It's nice to know they love me and will miss me anyhow," mused Trudie, as she walked slowly along. "And I believe they all do love me except Mildred, and I shall never forget them, never; and someday when I can do some good, I'm coming back."

"I had set my heart on winning Mildred," she went on to herself. "But I guess I shall have to give it up. I wonder why she dislikes me so? I suppose it is foolish to care so much, but I can't help it. I love every body myself and it hurts when the girl I would like so much for a friend treats me with such indifference. Grandma Schiller says she is jealous of me. The idea!" Trudie laughed at the mere suggestion. "Why she has everything and I nothing. She is pretty and clever, I am the plainest of the plain. She has parents, home and money, I have none of them."

For a few minutes she walked on, still wondering over her failure to reach the one person in all the village who was not her sincere friend. Then she chided herself. "Well, Trudie Zirbel, you are certainly the most unreasonable creature. Here you ought to be singing a song of gratitude every minute for the things you *have* and instead, you are wishing for something more.

Mildred was about Trudie's own age and was a bright, charming girl though she was inclined to be a trifle proud and to take the attention she naturally attracted as only her just deserts. Before the arrival of our little German friend at

\*See "Trudie's Glueck," in August JOURNAL, 1909.

the fishing village, "Miss Mildred" had held an unquestioned place in the esteem of the villagers to whom she was always kind and friendly, so perhaps it was no wonder that when she returned one spring, and found a rival in the regard and admiration of her friends that she should resent it. She was too young and inexperienced to see how foolish and unjust was the attitude she had taken. She had simply decided that she would not like the girl of whom everyone else seemed so unreasonably fond, and so had given Trudie no chance to win her regard.

Up at the "Cottage" as the Whitney home was called by the villagers, there was happy excitement this afternoon. Mr. Whitney, who was seldom with his family during the summer, had given them a surprise in his unexpected arrival. He had brought two of his nieces, Janet and Flora Barnes to visit a few weeks, until the Whitney's should return to the city for the opening of school.

"Where is Mildred, auntie?" asked the girls as soon as the first greetings were over.

"She took Gracie and went some where for a walk about an hour ago," answered Mrs. Whitney. "Dean," she asked her small son, "do you know where Mildred is?"

"I believe she went to the Lagoon," answered the boy. "I'll run and tell her."

"O, may we go too?" asked the cousins.

"Yes, do, if you are not too tired," answered their aunt. "But be back in half an hour for tea," and Dean started off with the two girls.

The lagoon was a comparatively shallow lake on one edge of the bay, some distance to the east of the village, where the young people of-

ten went rowing for pleasure. Here they kept always moored a number of light boats. This was one of Trudie's favorite haunts. She had no boat of her own, but often went out in her cousin Tom's or Henry Turner's. She was not an expert at the oars, but had learned to row with some skill.

This afternoon as Trudie walked on buried in thought, her steps turned half unconsciously to the lagoon. Suddenly she stopped, listening. "I'm sure I heard someone call," she said shading her eyes to look out over the water. "Yes, there is a boat. Why, I do believe it's Mildred Whitney in the 'Daisy' and it is leaking. I wonder if she didn't know it was condemned? And great heavens, she has baby Gracie with her. She is dipping water with her hat and is calling for help." All this Trudie took in at the first glance. Common sense told her the danger was imminent and that something must be done at once. She looked about frantically but no one was in sight. She knew if she went to the village for help it would be too late. The girl was no coward so she did not hesitate after fully taking in the situation, but summoning all her strength and courage she loosened her cousin's skiff and pushed resolutely off to save the girl who had ignored her.

As soon as Mildred saw her rescuer she dropped her hat in relief and snatching up her baby sister burst into hysterical tears. The boat was filling rapidly and was already beginning to sink. Trudie was doing her best but knew it would take her at least ten minutes longer to reach the boat. Unless Mildred kept on dipping she would be too late. With a wild prayer in her heart she called out, "I'm com-

ing, Mildred, but keep on dipping. Dip for your lives." Mildred tried to obey, but Gracie clung to her neck in fear, and she could do very little. Slowly, but surely, the boat was going down, down. Trudie saw it with sickening terror. She was straining every nerve and muscle to the utmost, but there was still some distance to be made and she did not know how long she could hold out. Suddenly there was a wild scream from Mildred. Evidently she had just perceived how great was their peril.

"O, God, we are lost," she cried, frantically. "Save Gracie! Save Gracie!" she called out in desperation, and with horror Trudie saw that she was preparing to leap from the boat toward her.

"Don't!" she cried, and not daring to look to see if her command was obeyed she pushed on with one last mighty effort and reached the sinking skiff just in time to take the child which Mildred held out to her, and to drag the half-fainting Mildred herself in after.

Dean and his cousins reached the beach just as the rescued party came to the shore.

"Why, what has happened, Milly?" asked the boy, as his sister, white and dripping, stepped from the boat and handed Gracie to him.

"Everything," was the answer and "O, Dean, if it hadn't been for Trudie, Gracie and I would both be at the bottom of the lake now. Can you forgive me for being so horrid to you?" she turned to Trudie, and throwing both arms about her began to sob. "You are the best and bravest girl in the world and I don't wonder that every one loves you."

Trudie answered that she had done no more than anyone else would have done, but there were

happy tears in her own eyes for she knew she had won a friend.

And that is what led up to the farewell party. Mr. and Mrs. Whitney had shown their gratitude to Trudie in many ways. They had even tried to persuade her to give up going to Newton, and instead to return with them to their city home and attend school with Mildred. This she would not do, because she enjoyed her new feeling of independence and there were also old attachments calling her back to the home of her childhood. But she knew the Whitneys were now her life-long friends, and that made her very happy.

Now that Mildred was won, Trudie had no more loyal nor devoted friend. "Mamma," she said to Mrs. Whitney, one day, "as Trudie can not be coaxed into going home with us, I simply must do something nice for her here. Something very nice, mamma, that will make her happy and something that she will always remember with pleasure. Can't you help me think?"

After a few moments thought Mrs. Whitney said, "As Trudie is such a favorite and is going away in a few days, how would you like to give her a farewell party and invite all the villagers?"

"O, you dearest Mother!" cried Mildred in delight. "That is just the thing. Why didn't I think of it? I must go and hunt the girls, and we'll begin preparations at once. I know what we'll do. We'll call it a 'forget-me-not shower,' and ask every one to bring some little keepsake for her," giving her mother a grateful little hug, Mildred danced out of the room to find her cousins.

Invitations to the party caused unusual excitement in the village. It was to be an event the like of

which was not yet recorded in the history of Oyster Cove. And such a searching up of old treasures and such a manufacturing of new ones, for nothing seemed quite good enough for "the dear child," and for the wonderful occasion.

The evening of the party came, and with it perhaps the most composite group of guests and presents that ever graced a shower. There was Grandma Schiller with a brand new calico quilt top pieced in the log cabin pattern by her own trembling old fingers. Joel Turner brought a basket of wonderful shells, and Jake Hansen a collection of curious fish. The Jones girls brought beautiful necklaces they had made themselves; Mary Ashston's offering was an old tea-set, which had been her grandmother's wedding gift; Zeb Dixon and his wife gave her a shawl they had brought from a "big store in the city;" the Dillion twins offered an old straw hat full of colored birds eggs; while old Aunt Sally Jeffries, who was too lame to come, sent a little white kitten, one of her own cherished Snowball's priceless offspring. There were sofa cushions, lamp-mats, wax flowers, plaster of paris statues, and a great variety of other curious, useless things besides a few good sensible presents. But Trudie received each loving offering with a happy, grateful heart, for each one was invaluable as a part of its loyal giver.

There were merry games, and music, and stories and laughter, and even a few good old fashioned dances out in the long dining room, all in the course of the evening. Then refreshments, such as few of those simple country folk had ever seen, and later the happy good nights and goodbyes with warm hand clasps and brimming eyes, and

best of all, a pleasant spot hoarded up in every memory to be turned back to and lived over time and time again.

As Trudie bade the Whitneys good-night and turned to accompany her cousin's family she was joined by Henry Turner, who awkwardly asked to walk home with her. Trudie granted him permission, and they walked on a short distance behind the others.

For a moment there was unbroken silence, then Trudie said, by way of conversation, "Everyone had a lovely time, didn't they? I shall never forget it, nor all of the dear friends who were there."

"I guess they all gave you something to remember 'em by, but me," said Henry, awkwardly.

"I need nothing to remind me of my friends," answered the girl. "I shall never forget one soul in Oyster Cove as long as I live. You have all been so kind to me."

"I didn't forget my 'forget-me-not' anyhow," said Henry, speaking with less hesitation than he usually did when addressing Trudie.

"I want you to have this," and he slipped something into Trudie's hand. "It is a locket that was my mother's. It is all I have that belonged to her, but I want to give it to you, because you have done some things for me that my mother would have done. If she had lived she would have made me want to be a man; to get out into the world and find my place in it and do my part. She would have awakened in me my better self, and taught me to think and hope and pray, and live the best life God has made it possible for me to live. My mother died when I was a baby, but you have made me feel some of those things. Oh, I know you did not know it, but you did it



all the same, and I'm going to be something someday, because somehow you have made me feel that I can and must." They had reached Trudie's home now. Henry had spoken rapidly in a strange, unnatural voice. Trudie felt the arm upon which her own rested tremble slightly in the boy's suppressed emotion. Her own heart was beating with a happy new thrill. "I'm so glad, Henry," was all she could say.

"I want to ask you to do one thing for me," Henry continued. "You will be doing it for my mother, too. Write to me sometimes

so I won't forget the things I've thought and dreamed about, and planned for. As soon as Uncle Joel will give his consent I'm coming to school, too, somewhere. But will you promise to write, Trudie?"

"I will, Henry, and I'll pray for you, too. That counts the most. You know 'Gott vergisst uns nicht' is the motto handed down to me from my father, and it never fails."

And so they said good-night and parted. Perhaps in each young soul was stealing the glow of the future dawn of love that would yet light up and warm life's fuller days.

## An Alphabet of Women.

*For why should men do all the deeds?*

IRENE (752-803) was a poor orphan girl of Athens, who is now sainted by the Greek church. Her beauty and talents won the heart of Emperor Leo. IV, and he married her. After his death she ruled for her young son. She was banished to Lesbos, (802) where she died.

All Americans should do honor to Isabella of Castile, (1451-1504) queen of Spain. She was a woman of beauty, and charm, proud and ambitious, with great strength of purpose and energy. She ruled jointly with Ferdinand, both names being on all court documents, and she was always present at council meetings. When Columbus vainly tried to convince the king and the wise men of the time, that his project was feasible, Isabella alone believed. "People on the other side of the world walking with their heads downward and heels up!" scoffed the wise men; "ships going half the way around? Sail up?"

Of course it was inconceivable! Poor Columbus! Ferdinand relied more upon his wise men than upon a lone, probably demented, insignificant adventurer. The sentence sounds simple, but what a world of sacrifice, of daring to risk, of breadth of understanding, and independence of spirit is in those words of Isabella:

"I pledge my jewels to raise the money."

Isabella of Castile is one of the greatest characters of history. Forceful and competent as Elizabeth, she was, in a depraved age, as good a woman as Queen Victoria. She approved the newly discovered art of printing and the first press in Spain was put up under her auspices. "Glory cannot be won without danger," she said. During years and years of campaigns she was present, advising, commanding, cheering her soldiers, rallying her weaker husband, looking after the welfare of the wounded. She was the first to appoint

regular military surgeons to follow the army, and be in attendance on the battlefield. She had a tent hospital fitted with all things necessary. Surgeons and hospitals she paid herself. Her interest in the lowest of her subjects was personal. Regardless of her own comfort, she traveled over her kingdom on horseback, holding courts of justice everywhere, and redressing wrong. Many were the hearts that blessed her. Out of chaos, came order and peace. The impetus she gave to literature, science, and learning speaks for itself in the years that followed. She was a devoted wife and mother, though Ferdinand was not so devoted a husband. The unjust treatment Columbus received after his achievement, was not due to Isabella. When she first became aware of it, she wept. In everything that he did of good she championed him. When he persisted in selling the people whom he had annexed in the name of Spain into slavery—a system that especially subjected the women to great indignity, she was righteously angry. But she herself fitted him for his fourth expedition.

An awful blot upon this glorious reign was the founding of the inhuman Spanish Inquisition. Isabella, though a devout Roman Catholic and anxious to further the interests of the church as much as possible, was a sympathetic and soft-hearted woman, singularly so for her masculine strength, and she opposed the plan. However, Ferdinand and the cardinals were against her. But doubtless had she foreseen the terrible cruelty that was to grow from this hideous institution, she would have fought against it with all her strength.

Another fair lady of drama and story was Inez of Castile. She was

secretly married to Don Pedro, a prince of Portugal, son of Alfonso IV. When the king found it out, he was so enraged that he ordered her killed. When Don Pedro came to the throne, two years later, he had the body of Inez exhumed, and he crowned it.

JEAN INGELow (1830-1897) had written novels, but she is most popular through her poems and delightful, fanciful tales for children.

Her father was a banker of Noston, Lincolnshire, England, in which town she was born. Her life was uneventful and happy. She early showed a poetic temperament. One of the unusual things that showed was when she filled her apron full of pebbles and carried them to a place farther on, explaining that the poor things must be dreadfully tired of lying in one spot and staring up into the sky. She published her first book at twenty. Some of her poems are undoubtedly dry, but others are exceedingly musical and original as to form. "Hightide on the Coast of Lincolnshire"—

"I shall never see her more  
By the reedy Linde's shore,  
'Cusha, cusha, cusha,' calling,  
E'er the early the early dews be falling  
I shall never see her more  
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,  
Shiver, quiver,  
Stand beside the sobbing river,  
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,  
To the sandy, lonesome shore;  
I shall never hear her calling, \* \* \*  
"Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe  
Lightfoot \* \* \*  
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

The "Swan's nest among the reeds," and the "Songs of Seven"—

"I wait for my story, the birds cannot sing it,  
Not one as he sits on the tree;  
The bells cannot ring, but long years,  
oh, bring it,  
Just as I wish it to be."

are among her best poems.

# Cheerfulness.

Extracts from a paper read before the Relief Society of Forest Dale by Mrs. Jennie Tanner.

"It is easy enough to be pleasant  
When life flows along like a song,  
But the man worth while, is the man  
who will smile,

When everything goes dead wrong.  
For the test of the heart is trouble.

And it always comes with the years;  
And the smile that is worth the price of  
the earth,

Is the smile that comes through tears."

Cheerfulness enters into every part of our lives. We need it for our physical well-being. It enlivens the mind and is helpful in religion. It is one of those beautiful qualities of life with which our Maker has endowed us. We must cultivate it if we would enjoy its fruits, and the fruits of cheerfulness, like other fruits, become more delicious the more they are cultivated.

Cheerfulness is not merely a passing effort to be happy; it is not something that comes to lift us up and let us down. It is an abiding quality of life which gives us hope in the midst of doubt, which makes all kinds of suffering more easily borne; indeed, I think it quite possible so to fill our lives with good cheer that it may predominate over all those unhappy experiences which trouble us all along through life. The cheerfulness of today is stored away in our souls to help us in after years. We should then cultivate its presence when we can.

There are times when it is easy to be cheerful, when it requires little or no effort. Such opportunities should not be lost. We should make of them all we can, and like the plant, gather up sunshine while it lasts, store it away in the innermost recesses of our hearts and en-

joy its life-giving powers when the clouds obscure the orb of day and the shades of night fall around us.

When we stop to examine our lives carefully, we discover that very frequently our happiness depends more upon what we are, what is within us than what happens to us. What we therefore do for ourselves should determine more than anything else in the world the real quality of our lives. If our lives have been stored with the sunshine of cheerfulness, it illuminates everything we look upon. Personal grievances, real or imaginary offenses that come to us from others are not half so dark and forbidding when they enter a cheerful soul. I think then it is our duty to cultivate cheerfulness when we can; when the circumstances are favorable, for there are hours in our lives in which trial and temptation await us; and if no cheerfulness has been stored away within us, we cannot bring to our command its beautiful influence in overcoming evil.

People may almost be classified into two sorts. There are those in whose life the spirit of good cheer predominates, and there are those who join the ranks of those who are full of misgivings and fear. There are the "light eyes and the dark eyes." If we all belonged to the former class this would be a happier and a better world.

I am reminded of something I read the other day where a man, supposed to be dying, had sent for his relatives to attend his death bed. Among those who came was a chum of his childhood days who so interested the sick man with the cheerful and happy stories of their

childhood days that the sick man forgot to die and got better.

It is interesting to read what foreigners say of us, the American people. They have learned through the centuries that a part of the business of life is to gather its joys and its sunshine with which to make life more beautiful with each passing year. Sometime ago it was said that the American people borrowed more money from the great financial centers than any other people in the world. It is now said that we borrow more trouble. A distinguished traveler once said about us: "There is every where comfort but no joy." A French lady in visiting New York, said: "Every man we meet looks as if he had gone out to borrow trouble, with plenty of it on hand."

Someone will say, how can I be cheerful when I have so much to make me unhappy and sad. The truth is, there is a limit to the capacity of the human heart. It can hold only about so much. Fill it as full as you can of good cheer and there is little room left in it for sorrow. Sorrow may linger for a time on the outside; but if it has no hospitable abode within, it will not long remain, and cheerfulness will bid it a smiling goodbye.

It is often said, and with much truth, that it is the peculiar mission of woman not only to be cheerful herself, but to bring the comforting influence of cheerfulness into the lives of others. Washington Irving writes:

"The fortitude with which woman sustains the most overwhelming reverses of fortune, those disasters which break down the spirit of man and prostrate him in the dust seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character that at times it approaches sublimity."

We should fill the home with sunshine, make it a place of joy so that all who enter it may do so with the expectation of meeting there a spirit of good cheer. There must be more cheerfulness in the home than in the club-room, more joy about our personality than can be found in the personalities of men and women along the roadside of life, if we in the home shall win and win triumphantly. If it is our peculiar mission in the world, and I believe it is, to fill the lives of others, and especially those dependent upon it with a spirit of good cheer, then that quality of life must be abundant within us.

A sudden burst of sun yon snow ridge frets,  
In slow retreat yon scowling cloud doth move;  
April, that bringeth last year's violets,  
Can't thou bring last year's love?

—Kate Thomas.



# Value of the Bible and Other Books.

*By Grace Zenor Robertson.*

Often I wonder if those of our girls who long for education, and are denied this blessing, realize the influence which good books may have upon their lives; that through this medium, one may gain a knowledge of countries, customs, history, and best of all, of character.

We, who are not permitted to visit other lands or to mingle with many people, would doubtless, grow very narrow minded in this little world of our own were it not for the inspiring aid of books.

Some of our best authors are especially gifted in the art of portraying character, and bring us so closely in touch with the people of their imagination, we feel a new acquaintance established. We feel to sorrow and rejoice with them; we have more sympathy for human faults; more love for the good, true, and beautiful, more love for all the world.

Most young people, very early in life, form a taste for reading, and if not wise in the choosing of their books very often turn to those most easily obtained—the lower class of fiction. Many a young girl has been led away by just such books as Bertha M. Clay's, "A Mad Love," "The World Well Lost For Love," etc., and I believe that many boys have forgotten their noble aims, and ambitions through Diamond Dick stories and others of like nature.

There are so many good clean books lying all about us. We have Dickens, Scott, Eliot, and so many other bright men and women of other days and of today, whose words inspire us with action, mak-

ing us feel that in this mighty world there is something for us to do, and giving us courage to attempt it. There are the poets, too, who teach us to see the beauty of the world, and from whose lips have fallen some of the sweetest thoughts ever uttered. These men and women who have done so much good for humanity, were and are inspired of God, as surely as were the ancient prophets of Israel.

Should a girl come to us asking us to advise her concerning certain books, and we should render that service by requesting her to go home and read her Bible, I scarcely think she would feel very enthusiastic. No doubt for her there would be no thread of romance in the whole sacred volume. I would not advise that we make this recommendation altogether for the mind as well as the body needs recreation, therefore fiction is very necessary, but I do wish for the time to come when all may appreciate the beauty of language and teachings recorded in the Bible.

We all, perhaps, know something concerning the creation of the world; we have read of the pilgrimage of the children of Israel—know something of Daniel—and are no doubt fairly well acquainted with the New Testament, but have we fully appreciated the sublime lessons of faith, its wondrous truths, and apart from all this—the most beautiful stories ever given to the world, and poems which have served as models for hundreds of years?

Does it not inspire one with courage and faith to read of that

triumphant exodus of Israel from the midst of their enemies—when the cloud overshadowed them by day and the pillar of fire by night—and at last—their song of gratitude and praise, which they sang with cymbals—"Sing ye to the Lord for He hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea!"

There is the sweet story of David, the shepherd king, who watched his father's flocks near Bethlehem, who, in his youth and innocence and all humility, was made the ruler of that mighty nation—Israel. The hours he spent alone among the sheep-cotes—in the hills and by the streams, brought him near to nature and to nature's God. In his psalms or poems of later years he gives expression of his love for God's handiwork, and through these same expressions makes known deeper and more spiritual things. David is best known as the "Sweet Singer of Israel." One of his most widely known poems is the twenty-third psalm, and to read the simple, yet melodious lines, gives one the spirit of faith and rest.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want;  
He<sup>e</sup> maketh me to lie down in green pastures,  
He leadeth me beside the still waters,  
He restoreth my soul.

\* \* \* \* \*

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,  
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

The story of Job is matchless showing forth in sublime language the great lessons of faith and patience, and the spoken words which have brought comfort to thousands of aching hearts. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

The "Song of Solomon" when rightly understood is what we are apt to term "a real love story." The heroine, a mountain maid in the vineyards of Lebanon, though offered luxury, flattery, and earthly fame, refuses all and remains true to her humble lover, to whom she is betrothed. The story closes as the lovers are reunited, and together sing their marriage song:

"Many waters cannot quench love—  
Neither can the floods drown it;  
If a man should offer all the substance  
of his house,  
For a woman's love, it would utterly  
be 'contemned.'"

Last of all we have the "sweetest story ever told," that of the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem. Though told for centuries in every land, by every tongue and people it has never grown old. Whenever or wherever we may hear this wondrous story, we fancy still we see the white-walled town among Judean hills, and shepherds listening to the angel's song of glory. We fancy still we see the lowly stable and the young child in the arms of his sweet mother, Mary.

All these great stories are immortal; they can never die. They have brought joy and courage to many human souls and will, as long as time shall last. Let us then learn to love the Bible, the greatest of all books, and to treasure up its precious truths.

The Book of Mormon is in many ways more perfect than the Bible, so with these two great books to guide us in a spiritual way, and all other good books to teach us of the world and of our fellow men, we may be able to accomplish more good in the world than we now dream. Though we may have neither wealth nor social position, yet in quiet ways may we do all

that which God requires at our hands.

By both ancient and modern prophets have we been told to search for treasures of knowledge.

That "wisdom is better than riches," and "whatsoever knowledge we attain unto in this life shall rise with us in the resurrection."

## Listening to the Rain.

*By Henry W. Naisbitt.*

I listen, listen, listen,  
 To the music soft and sweet,  
 'Tis the patter of the raindrops,  
 Tinkling as 'twere tiny feet,  
 On the violet leaves they glisten,  
 Pearls of beauty as they seem,  
 And each bough and twig is shining,  
 Washed as 'twere in fairies' dream!

I listen, still I listen,  
 Hear the mellow music ring,  
 'Tis the first shower of the season,  
 Precious harbinger of spring  
 And the dry earth laughs while drinking  
 Nature's pulses waking start,  
 As in unison I utter  
 Music stirring in the heart!

Now I listen—raindrops gone  
 And their music is no more,  
 But I mark the incense rising,  
 Unto Heaven I see it soar,  
 As if gratitude were seemly  
 From each bud, and living sod  
 To the Maker and the Owner,  
 Man in reverence whispers—"God!"

If I listen longer, silence  
 Is the music of a prayer,  
 As the sunshine sifts in splendor  
 Through the balmy sweetened air  
 So when raindrops—sorrow falleth  
 On that heart which longs for spring  
 Sunshine falls to make its verdure  
 Then it bows and owns its King!

# “Hold Fast to That Which is Good!”

*By Sara Whalen Talmage.*

## Article 8:

“We believe the Bible to be the word of God as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.”

The Latter-day Saints have been accused many times, by those not of their faith, of not believing in the Bible. No doubt the idea has grown from the article in question, and we can readily understand from the standpoint of those not conversant with our principles, that the accusation, although not well-founded, may still have a lodgment in the minds of people who have not given our doctrines much consideration, or study.

A strong testimony of the truth of Article 8, has been borne in upon the author through a circumstance, which happened recently in one of the meetings of the Mutual Improvement Association. The young ladies were discussing the parable of the great supper, which is found in Luke, chapter 14, and while comprehending the truth of the parable, and its application to the Church, there were several points in the beautiful illustration which were not quite clear to them.

Christ, who spoke so often in parables, and whose words sank deep into the minds of His hearers, who loved to listen to Him and who understood Him so well through this very means of communication, no doubt chose His words that they might have deep significance, but the translators of modern times, although using perfectly correct English, sometimes employ a term which may be taken according to different interpretations; hence it might be said that the Bible is not

translated as accurately as possible, and the Latter-day Saints have their Article of Faith well grounded, when it says—“We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly.”

The members of the class discussed the subject point by point, with a clear understanding that the doors of the Church were open to all, who chose to enter, that the feast of wisdom had been spread, but many, many had made excuses that they could not join in the repast.

They understood that the Master of the house in righteous indignation sent to have “the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind” brought in. They knew that the Church was open to all, and when the servant replied to his Master that the poor and afflicted had been brought in, the members of the class realized the truth of the statement, for they understood that, as a rule, more poor people accept the gospel than wealthy ones.

But when they took up the discussion where the Master of the house said to his servant: “Go out into the highway and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled,” one of the young ladies, filled with the spirit of the gospel as so many of the Latter-day Saints are, ventured the statement, “I thought no one was *compelled* to come into the Church.”

Before the discussion could be continued on this subject, the time for dismissal had arrived, and, consequently, no more explanation could be entered into that evening, but the teacher, pursuing her way



home "pondered on the question, and knowing that the word "compel" is derived from two Latin words, meaning "to drive together," thought that the original signification might be to gather together, rather than to force. In other words to do as our missionaries are doing today, that is following the injunction as given in the parable, and gathering the people in from the highways and byways.

By consulting the Standard Dictionary the following definition, among several others, was found:

"4. To drive together, unite by force; in a company; herd."

And the Century Dictionary is almost identical in its interpretation of the word:

"4 To drive together, unite by force; gather in a crowd or company; herd."

According to Webster's Dictionary, the poet Spenser used the word "compel" as meaning "to call forth," which is certainly poetic, if it is unusual in our day.

"Gather in a company." How suggestive of what the Elders are doing to-day. What are our missionaries doing but that?

At the following session of the class, the different significations of the word "compel" were explained, and the missionary work of gathering the people into the Church was accepted as a complete answer to the question.

On one occasion, in a class of Sunday School teachers, the question arose in regard to the interpretation of the word "generation."

The members of the class were studying from Matthew, chapter xxiv, and the discussion arose, on the meaning of the word "generation" in the thirty-fourth verse.

The leader of the class stated that the word "generation" meant

kind, or class of people, and the question was put whether this kind of people *would* pass away, till all these things be fulfilled, when, instantly, one of the young men replied, "No, and they are not likely to pass away."

Referring again to the Standard Dictionary, the following meaning of the word "generation" is found:

"6. Race, or family; stock, or breed; kind; class."

And the Century Dictionary contains the following:

"8. Family; race; kind; by extension any allied or associated group of persons; a class."

And to show that the word "generation" is used according to different interpretations by the translators, we have only to turn to the Bible in Matthew 1:1, where we find the following:

"The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham."

Probably instance after instance might be given to show wherein we interpret the meaning of the biblical lore differently from many others, but it all the more strongly goes to prove the truth and force of our eighth article of faith. And while some of our young people may be impelled hither and thither by "every wind of doctrine," let them take heed to study carefully the interpretations of our belief and they will be led to see the truth more clearly and to follow it.

Let them cease not from their labor of investigation, let them weigh every word and the testimony of it, that they may not be drawn from the truth of the gospel message. In other words, let them follow the injunction given by Paul to the Thessalonians, 5:24: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

# Nightfall in Mariposa Grove.

*By Alfred Lambourne.*

A full moon rode in a cloudless sky and threw its white light upon the waters of the Rio de la Merced, and upon the dark wall of the surrounding woods, as our lumbering stage-coach drew up at the Wawona Station, after a long day's drive toward the Big Tree Grove of Mariposa. As a boy I had, in thought, all but worshiped those trees, and now I tried to roll backward the years, to again feel the youthful wonder and incredulity; to realize that in a few hours more, I should behold them with my own eyes, stand in their huge shadows, and listen to the mountain winds drawing a solemn melody from out their ancient boughs.

In my mind were thoughts of the great redwoods. I wanted to see the Grizzley Giant, Hercules, the Guardians, the Hermit, and many another. I wanted to look through the long tunnel of the prostrate Father of the Forest, up Pluto's Chimney, the great tree whose core was burnt out centuries ago, and through The Telescope, and see the stars at noon-day as from the bottom of a deep-sunk well. I wanted to see the mighty trees, those that yet stand and those that lie prone, and amid which, a remnant of his tribe, wanders the decrepit and bewildered Mariposa.

Well, off we sped at last for the Big Tree Grove; our spirits are attuned for surprise and wonder. A bright, sparkling morning, a bracing air, and sun arrows of steel-gray light shot into every corner of the bosky wood. So massive, ere we had gone far, were the trunks of the trees, so lofty their stature, that

we began to think ourselves among the famous ones at last. But our coachman only smiled sarcastically and answered jerkily to our further inquiry: "Wait awhile, wait awhile." We had grown half tired with expectation (though at every foot of the road were passed wonders of vegetable growth). There was no mistaking them this time; those monarchs surely were the culmination of our quest.

One by one we passed them by—those hoary chronicles of departed time. Whichever way we turned, our eyes were greeted with a sight of one or more of this concourse of giants. The sight was a marvelous one, and we gazed in astonishment at the huge old trunks and massive limbs, trees in themselves holding aloft a tremendous weight of dusky foliage. Their bark has a red, burnt-sienna tinge, and in many instances the yellow lichen so prevalent in the Sierra Nevada covers a large portion of their trunks and limbs. The effect is superb. When we are at such points in the grove as bring a number of the great trees into one view, it is, indeed, like standing in the nave of some majestic cathedral. The ground on which they stand rises and falls in broken hillocks, and one of the finest scenes in the grove was first to meet our gaze; this was where a murmuring stream comes down a shallow glen, and two of the mighty trees mingle their foliage above it, the waters of the stream keeping eternally green, the moss and ferns at their feet.

Men of science, statesmen, warriors, heroes of Indian lore, have furnished names for the more im-

portant trees, and they, in return for the loan, in many cases, have rescued for a few more years at least, the memory of those whose deeds are beginning to fade already into the mists of oblivion.

When the first feeling of astonishment of their enormous size has passed away, and we begin calmly to realize how venerable they are, how many years have gone to their building, then it is that we begin to appreciate the sight. There they stood, those mighty trees, when Herodotus, "visiting all the chief places of Greece and Asia Minor, traveled in Thrace and Scythia, explored Egypt, went to Tyre, and through Phœnicia and Palestine, made his way into Babylon." Since their green fronds first peeped above the ground, what changes have come to mankind! Old faiths have died and new ones taken their place. The worship of Apis has ceased; the Ibis and crocodiles of the Nile are no longer sacred. The gods of Olympus have been dethroned; Venus, Pallas, Mars, even Jove himself, have faded away before a new dispensation. Jesus of Nazareth, born in a manger, brought to these world tidings of peace and great joy. Since the growth of those outer rings of wood. Mahomet lived his strange life of visions, of toil and blood, to mould the faith of millions. For full five hundred years some of them had stood when Aristotle wrote all that was known in his time of the British Isles: "Beyond the pillars of Hercules are two islands, which are very large, Albine and Irene, called the Britannic." Almost as now they stand, they stood when Arthur founded his Round Table, while Venice, Daugh-

ter of the Sea, rose from the rush-covered islands of the Adriatic, while she grew strong to crush the power of the Turk at Lepanto, and afterwards spread the sails of her Argosies on every sea. Thus they stood while Florence lived through her short reign of power and glory; and as the Moors built the fairy towers of the Alhambra, that now for four hundred years have stood desolate on the Hill of Darro. Since they have grown old the noblest achievements of our race have been done. There they have stood while war, superstition, ambition, dreams of liberty, have swayed the hearts of men, and a better civilization been evolved from the decay of ancient faiths and empires.

As the sun stoops low in the west and the evening dusk steals through the grove, we grow strangely quiet; do not care to talk to or to ask questions of our guide; do not care to know the name of this tree or that, but would rather listen to the whispering voices in the tree-tops far above, and watch the deepening of the red beams of twilight. The solemn presence of this last of a race is exerting its power over us. How brief the sum of days allotted to human life; How like a meteor in the night, that glows and is gone, man's troubled existence! Here where we see those long-living products of nature's fertility lie mouldering and dead, yielding at last to the inevitable law of decay, how forcibly we are made to feel the truth of Lord Bacon's couplet:

"Who then to frail mortality shall trust,  
But limns in water, or but writes in  
dust."



# GIRL · QUERIES

*Conducted by Catherine Hurst.*

*Address all communications in this department to Question Box,  
Bishop's Building, 40 N. Main St.*

Will you kindly tell me how to conduct a linen or china shower? Is it proper for a girl to give her intended sister-in-law one?—L. M. B.

It is quite proper to give a linen or china shower to one's intended sister-in-law. The usual way of conducting such is to invite the intimate friends of the bride to be, to one's home; each brings a piece of linen or china for the honored guest. Light refreshments can be served and any amusing games indulged in. At one shower I attended each girl was asked to bring a recipe in connection with her present. The girl giving the shower had a blank recipe book with the bride elect's name inscribed thereon, and all the girls wrote their recipes in this book over their signatures. Some of them were given in poetry, some in blank verse. Many were quite witty and funny, all were excellent recipes, however. Much merriment was caused while reading them. Other showers for variety are kitchen, parcel, and handkerchief.

Is it wrong to play cards or pit, if played in a social way at home? If so, why?—Winnie.

The members of the General Boards of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. decided some years ago to discourage card-playing among the young. Many reasons for so doing were given by the Church authorities. Space will not permit of recounting them all. Cards being a very fascinating game, it has a tendency to cause many young people to play way into the night, thus losing their proper rest; also to neglect their duties and waste much valuable time. If played "at home" as you suggest, naturally when away from home, if invited to play, one would hardly refuse, and many young people are apt to make more than an amusing game out of it. Pit was not

included in this resolution, as it is an entirely different game.

Will you please tell me when "wireless telegraphy" was first used?—M. W. B.

In April 1899. Signor Marconi, an Italian inventor, transmitted wireless messages across the channel from France to England, a distance of 32 miles; and in September following he came to New York to report, by his system of wireless telegraphy, the International Yacht Race.

Suitable apparatus was located aboard two steamships which followed the yachts, and receiving stations were placed, one on the cable ship Mackay-Bennett, anchored near Sandy Hook flagship, and the other on the shore of the Highlands of Navesink, where bulletins were received on the Morse tape recorder. They were thus translated and telegraphed to New York City over the sub-marine cable, the end of which was connected with telegraph instruments aboard the Mackay-Bennett. The results were very satisfactory.

Is the JOURNAL agent a ward officer? If so should she not be invited to attend the officers' meeting?—One of the Older Girls.

Yes, she is an officer, and can attend the officer's meetings if she so desires. In reply to your other questions, the conditions you mention ought not to exist. It has been, and is today, quite a problem—the relationship of employer and employee—much has been said and written on this subject; but as yet there has been no general result satisfactory to both parties. A great deal depends on each person concerned; and after all we are only human. We all need charity in its truest sense.



# OUR GIRLS.

## The Star Boarder.

*By Ida Stewart Peay.*

The late September sun had disappeared behind the low hills that skirted the little college town, when three neatly dressed young women were seen hurrying from the college homeward. As they passed a busy street corner a well-known loafer, watching them critically, remarked in a stage whisper to his companion:

"Them Hogan girls take to work like ducklings to water, I'm told."

"Yep," drawled the other gossip, "beats the duce."

The girls overheard, and laughingly related the incident to their mother and sister when they reached home.

It did not occupy their minds for long, however, as Mrs. Hogan was anxious to know how the girls liked school and their new duties, and the girls were equally interested in hearing how their mother and Mary had managed with the boarders.

The sad and interesting drama of the absolute failure and untimely death of the village millionaire, Mr. Hogan, had but recently been enacted, and the community was curious to know what the widow and the four grown daughters would do to support themselves.

The way they adjusted themselves to the new condition was a surprise to everyone. They all had to work very hard, but not one of them acted as though that was anything but proper, and never did they refer with or without sighs to "before we failed."

After the palatial residence was turned over to the creditors, Mrs. Hogan rented a large old boarding-house near the college, and began to make their living.

In the fall, when school opened, the mother, though without funds, was determined to get some of the girls in college. The young ladies understood the situation and promised to do most anything to get a few years more with their studies that they might the better keep their mother later on.

Finally, after much worry, talk, and a few tears from the overwrought parent, they all decided that the only thing left to do was to see the college president and ascertain if there was anything that either of them could do at school to pay their way.

Mrs. Hogan herself performed the mission in a quiet dignified way. The president was surprised at her proposals, but did not say so, he acquiesced kindly and did more than she expected, offering a small salary, where she had only expected a tuition. He showed her every courtesy. His heart ached for her apparent misfortune and rejoiced at her pluck. "The girls will have to have a share of it to carry her plans out," was his inward comment.

Mrs. Hogan went home full of hope, but with a sting of excusable sadness.

She divulged her plan for Kitty who was sixteen and as roguish and frolicsome as she was pretty.

"I have arranged," she told her, "for you to keep clean and in order the President's Building, the service will a little more than pay your tuition. It's hard lines, Kitty, for one who has been brought up as you have been, but—"

"Oh, not half bad," interrupted Kitty, cheerfully. "I'm doing well to get to school at all this year. Indeed, mother mine, I think you did well. I'll be the best little janitress I know how to be, and no one will ever think any the less of me for that." And so it proved.

Bessie was next advised of her duties, which were much more easily told. She had studied stenography and typewriting and was to be the president's secretary with sufficient salary to dress on. Bessie declared that a snap and voted her mother a diplomat to have secured such a fine job for so lame a student as herself. Mrs. Hogan's face beamed with an awakening pride and happiness.

"Such girls," was all she could say.

There was enough money for Clarice who was to graduate and would need all the time for her studies. But Clarice was sad to think she must use it and wished she could earn her own way, too.

"And what about Maryland," asked the irreverent Kit, nick-naming her pet sister. "I suppose she has finished her education" (this with fine scorn.) Then she caught the slender Mary around the waist, swinging her off her feet.

"No, sister dear, you shall not stay home and drudge," she declared, "while the rest of us refresh ourselves at the fountain of knowledge, no indeed, I'll scrub the whole college first," and she made accompanying jestures to her words.

They all laughed at her antics

and declared that they must make some provision for Mary.

"No," said that young lady, emphatically, "there is no possible way for me to go, any way, mother could not do all the work for the boarders, and we cannot hire it done, as Kitty suggested, I've finished my education, so there is an end to it. Dear little mother, you have managed gloriously, we are all arranged for without a ripple of disappointment."

Mrs. Hogan's lips twitched with an odd smile while she suppressed her tears to say again, "Oh, such girls, your uncomplaining and cheerful spirits almost make me cry with joy."

The first day of school had come and gone, and after supper this family gathered in the little Madre's room to talk things over.

"Well, how did the boarders behave?" asked Kitty.

"Oh, Mary and I got along famously," laughed Mrs. Hogan. "But how did my baby like her work?" she asked gently stealing her arm lovingly around her youngest child.

"Oh, I haven't started on my labor yet, but still, I have had a strenuous day," heaved poor little Kitty. They all turned enquiring glances at her.

"Why, how so?"

"Well, you see," she explained, "I had to learn the names of all the new boys, but," with a sigh of relief, "I believe I accomplished it."

"I am glad my little girl is so bright," laughed her mother.

"Well," said Bessie, "I had an introduction to the most handsome man in the institution, the new professor in agriculture, Mr. Easton.

"Oh," groaned Kit, with envy, "that is the advantage of being the president's secretary. Isn't he perfectly lovely."

"I thought you were not going to use any more slang," reproved Mrs. Hogan.

"He is certainly handsome though, isn't he, Clarice?" asked Bessie.

"Every one seems to admire him," admitted the proper Clarice.

After they had talked over all the more weighty matters, Mary hurried back down to the kitchen to finish her work, and good-hearted little Kitty went down to help her. They exchanged confidences in true sisterly manner, and the little 'girlie,' as Mary called her, couldn't help reverting back to the new professor. "If you could only meet that handsome professor it would not be so bad if you could not go to school," was the last thing she said before retiring that night.

A week later the three girls received a bit of news from their mother that delighted them all, and they ran into the parlor to tell Mary.

"Oh, Mary," they all cried in a breath, "the sweetest man is coming here to board, it's Mr. Easton, the professor in agriculture, he's just grand, all the girls at school are in love with him already."

"Indeed," said Mary, with no apparent interest.

"Well, you haven't seen him or you would not be so calm."

"And what if I have?" teased Mary.

"Have you really seen him? When? Mother said he wasn't coming until tomorrow, don't you think he is lovely?" cried Kitty, enthusiastically.

"Lovely, not hardly lovely," laughed Mary, "why his hair is as red as mine, and his eyes—"

"Red as yours," echoed Kitty,

contemptuously. "Yours is as yellow as golden rod, while his is brown with auburn tints, and his eyes are a fashionable dull slate—"

"A—hem," said a man's voice, and in the doorway stood the new boarder, smiling whimsically.

The girls were confused of course, but the young man was so good-natured he passed it off with a laugh, not forgetting to tease Kitty about "slate colored eyes" which was about all he heard of the conversation. One day, when he knew her better, he pronounced her liquid brown eyes, quite out of style and assured her that all the fashionable journals had "sky blue" as the very latest, here he stole a shy look at Mary, she raised her eyes to meet his with a frank smile, but there was a pretty color in her face that gave him great satisfaction.

It was soon an open secret that the new professor was the Star Boarder.

Clarice, Bessie, and even baby Kit, vied with each other for his favor, and though each seemed to score a triumph, it did not prove a victory, because he was so impartial.

For the first college ball, Mr. Easton, extended an invitation to the Hogan sisters. Mary decided that she had no dress ready, and would not go, but put in her time dressing hair and tying ribbons for her younger sisters. When they went down into the parlor the Star Boarder asked for Mary and the truthful Kit told him that she hadn't had time to remodel any of her dresses.

"And what did he say to that?" Mary could not help asking Kitty when they were on the subject next morning in bed.

"Oh, he looked like he was about to stay away himself," said the girl, sleepily.

This time Mary smiled to herself a little satisfied smile.

As the beautiful fall days slipped by, hard working Mary was making a reputation among the boarders as a scientific and excellent cook and many a word of praise found its way to her ears. And it must be confessed that the way the professor got away with her tempting viands was no small impetus to her exertions.

Mrs. Hogan was getting worked out not being used to it, and more and more work each day was left for the slender Mary to do. However, she was well and spirited and loved the work, so she got along famously, comforting her mother with her cheerfulness, willingness, and growing ability to manage so much cooking and general housework.

She could not find much time for going out, though the other girls constantly urged her to accompany them.

One dull evening, when the late autumn winds were moaning around the corners shaking the doors and windows of the old boarding house, Mary thought she heard a sound other than that made by the wind, she listened but hearing no more went on with her work. She stood in front of a huge bread-board in the kitchen making pies. She was evidently in deep thought.

"Yes," she was saying to herself, "I am really getting the best of the other girls, it is glorious to learn to keep house and cook like this. I am so glad I took domestic science the last three years, but after all it is practice that makes perfect. I suppose they are all having a fine time at the ball tonight. It's a wee bit lonesome in this kitchen alone, but cooking is such interesting work, and it gives me so much

pleasure to be taking so many of the burdens from the dear little mother."

She opened the large oven and drew out some delicious looking pies, then thrusting in some more, turned to the board again. A little ditty came to her lips and she sang it softly. The wind continued to moan and sigh and shake the windows, again she seemed to hear a new sound, and turning suddenly, she gave a little cry. A tall man stood behind her.

"I did not mean to startle you, little cook," said Professor Easton, looking into her eyes, and smiling in his whimsical way. "I was so interested in the formation of your pastry, now this one not baked seems like one solid piece, while that one just out of the oven seems composed of numerous tiny thin layers, so flaky and—"

"Oh, thank you," laughed Mary, her face rosy from the unexpected intrusion. "You may have the whole pie."

He took her at her word and ate a generous piece, while he enjoyed it, he begged her to continue her work, which she did unaffectedly. Before the evening was over Mary fully satisfied herself that she would rather cook than dance.

This was not the last time the Star Boarder visited Mary in the kitchen, but somehow that young lady forgot to mention it to anyone. Thus it chanced that when the literary club gave a fine performance sometime before Christmas the girls were surprised to see their little housekeeper escorted by Professor Easton.

Mary made a fine appearance with her beautiful yellow hair done low, and her "sky blue" eyes bright and happy. Her gown, too, though simple and modest, was in the very



best of taste and was of her own fashioning.

The young pedagogue's devotion to her did not long remain a secret simply because he couldn't keep it.

A few evenings before Christmas, when the usual preparations were being made, the happy professor sought an opportunity to find Mary alone in the kitchen. There was another gentleman boarder who was not blind to the cook's charms, and his little attentions to Mary were subjects of worry to the apprehensive young teacher. Finding his way into the back of the house he perceived the 'other fellow' as he mentally termed him, actually helping Mary and chatting in a lively manner. He went away into the parlor, where he remained with an unopened book in his hand until he

thought every one in the house had retired.

Finally, he heard Mary's step in the hall, he slipped out quickly and laid a determined hand on her arm.

"Oh, Mr. Easton," said Mary sweetly, "is there any thing I can do for you?"

"Yes," he said soberly and earnestly, "look at me."

Mary raised her smiling eyes to his.

They looked at each other a moment—only a moment, but it was long enough to tell the whole story of love, and before they parted that evening they had set their wedding day for June 1st.

"Well," pouted Kitty, playfully, when she learned the turn of events, "next winter I'm going to stay home and cook if that's the way to capture a Star Boarder."

## Tender Memories.

*By Minnie Iverson.*

Thrice welcome April dear to me!

With fresh'ning shower and gentle breeze

And meadows green. Thou bringest to me,

Such tender memories!

Once when thou camest so lithe and free,

Bearing frail shoots and dainty flowers,

My gentle loved one, loving thee,  
Drooped with thy passing hours.

More faintly shone her smile each day,

(Her step less lightly swinging),

Quieter grew her sunny ways,  
And hushed her merry singing.

"Dear Heart," we said, "The birds are glad,

The streams make music by the way,

Think not to leave us now alone,  
O, stay, our dear one, stay!"

Immortal light shone in her eyes,

As soft she said, "I love you all,  
But O the bliss of Paradise!

List, how the angels call."

Then peacefully and calm she lay.

But ah! the heart alone can tell  
How sweetly sad it was to say,  
That tender last "Farewell."

Soon children came with softened tread,

And arms o'erstrewn with flow-  
rets fair,—

And decked her quiet chilly bed,  
In simple beauty rare!

And then they sang a gentle lay—

So sweet, t'was like an angel's psalm—

And as it softly died away

Our hearts seemed eased and calm.

And now a precious boon I'm given,  
When April comes with gentle breeze,

It bears my spirit nearer Heaven,  
With tender memories.

# Domestic Science.

*Blanche Caine.*

## PROTEIN FOODS.

### BEANS AND PEAS.

Beans and peas are sources of protein, and form an excellent substitute for meat. They are sometimes called "the poor man's beef" since they are a *cheap* source of the *muscle building* foods.

They are poor in fat and so go well with fatty foods (bacon, pork, etc.), and are improved by being served with sauces containing butter, or cooked with oil.

These foods are considered rather difficult of digestion because of the large amount of vegetable fiber contained in the skin. *Thorough* cooking softens this fiber, very long *slow* cooking renders the bean comparatively easy of digestion.

#### *Boston Baked Beans.*

Soak 1 quart navy beans over night in cold water with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon soda. In the morning put on fresh cold water with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon soda, and simmer until beans are tender when the skins begin to break. Turn into a colander and pour cold water through them. Place in a bean pot or deep earthen dish. Wash  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. salt pork, part fat and part lean, cut rind through in strips. Bury the pork in the beans, leaving the rind exposed.

Mix 1 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon mustard with 1-3 cup molasses.

Fill the cup with water. Mix well and pour over the beans. Add hot water to cover. Keep covered with water till the last hour; then brown on top. Bake five hours or longer in slow oven, the longer the better, so long as the beans are kept moist.

Sugar may be used instead of molasses and part butter instead of all pork. Peanuts are sometimes baked with them, the oil of the peanut taking the place of the fat of the pork and being a more wholesome form of fat.

The soda helps to soften the skin of the beans.

#### *Creamed Lima Beans.*

Soak 1 cup of dried beans overnight; drain; and cook in boiling salt-

ed water until soft; drain; add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream, and season with butter and salt. Reheat before serving.

#### *Stewed Beans.*

Soak any dry beans from 12 to 24 hours. Parboil as for "Baked Beans;" drain; add more water; and stew until tender. Season with butter, salt, and pepper.

Split peas may be prepared in the same way. A piece of salt pork or bacon is often stewed with them.

#### *Spanish Beans.*

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup sliced onions, stewed until tender.

1 cup stewed beans.

1 cup stewed tomatoes.

Boil together until thick enough to serve on the dinner plate. Season to taste with butter, salt, and cayenne pepper.

#### *String Beans.*

Break off ends, pulling off the strings. Cut or break the pods in inch pieces, and freshen in cold water. Cook until tender, one hour or more; in boiling water slightly salted. Drain and season as desired.

Any left-overs may be served as a salad.

#### *Cream of Peas.*

Peas that are too old and hard for the table may be used in soup. Cook 1 quart of peas in 1 pint of gently boiling water until soft. Mash through a sieve with the water. Add 1 pint white sauce. Season with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon each of salt and sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper, and if too thick add more hot milk.

In the same way prepare beans and split peas after soaking and cooking for 5 or 6 hours. From  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 whole cup of dried peas or beans will be needed for each quart of soup.

Baked beans combined with some gravy from roast meat, flavored with tomato ketchup, and reduced with water to the right consistency, make a good soup. Thin slices of lemon

# THE RELIGION CLASS.

Following is a suggestive outline of Lesson 24 of the advanced department. It is on the subject of worship in religious assemblies.

The *aim*, of course, is to make clear and impressive, in the minds of those who constitute the membership of this department, the spirit in which they should attend religious gatherings.

The *development* of the thought may take this form: First, what part should personal cleanliness take in worship? The teacher might question the class specifically with a view to eliciting from them ideas concerning the matter of bathing the body, combing the hair, care of the finger nails, and so on. Attention might also be called to the personal appearance of the angel Moroni to the Prophet Joseph on the night of Sept. 21, 1823, which will give them a concrete idea of what our physical condition ought to be when we worship the Lord. A second point may be made of the elements of worship. These consist of honor, prayer, and gratitude. There are others, but the class can appreciate these best. To illustrate the manner in which the children may give honor to those to whom honor is due, the following story could be told, with such detail as the instructor may wish. Dr. Bernheisel, a skilful physician at Nauvoo, always used to rise when the Prophet Joseph came into a room where

he was. This caused the Prophet to ask the doctor why he did him such an honor. The reply was, "I love to honor those whom God honors." The class should feel, also, the necessity of prayer for the speaker—that he might be led to say such things as the audience may need. Once, in England, an Elder felt impressed to speak on the Godhead, but had instructed another to occupy all the time. The second Elder, however, felt impressed to allow the first Elder some time. And the second Elder occupied it in explaining some ideas about the Godhead. After the meeting a stranger said that she had been praying in her heart that this subject might be touched upon. This incident can be made to serve for the idea of gratitude also.

The application of the thought should be made as concretely as possible. It must take this form: At the very next religious meeting the class may attend they should seek to put in practice the ideas of cleanliness, honor, prayer, and gratitude—honoring the sacred place in which they meet, praying silently for the presence of the Holy Spirit, and in the end giving gratitude to the Lord for the blessings received from him.

The memory gem on this occasion could very appropriately be the words of Dr. Bernheisel to the prophet: "I love to honor those whom the Lord honors."

## Domestic Science.

(Continued from page 101.)

and hard-boiled eggs often are used to garnish such soups.

### *Stewed Dry Peas.*

Soak 1 pint of split peas over night. Stew for several hours with  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of lean salt pork. Use enough water to prevent burning, but let it evaporate at the last until the peas are as thick as mashed potatoes.

### *Timbales of Peas.*

Rub 1 can of peas through a strainer, and add enough milk to make 1 pint in all. Cook together 2 tablespoons each of butter and flour, and

mix with the sifted peas and milk. Season with salt and pepper, and sugar and onion juice if desired. Add the slightly beaten whites of two eggs, pour into buttered molds, and steam or bake in a pan of water until firm in the center.

Turn out of the molds before serving.

### *Green Peas.*

Shell, pick over, and rinse. Cook till tender, letting the water evaporate until only enough is left to moisten them when served.

# OFFICERS' NOTES.

## SUMMER WORK.

The General Board desires that each Stake Board shall plan the work for the local associations of that stake.

It is suggested that, so far as possible, the work be of a different character to that of the winter season, so it may be recreative.

One suggestion is for the association, under proper guardianship, to take walks with those who can point out the beauties of their surroundings. In European countries this is one of the chief sources of enjoyment, and our girls can, with profit, cultivate the taste. Some people never see the beauties of nature around them till they are pointed out by another. Our beautiful sunsets, which are said to rival the far-famed ones of Italy, go entirely unnoticed by them. The silence of the mountain, the whisper of the pines, the song of the birds, tells them no tale. Alas! that they have eyes and see not, ears and hear not! But they can be taught to see. Yours be the task, oh officers, and may you yourselves, find joy.

*Ogden, Weber, North Weber.* •

Thus far, the only outline submitted to the General Board for approval has been the one of Ogden, Weber, and North Weber. These three stakes have united upon a plan in which to co-operate. They feel the growing need for physical training. Accordingly, for their city wards, where they can have access to a gymnasium, they plan to have a summer course, which will include both theoretical and practical work exercises, in breathing, pronunciation, articulation, Swedish movements, wands, Delsarte movements, dances—waltz, minuet, and folk dances, etc. The General Board approves of such work where it can be done under the direction of competent teachers, such as are provided in this case. We feel that such work is very beneficial, but that it should be given by a person who understands the human body and its needs, and one who realizes that women have, in some ways, different needs to men.

For the outlying wards, where the meetings are held on Sunday evening, a special course of addresses is being planned to be given, we understand, mostly by members of the Stake Boards.

## CONFERENCES.

We trust it is understood that each stake appoints the time for its own conference. The General Board is not able to visit all stakes twice a year. Where only one trip is made, preference is given to the convention.

The following visits have been made to conferences:

Nov. 6, 1909—South Davis, Special Conference: Counselors Mae T. Nyström, Jane B. Anderson, Edward H. Anderson.

Nov. 19, 1909—St. Johns Stake (convention): Minnie H. James.

Nov. 28, 1909—Maricopa: Susa Young Gates, Rulon S. Wells.

Dec. 5, 1909—St. Joseph: Susa Young Gates, John Henry Smith, Rudger Clawson, Rulon S. Wells.

Dec. 12, 1909—Juarez: Susa Young Gates, Hyrum M. Smith, Anthony W. Ivins.

Dec. 12, 1909—Juab Stake: Edith R. Lovesy, Laura Bennion, B. F. Grant.

Jan. 30, 1910—Malad Stake: Jane B. Anderson, Edward H. Anderson.

Jan. 30, 1910—North Sanpete: Joan Campbell, Lyman R. Martineau.

Feb. 13, 1910—Box Elder Stake: Nellie C. Taylor, B. F. Grant.

Feb. 20—Tooele Stake: Joan Campbell, Heber J. Grant.

Feb. 27—Hyrum Stake: Emma Goddard, Benjamin Goddard.

Feb. 27—Ensign Stake: Mary A. Freeze, Nellie C. Taylor.

March 3 and 6—Pioneer Stake: President Martha H. Tingey, Counselor Mae T. Nyström, Mary E. Connelly, Jas. H. Anderson, Edward H. Anderson.

March 13—Cache Stake: Rose W. Bennett, Elen Wallace, Thomas Hull.

March 13—Nebo Stake: Mary E. Connelly, Edward H. Anderson.



# Young Woman's Journal

ORGAN OF THE YOUNG LADIES' MUTUAL  
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS.

IMPROVEMENT OUR MOTTO,  
PERFECTION OUR AIM.

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SALT LAKE CITY. - APRIL, 1910

## To Subscribers.

If subscribers fail to receive their JOURNALS by the 10th of the month, we should be notified at once. Do not wait for several months as some have done.

## The Semi-Annual Conferences.

April and October stand out as two important months in the Latter-day Saint calendar, for they each bring a large concourse of people from every stake in Zion to Salt Lake City, to attend the semi-annual conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

We know individually how much we are benefited by attending these

sessions, but do we often consider the great uplift they bring to the Church as a whole?

People from different localities, who live under varied conditions, meet and exchange ideas and become broader thereby. Advice, counsel, exhortation is given by the Church leaders; those who attend take the message and spirit to their homes and this results in a community uplift.

These gatherings keep the people united and make them feel more thoroughly the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

## Two Notable Birthdays.

On February 7th the General Board of the Relief Society went to Ogden to celebrate Sister Jane S. Richards' 87th birthday, and on the 28th, they were hostesses at a public reception tendered to Sister Emmeline Wells in honor of the 82nd anniversary of her birth.

It is well to honor these two who have done so much for women. While every organization in the Church has had their hearty support, they have been especially earnest in furthering the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, and the Relief Society work.

Sister Richards is no longer able to take an active part in Church work, but Sister Wells is still General Secretary of the Relief Society and editor of the Woman's Exponent, and is vitally interested in all public affairs.

The JOURNAL joins their many friends in extending congratulations and best wishes. May they live as long as life is desirable—as long as the Father has work for them to do. We love and honor them, and pray that they may ever be blest.

## Strength and Faith.

People like to build air castles, it gives them pleasure to look forward to what they will do at certain times in the future. They think with satisfaction of the time when they will have this or that coveted boon. Generally the joy of anticipation exceeds the pleasure afforded by the realizations of their desires. It is well to build castles in the air, and then, as Thoreau says, proceed to put foundations under them. But there come times when, because of the death of a loved one or some other, great sorrow that people feel they cannot endure the pain of looking into the future. They feel that life without those dear ones, around whom was centered all their joy, holds naught but work and duty. Then they must live one day at a time, doing the best they can, and trusting in God to give them strength for the future.

It is well to provide for the future. In times of plenty people should prepare for time of scarcity. In the days of youth and strength they should sow seeds that will bear fruit in later years. But it is wrong to anticipate sorrows, and brood

and fret over the awful condition they will be in when certain things happen. Generally they do not happen, and if they do, those who have thus fumed beforehand have incapacitated themselves to bear them bravely, because they have weakened themselves by fretting. Some mothers fail to be prayerfully thankful when their children are well, because they are too absorbed in fearing they will be sick. If the children are taken sick they think how desolate it will be if they die. Such people suffer agonies over troubles that never come. They fail to enjoy the pleasures of today because they fear the reverses of to-morrow. There is a vast difference between being provident for the future and being in a state of continual worry over the trials and sorrows that it may bring. Foolish man tries in vain to penetrate the folds of the curtain which God has wisely drawn to conceal the future from view. Strength is needed to fight to-day's temptation, to overcome to-day's sorrows, to bravely bear to-day's cross. Faith is needed to trust in the Father's provident care for to-morrow, let it bring what it may.

---

Build a little fence of trust around today;  
Fill the space with loving work and therein stay.  
Peer not through the sheltering bars at tomorrow;  
God will help thee bear what comes of joy or sorrow.

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PRESIDENT ELMINA S. TAYLOR.



# YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL

Vol. 21.

MAY, 1910.

No. 5.

## The March of the Mothers.

*By Kate Thomas.*

A sound of music. Now what hither comes?  
What means this strange procession through the streets?  
A multitude of Mothers drawing near!  
Ay, doff your hats, ye men that line the way,  
Let cheer on cheer drown the soft music's strain,  
The Mothers of the nation shall pass by!

One cometh first who beareth in her eyes  
A look half shadowed as if she beseeched  
Mercy of those she loved; a brooding fear  
They might not grasp a meaning plain to her,  
And drive her forth with taunts, who for their sakes,  
Would forfeit Eden. Ah, sweet Mother Eve,  
Stretch forth thine arms and smile, nor ever deem  
We could deride who gave us first the sun.

They come! they come! the Moulders of the race;  
The white-haired mothers, pure-eyed and serene.  
The wrinkled mothers, beautiful with strife  
And things accomplished; hallowed by their tears  
The rosy mothers, whose fair flesh alone  
Made the bright blossoms pillowed on their breasts  
Seem housed with happiness. And here is she,  
The yearning mother of the never-born,  
With arms that ache from bearing emptiness.  
Is she not mother? Ay, for Fancy's child  
Steals here and nestles as it were her home.  
With her comes one (O wistful, smiling eyes!)  
Full of God's largess, bending to His will  
Who has not given what her soul most longed.

She to her soft, warm heart has ta'en the waif  
That else were homeless. From the ills of life  
Sheltered it, loved it. (Shining, selfless one!)  
In hand with these comes one of gloried brow  
And eyes that hold the Prophecy of things.  
Like One who had not where to lay His head,  
(His true disciple, doer of His word,)  
Took on herself the sorrows of mankind  
Mid scoffs and sneers, struck at the cause of wrong,  
And mothered all the world! (In yon Afar  
Where many mansions be, she reigns with Gods.)  
All mothers, all—the mothers of great deeds—  
All mothers, all—though never babe of theirs  
Was nourished at their bosoms. Mothers all!

A smothered weeping mars the music's strain.  
'Tis she who struck the child she might have led.  
(Ten thousand kisses cannot lose the mark!)  
And here is she who warmed the dormant worm  
Of evil till it wriggled into life.  
And she who paved the downward way to hell,  
In all un wisdom, praying she could save  
By unrestrained kindness. And comes she  
(The guiltless sinner suffered of our Lord),  
Who snatches to her bosom her loved shame.

Ho! on they march, the Mothers of the world,  
Weary and jaded, fresh-eyed, and benign,  
Beaten, triumphant, struggling, hopeful, lost.  
On to the citadel! The feast is spread.  
Ring out, ye strings! Sing out, ye white-robed boys!  
Comes She who bears the Infant of the Cross.  
Be cheer and prayer commingled. Mary, hail!  
These that have gone before, that line the way,  
Are His, all His! A gracious hostess thou.  
Hail, Mary, hail! Mother of mothers of men!

Where is the artist that shall paint this march?  
A frieze of Prophets decorates the wall  
That centers learning. *MOTHERS?* 'Tis a frieze  
To decorate the sky!

# His Mother.

*By Ethel M. Connelly.*

I.

"But mother, does he mean that he would send me to college, and pay for my board and clothes and everything?" Richard asked, peering up through the darkness into his mother's face.

"Everything," Elizabeth Hale answered, nervously folding and re-folding the letter that she held. "It is certainly a generous offer."

"Generous!" repeated Richard. "Why, mother, it's great! Just think of being able to go to New York where father used to live and being a great doctor just like he wished to be! But it would cost Uncle Dick a lot, wouldn't it?"

"More than I have ever had in my life," his mother answered, "and years and years of study—two or three in a preparatory school, four in college, one or two in the hospitals, and after that—" She paused, then added reluctantly yet with the air of one who has determined to keep nothing back, "Your uncle has great hopes for you, and even hints at a year or two in Europe if you prove yourself worth it."

"Germany, mother! Germany!" Dick breathed the words with a sort of awe. "Germany, where the great surgeons have their laboratories, and make their wonderful discoveries?"

"Yes, even that, I suppose."

Richard sat for a moment in silence, scraping the low step with the toe of his shoe, then he raised himself a step higher on the porch and leaned his head against his mother's knee.

"Mammy," he said, using the

baby name that she loved, "Can I go?"

Elizabeth started. "Now?" she asked, quickly. "A mere child like you?"

"I'm fourteen," Richard answered proudly, "and Uncle Dick means me to come now."

For a moment Elizabeth was silent. She knew that her husband had died in this little western town, a poor broken man, because he had never been able to put any spirit into the profession that he had been compelled to follow. She had resolved, even in the face of her impoverished widowhood, that her boy should do the thing he wanted. And yet—to give him up now—not to see him, perhaps for years—her mother heart cried out against the sacrifice.

While she hesitated Richard reached up and took her hand.

"Mother," he said, in a quiet voice, "is it that you can't spare me because we're poor? I don't want," his boyish voice faltered—"want to go, if you need me."

She stooped and kissed him with sudden passion.

"No, Richard, no," she answered. "I would have plenty to live on. There is this house and land that your father left," she had never told him that the property was mortgaged for almost its full value, "but you are such a little boy, and perhaps you don't know your own mind yet."

"Mother, did father ever change his mind?" he asked with boyish dignity.

Elizabeth looked off into the grey

east, where the first stars were beginning to twinkle uncertainly in the sky, and said in a far-away voice, "Richard, my greatest ambition has always been to see you all that your father would like to have been; and if you really want to go, I shall not refuse you."

"Mother, do you mean it?" Richard sprang to his feet and threw his arms around her neck. "Do you really? A doctor!—O Mammy!—to be a great doctor!"

## II

"Mornin', Mrs. Hale, looks like you was beginnin' your spring gardenin'," called Bob, the butcher, reigning in his horse, and stopping before Elizabeth Hale's little brown house.

Elizabeth pushed back her sun-bonnet and rose.

"I was just digging around the rose bushes a little, till the postman comes along," she answered.

"I guess you feel a little more like takin' an interest in the place this year, now that the mortgage is paid," he observed, climbing out of his cart.

"Yes, it's a greater relief than you can imagine," she returned, dusting off her fingers on her faded apron.

"When's that son of yours comin' home, anyway? He's been away quite a spell now, ain't he?"

"Twelve years," answered Elizabeth, stifling a sigh.

"Good land! You'd find him a bit changed, I reckon," chuckled the butcher. He's gettin' to be quite a great man, I suppose. I heard that some of them scientific magazines are taking' quite a interest in him."

Elizabeth's worn face flushed.

"The most prominent scientific journals mention him as one of the

rising young surgeons of the day," she answered, proudly. "He has lately written several articles that have caused a good deal of comment."

"Hm," the butcher sniffed; it seemed to him that Mrs. Hale was putting on airs. "I should think he would have you go and live with him instead of workin' your fingers off here."

Elizabeth straightened with a jerk.

"You used to be kind to Richard when he was a little boy, Bob. If it were not for that I could not forgive you. I stay here because I choose to."

Bob shuffled uncomfortably.

"I didn't mean any offense, Miss Hale," he mumbled, "I was only sayin' what lots of folks—"

"Thank you, Bob; I don't care to hear any gossip. Good morning."

Her gardening all forgotten, her peace of a few moments before disturbed, Elizabeth turned toward the house. In all her twelve years of struggle there had never been a moment as hard as this. She had been so wrapped up in her son's ambitions, so confident that all the hard toil which had made her old before she had reached middle life would be justified if only Richard succeeded, that she never suspected that her neighbors were casting at her side-long glances of pity. What right had they to pity her? What if she *had* worked day and night to get food and clothes, and to pay the monthly interest, what if it *had* taken her twelve years to pay off the mortgage on her home? Richard had not known. Her letters had kept him satisfied that all her simple needs were cared for. He had even received the impression from something that she had said that she was saving money from



her income. When he had reproved her for denying herself the little luxuries in order to get a bank account, she had kissed his letter and thanked God that he did not know the truth. She had resolved that his mind should never be distracted by even a thought of worry, from the great things that he was trying to do. She had not even wanted him to visit home for fear that her tired face, her work-worn hands and her shabby clothes would tell him her closely-guarded secret. It had been enough for her, in her great self-abnegation, to know that he was the pride and honor of his class, that he had won distinction in the hospitals, and that now he was in Europe, the land of his boyish dreams, working on a discovery that might some day make him famous.

The gate clicked, and a footstep sounded on the gravel path behind her.

"I've got something good for you today, Mrs. Hale," called a cheery voice, and she turned to see the postman holding toward her a bulky letter. "It's got a foreign postmark on it," he said, turning it over with a slow deliberation," so I guess it's from your son."

Elizabeth reached for it eagerly.

"Thanks," she answered, and without stopping to listen to the postman's sociable chat hurried up the steps.

"Before she reached the door she had torn open the envelope, and with nervous fingers drawn out the letter. She was about to step into the house when the first line caught her eye. "Dear Mother:—This letter is an appeal for help." Her eyes raced down the page, fearing she knew not what. She learned that his uncle had failed, and that now, just when his experiments were almost completed, his income

was suddenly gone, and it looked as if he must leave for some other man the honor of finishing his work. If he could have a thousand dollars he could yet succeed, and he prayed her to send him as much of her savings as she could spare.

The letter dropped from Elizabeth's nerveless fingers. A thousand dollars! and she had nothing!

For an hour she sat in her darkened bedroom, her head bowed in silent prayer. Then with her face calm and resolute, she rose and dressed herself for the street.

Two hours later, in the office of the judge who had held the mortgage on her home, her hand trembled as she once more signed the paper that bound her again to the payment of her old monthly interest, but within, her heart was prompting that "Richard may succeed."

In the weeks and months that followed she knew that the neighbors talked, but not even Bob ever dared ask why she had a second time mortgaged her house. She worked as before, sewing, nursing, cleaning, doing anything that came in her way to do, trying to be brave, though somehow she went behind in the interest every month. It was the postman who first suggested to her mind a desperate plan.

"That Mrs. Davis that stopped off here yesterday is quite took up with the town," he said, one morning, about a year later, as he lingered at the gate. "She says she wishes she could find a vacant house so as she could spend the summer here resting. But I told her there wasn't no use hunting because everybody uses their houses to live in themselves round here."

"Has she gone away, yet?" Elizabeth asked, with sudden interest.

"Who, Mrs. Davis? No. She

can't till the afternoon train. She and her sister are fussing around down to the hotel now. Well, I must be getting along. Good morning."

Elizabeth's resolution was sudden, and she carried it into immediate execution. Mrs. Davis was soon persuaded, and before night Elizabeth had put her house in order and had moved her few personal belongings into a tent, which, with the help of the kind-hearted butcher she had set up in a distant corner of the lot.

"Thank you, Bob," she said to him as he was leaving, "I think I shall be quite comfortable now. It will be a change to live out doors during the hot weather."

And this time Bob only answered, surreptitiously wiping a tear out of the corner of his eye,

"Why, yes, Mrs. Hale, it will probably do you good."

### III

The train that left Denver at 9 a.m. and reached Evergreen City about sunset had almost reached its destination when a man and a girl stepped out upon the back platform.

"We're almost there, Kathleen," the man was saying, an almost boyish excitement playing across his features. "Even after thirteen years I know it, those snow-capped peaks, that dark canyon over there—I've walked up it many a time! I've heard people say that after they have been away from home for a great many years they never cared to go back, but I don't feel that way. It's a simple little home, but it's cosy and comfortable, and mother—why Kathleen, I scarcely realize that it is thirteen years since I have seen her! Her letters have told me so much of herself, and the simple, cosy life that she was living;

that I have felt almost as if I could see it for myself."

"You are making me crazy with impatience, Dick," the girl exclaimed, brushing a cinder from his coat with a light, caressing touch.

"But you mustn't expect it to be much of a place," her husband answered. "You must remember that you have married a poor man's son."

"No, Dick, I never remember that. I only think that I have married a famous man."

"Kathleen," the man said earnestly, "you make my love seem poor compared with yours. I gained all the world in you and lost not a single thing, while you—why you gave up father, mother, friends, riches, everything, to be the wife of a poor fellow who has nothing to lay at your feet as yet except a name. Mother will adore you when she knows how much you have sacrificed for me."

"Nonsense," Kathleen scoffed, unshed tears of happiness glittering in her eyes. But see, we must be there," and she pointed out to the right a farm house nestling amid green fields, and farther on a church spire glittering above the tree-tops.

In five minutes more they had alighted from the train, and were hurrying down the principal street of the town. It was not greatly changed. There were a dozen new stores, a theatre, and a dozen or so new brick houses. But most of the buildings which the man had seen every day for fourteen years were standing still. Tiger lilies, petunias, and Canterbury-bells grew in the yards as of old. Dogs ran out of every gate and barked as they passed, as they had done in the days when he knew everyone by name. Only he marvelled that everything

looked so small. The judge's house which had seemed to his childish eyes a mansion was only a commodious cottage; the doctor's house whose rambling spaciousness had been the ideal of his dreams, was a flat, odd-shaped house which looked ridiculously small to his grown-up eyes. When they reached the end of the street, and turning up a narrow path came to a little brown house, he stopped, amazed.

"Why, I thought it was twice this size," he exclaimed. "Mother can't have had much comfort, after all"—a suggestion of trouble dawning in his eyes.

"But it is large enough for one," Kathleen comforted, feeling dimly his disappointment.

"Yes, but think of the places where I have lived."

Just then a sharp-faced woman came out of the house and leaned against the doorpost with an air of weariness.

"I'm sure you are no more weary of this place than I am," she said, apparently to someone in the house. "I'm only staying because I pity that poor little woman out there."

The man stopped, uncertainly.

"I beg your pardon, doesn't Mrs. Hale live here?" he asked.

The woman brightened at the sight of two well-dressed strangers. "Come inside," she made answer. "Mrs. Hale did live here, but she's living back there just now," pointing over her shoulder at a small tent, in front of which a woman sat sewing with her face turned toward the reddening west.

"In that tent!" exclaimed the man.

"Yes, right there."

"But why—what is she doing it for?" Kathleen faltered.

The woman gave a dry laugh.

"If you are friends of hers maybe you can find out, no one else has

been able to. She says that it is a change for her to live in the open air, but the village gossips tell a different story."

"What do they say?" Kathleen asked again. Her husband seemed incapable of speech.

The woman looked at them a trifle curiously. She had set them down at once as bride and groom. What business, she wondered, could such people as these have with the little woman in the tent. Her mind was busy with the question all the time that she was telling what she knew of Elizabeth's story as she had heard it from the village gossips. Once the man started and exclaimed when she spoke of the old mortgage that had taken so long to pay off, and his wife had laid her hand on his arm as if she would bid him be silent and listen.

There was an instant's silence as she finished the story, then Kathleen put her hand through her husband's arm. "We will just step across and see her," she said, with an odd catch in her voice. "Thank you for directing us." Then she turned quickly away before the woman could formulate her question.

Elizabeth Hale had dropped her work on her lap and sat gazing off into the west with unseeing eyes. Her thin, drawn face, her dark hair streaked with patches of grey, the utter lassitude of her tired arms told more than any words could tell. Two tears rolled slowly down her cheeks, but she did not heed them.

Against her will a low cry of pity escaped from Kathleen's lips. Her husband shook off her arm. With one step he reached Elizabeth's side and laid his hand heavily upon her chair, then stood still, shaken by dry, choking sobs.

Elizabeth looked up, started



certainly to her feet, then—"Richard," she cried, "Rich—" and slipped to the ground unconscious.

When she opened her eyes inside the tent where they had carried her, Kathleen crept away. That moment was too sacred for even her eyes, which, with a woman's intuition, had

divined the truth. Two hours later Richard Hale rose from his knees and went out of the tent door where his wife sat alone under the stars.

"Come in," he said, in a voice husky and shaken from weeping. "Come in; I want her to tell you what love—a mother's love is like."

## The Story of a Mother.

*By Mary Alvin.*

Harriet Taylor had come up through rather a lonely girlhood. Her parents, it seemed to her, had not cared for her very affectionately. She resolved that if she ever had children they should know unmistakably that their mother loved them. Several years of married life found her with four children who inherited a goodly share of their father's easy-going nature, and a pair of hands that did all the work of everybody. She took in boarders, went out nursing, sewed or lived out as a housekeeper during the many years her husband sat in the easy chair smoking; her daughters went to neighboring towns on pleasure trips that her hard-earned money furnished, or entertained in the sitting room her hands kept clean, or danced in the silk dresses she bought and made herself; and her big, husky boys ate heartily of her meals cooked on the fire she built herself of wood that she chopped herself and coal that she carried in herself. Her own fault? Of course. But she was like many another foolish woman who "would rather do it herself than waste so much time coaxing."

Her girls married early and unwisely. Both came home to mother, bringing four children. The mother of three of them had to clerk for their support, so the whole care of the children during the day fell up-

on the tired, now aging, grandmother. Counting herself, it made a family of eight for her to cook for, make beds for, sew for, and wash for. The boys, too, had married, and their families required the almost constant service of the ever-affectionate grandmother.

Can you picture the life of this woman? All the burdens, the worries and the griefs have been heaped upon her. She has been asked to share none of the joys. Her other daughter married again, and went away, leaving her little girl with the grand-mother. Neither she nor the husband send anything for the child's needs. At past sixty this heroine of mothers is working to support herself and husband and young grand-daughter. She is still planning for her children, not one of whom seems to give a thought towards making her old age more cared for or less hard. Her little grand-daughter thinks of her as the one who gives her what she wants, and loves her accordingly. She has never been trained in the laws of consideration, and children's instinct is not usually strong on that point without encouragement. When "Mother" dies she will have many bunches of roses on her coffin, when she would be very grateful for a little field daisy to tuck in her collar now.



# Mother.

*By Dr. J. Lloyd Woodruff.*

Mother may be a bit old-fashioned. It is possible that she can not differentiate between a Julia Marlowe puff and a Leslie Carter beau catcher; her step may not be as light and springy as when she stood a bright, laughing girl, long before you were even dreamed of. Her fair, soft skin may be wrinkled and her interpretation of modern slangology amazingly faulty, but she is still Mother. What a wonderful thing it is—the mighty honor of motherhood, what a garden this mother-love has made of the dreary stretch of earthly life! Do you know, I always write Mother with a capital letter. It may not be strictly correct, and yet where can we find a more proper noun?

Oh, sisters mine, do you really value Mother at her true worth? Do you realize the priceless gift you have in her? Are you thoughtful of her council, obedient to her will? Oft times, perhaps not, and just as oft are you found in fault. Are you impatient of her guiding hand when she lovingly but firmly denies you some cherished desire—a Sunday excursion, a trip to the canyon, unaccompanied by older and wiser heads? When she rightfully discounterances your association with some fast young man who is the beau ideal of half the girls? "Of course he smokes a little and now and then takes a glass of beer, but he has such lovely eyes and dances divinely." Girls, what do you think the interest of this young man in you is? (Suppose we let him typify the vast army of temptations which surround you with laughing faces but designing

hearts.) To have a good time, if the most innocent interpretation is placed on his actions, perhaps, and this is no far-fetched fancy, to accomplish your ruin.

On the other hand, what do you consider the interest of your Mother in you amounts to? Do you think you can grasp it, can you measure it with any standard you can comprehend, have you words to express it, can the innermost depths of your soul conceive of it? You are her life, the very breath of her being. Long ago she knelt and prayed for you, asking that the acme of all blessings—motherhood—be granted unto her. As time passed she felt her prayers were not in vain, and she began to look forward to your coming with an unspeakable joy. What preparations were made, what dainty clothes prepared! With what loving care was each stitch taken, each pretty garment completed! How often have the little robes been laid out, each with a tender caress to see how they look! What changes and combinations were effected; this for everyday, that to be blessed in, the other for the first airing in the carriage to be bought! What lullabys were softly hummed to you as you lay all unconscious of the work of the magician Love. And then her hopes were confirmed, no longer was doubt an element—she knew you were there; she could feel your tiny heart beating with a tumultuous burst of life near her own. What castles were then built, what hopes centered on that life! Perhaps even a name was thought of and oh, how often in fancy were you held close to her in her loving

arms. And all through this she suffered, days upon days she was in pain. Often the work of preparing the little wardrobe was postponed, household duties neglected, through sheer physical inability. But did she complain? Did she feel the sacrifice was too great? You little know her if you think she did. And then came the supreme moment. Fearlessly, gladly, did she walk through the valley of the shadow of death, bearing pain such as only mothers know; giving her life, if need be, a willing sacrifice for you. And at last, when it is past, sinking back with an exhausted but happy sigh as your first wailing cry is borne to her, telling her that at whatever cost to herself, the danger is over for you.

But this is only the beginning, and in reality the easiest part of the responsibility that your coming has placed upon her. Day and night you are her constant thought. Each furrow in her dear face means a thought for you. Note them well, and see to it that now no added one is placed there by any careless act of yours. As you grew she watched you, encouraging here, restraining there, sweating great drops of agony when you lay nigh unto death, beseeching with every fiber of her being that you be spared unto her. As you have grown older, relieved in no way from your bodily and physical care, she has had the moral and ethical side of your nature to guide and develop added. And, perhaps, her most difficult task is before her, for now it is not you alone who must occupy her attention, but every friend you have, every acquaintance you make must be considered. Every man and woman, girl and boy you meet adds to her responsibility, for while exercising absolutely no authority over them,

she must battle with them if their influence on you is for evil, encouraging them if it be for good. But in either case, with her the thought is ever you, and I tell you in her mind the You looms large.

And now leaving the Mother for an instant, let us consider the child. With your pardon, I will think of you as that child. What are you doing with this gift which God has given you? You are young, happy, full of life, your sympathies are keenly awake; you weep at the sorrow of others and would not knowingly or willingly hurt the least of God's creatures. Are you aware that you hold in your young hands the possibilities of the most hideous torture chamber? In your case all the more capable of harm because you are unconscious of it, and saddest of all the one you can rack with keenest pain is the gentle spirit who gave you life. Your power to cause suffering diminishes at a fixed ratio as you pass from the home circle outward, and is lost almost entirely when you reach the busy center of the life of the world. Your most susceptible victim is the one you should love and honor above all others. Tortures, suffering, pain! Are you surprised, do you look around you for this chamber of horrors, wondering where it is, what it contains? No distant journey is necessary; it is not far to seek, and its somber armamentarium is pretty complete: made up of sulks, cross words, nagging, selfishness, irreverence, disrespect, disobedience. I think this about covers the ground, nearly every heart ache which a Mother has felt aside from those caused by sickness, separation, or death, will find its appointed place under one or another of the above headings. Do you realize that it is possible for you to bring her gray

head in sorrow, shame, and misery to the grave? This is a pretty comprehensive responsibility. Think it over seriously, it will at least do you no harm.

On the other hand, while the potency for all this and more is yours there is an entirely different aspect to be glanced at: the golden side of the shield. I present it last, that it may impress you most strongly. You have it in your power to repay your Mother a thousand-fold if you will but do it; not from your standpoint, but from hers. Instead of sorrow, you can bring her joy; in place of shame, you can cause her dear eyes to sparkle with happiness and pride. Live but honorable, virtuous, noble lives, and all her travail will pass from her. Have you ever seen her standing with a letter in hand, a glory on her face and tears of joy in her eyes? "Yes, she has always been a true, loving daughter to me; God bless her." If you have, you have said in your heart, "God bless her in very deed, and every other loyal child." You can make every day a day of sunshine for her and to some extent pay back to her what you owe. None of us like to be debtors, do we,

whether it be of money or good deeds? At times it is necessary to borrow both, but what honorable person fails to repay when circumstances permit? You have borrowed heavily of your Mother, not that she thinks so, bless her dear heart. She little recks of the toll of life and heart and very soul that she has doled out so lavishly to you. It was no burden—'twas ever a joy to her. But nevertheless and in truth you have borrowed much. Go, then, pay back while she is still with you, part of that debt. Pay love for love, care for care. Support her weakening steps with your young, strong arm. "Lean on me, Mother dear, for I love you." Tell her this; be a spendthrift of love to her, save not your words of praise for the departed, but shower them over her while she is still here.

"Honor thy father and thy mother" was not only a command of God, but a national law, with death as the penalty for its violation. We have outlived the earthly law, and its punishment, but the command of God comes to us, ringing down the ages. Let us make it our sweetest duty to fulfil it with reverent love.

## Mother.

*By Ruth M. Fox.*

"A picture I would paint," the artist said,  
 "Whose excellence shall fame to fortune wed;  
 A type appealing to the hearts of men,  
 Transporting them with sweet delights again;  
 Go, search and bring to me a model rare,  
 Faith, patience, strength and wisdom featured there;  
 Truth, trust, and hope; care, sorrow, racking pain  
 Which does not drown the smile or sweetness stain;  
 Self-sacrifice and loving tenderness,  
 All blended in that brow's calm righteousness."

I started forth upon my wondrous quest,  
And found a maid in modest beauty drest,  
For one so young in Christian rariety,  
Embodiment of sunny charity,  
With just a shade of bitterness and pain,  
As if to tell the tale how love was slain;  
A form so supple I ne'er saw before,  
And so I led her to my master's door.

"Begone!" he cried, "you jest, I cannot trace  
The qualities supreme from such a face;  
Matured experience, not form I need,  
Set in that glow which all the world doth lead."  
Again I tried to sate the artist's flame,  
Alas! alas! I added shame to shame.

At length where western suns their crimson shed  
O'er vale and rill and many a snow-crowned head;  
Where mountain zephyrs fan the od'rous trees  
And moon and stars look up from briny seas;  
I found, within this land of poet's themes,  
The proud fulfilment of my master's dreams;  
Or so I thought, for touched with every grace  
That charming, blooming woman could embrace  
Nurtured and cultured where to live is joy,  
She vied with Helen, the fair rose of Troy.  
Blasted my hopes, his scorn my heart-strings wrung,  
Deep sabled night my day-star over-hung;  
Unbridled sorrow all my being swept,  
When lo, upon my soul a vision crept,  
As heav'n sent dews distill on fading flowers,  
Or golden beams sift through the summer show'rs;  
So subtle 'twas, so kindly and so true,  
She soothed my pain the while her own she knew;  
With mine, like rain, her silent tear drops fall,  
My name on lips of love my senses thrall;  
"Courage, my son, recall thy fortitude,  
Thou canst not fail in paths of rectitude;  
Look thou above in full security;  
Success shall glint for thee futurity.  
A joy, a peace, my spirit overspread,  
Brave Hope arose triumphant from the dead,  
Resolved to struggle on—to win the prize;  
When Inspiration spoke: ope' thou thine eyes,  
The face transcending every other,  
Bends now above thee—Behold thy Mother.



## "To Keep."

*By Josephine Spencer.*

Bertha looked down at the mite lying in her arms and snuggled it impulsively to her heart. So tiny and helpless, how it appealed for love, for protection, how wonderful the possibilities germed in the small frame and frail spirit! And it was all hers—hers to mold, and guide and—keep! Hers to keep! That was the dearest thought of all. No one, nothing could come between her and her might of claim on it. Blood of her blood; life of her life, yes—soul of her very soul, hers more than any one else's—hers. Had she not gone down to the door of death for it? She had paid the earthly price of pain—it was hers—hers to keep. The dim light in the room showed the little dark head, and tiny hands at her breast, hands that clung and laid hold upon her very life-pulses. "You are surely mine, babe," she whispered. "Mine to keep."

\* \* \* \* \*

"College, Bob," she said. "Why, that means going away from me—from all of us—and for four years. Think of it, Bob—four years."

"But I can come home between while, mother," pleaded Bob. "The vacations, you know—summers and Christmas—"

"I'm afraid we couldn't manage all that, Bob. College itself would take all we could allow you just now, with the mortgage to carry and your father's other reverses."

"I'm going to pay it all back, little mother; you know that. When I finish I'll work like a Trojan—maybe pick the mortgage up myself—if it's still hanging. You see,

mother, a man's nothing nowadays without his college certificate, and besides that, a fellow needs to be thrown on his own resources to know his own powers. I need just the experience away from home to make a man of me."

"Away from home." That was the chief trouble. Bertha knew it all the time she was urging the economies. Away from home—and her—for four years. His father, of course, would be with her, but the days and days that would have to be spent without sight of her boys—her one son, her first-born. What he had said was probably true, though. A young man had twice the chance in life with his college degree in hand. Besides the boys of his class were nearly all going. If she interposed her mother's selfishness against his welfare how would she answer to him in time to come. She really never had thought seriously of facing the ordeal of his prolonged absence; now that it suddenly confronted her, it was like a blow. She had thought of him so long as hers, his life and thought and interests had hitherto been wrapped up so wholly in home, that she had put aside any chance thought of change that had come to her. But he must go—she of all beings in the world must not hinder his future.

She took his eager young face between her hands. "I'll talk with father about it tonight, dear," she said. "I guess we will manage to let you go."

\* \* \* \* \*

The light through the window was like spun gold—June with all

its wonderful sun and sky and flower effects was here once more.

Bertha looked at the big, handsome fellow opposite her at the breakfast table, trying to make it seem real. That strapping youth there with the dark line on his upper lip ready—but for mug and razor—to blossom tomorrow into a mustache! Her boy! the one she had snuggled—that little time ago—in dainty wools, and muslins and laces—like an unfledged bird in a nest of down. Bigger now than his father, if it came to actual measurement. Her son—yes, hers, really now, “to keep.” Thank goodness, it was over. He had had his chance, and had come home to her to stay. She was glad, now, that she had not stood in his way. The time, looking back, seemed short; but oh, the months, and weeks, and days through that time! She never could stand such an ordeal again, she felt sure. The two months since his return had almost wiped out the other memory, save as some specially dark day or hour came back to her when she had hungered with all her mother’s soul for his cheery young face and presence. Bob, her own Bob—hers, now, “to keep.”

“What’s up, father? You look like a funeral. Hope they haven’t turned me down on that bank position—Seldon said it was the next thing to sure.” Bob laid down his fork and looked dubiously at the envelope which his father had just taken from the postman.

“It is marked Box B,” said the other. “That usually means something important.”

“Box B?” Bob asked the question curiously. He had forgotten, in the diverse interests of college life the things which once had familiar meanings. They sat in silence while he tore open and read the letter.

Bob drew a long breath.

“Why—it’s—it’s—they want to know if I will accept a mission. A mission—and to Europe—think of that!”

“But you’ve just come back, Bob. I couldn’t let you go away so soon again, and so far. Why, I’ve hardly had time to realize that you are really home.” Bertha said it breathlessly, but with quite conclusive tone.

“It’s impossible, of course, right now,” responded Bob. “I’ve got that money to make up to you, for my schooling, father. Besides I must begin to lay up something for the future, if I’m ever going into a business of my own. I can’t possibly sacrifice the time right now; I’ll write and tell them—”

“It’s your call, Bob; there’s nothing for you to do but take it.” It was his father who spoke, quiet, sober, but absolutely conclusive.

“Is it really imperative, father? Can’t I take it later on, when I’m a little better prepared?”

“When will it be, Bob? You can’t read the future. It may not be yours. We are here today—but tomorrow—well, all the chances of good and evil, of earth, and hell, and heaven are in it. Your choice of this moment may be to you the final one.”

“But, father—”

“I’m not going to decide for you, Bob; and your mother”—he looked at her tenderly—“your mother, I am sure, will not put her personal feeling before her spiritual duty. Think it over, Bob, and act by the highest light that comes to you.”

“I guess I see it now, father.”

Bertha hid her unsteady hands in her lap. “It will only be—three years,” she faltered, “and when it’s once over, you—you can come home to stay.”

Bob’s serious face brightened a

little. "I'm glad you feel all right about it, mother. I was really thinking more of you than—anything else."

Three more years—and she had thought once he was hers to keep.

\* \* \* \* \*

The face in the photograph was so strange—it didn't seem like Bob at all. The beard made him so old—it changed the expression, too, hid that merry, upward curl of the lips that had always made the young face like a tonic with its cheer. It was foolish, of course; just a woman's weak whimsicalness—but it made him seem alien to her—and now of all times, when her bereavement meant all that she could bear. Never had she needed him as now; and this queer bearded face in the picture took away even the sense of his being akin. Well, in six months the weary time would be over. She was glad now that she had not asked to have him released—even when the "authorities" had been kind enough to hint at it as a possibility—if she desired. She had breasted the deep waves of her first great sorrow alone, and only the Infinite One knew what it had cost.

Six months! She had heard some one say, and indeed, had known when Bob was away at college, that the last days were the longest, when one is waiting, but she had had some one to bear it with her then; now she was alone. But the time waned steadily—four—three—two months, a week—tomorrow!

It was a queer thing to say—Bob laughed—the first hearty laugh since the cable had come to him with that dread news of loss.

"Shave? Why, of course, little mother, if you like. I thought you'd like to have a proof that I'd really grown up. I'm such a kid in other ways, you know; I thought I'd have to bring home a witness to

convince you I'm not the same babyish, home-sick lad I was when I started."

"Oh, Bob!" she clung to him, clasping his big, firm hand in hers as if it were to save her from something. "Don't—don't get away from those things—they—they mean so much to me just now—they seem the only hold I have on you. I don't seem near to you—I want you to put aside anything you can just now that separates you from me, and my old memories."

"All right, little mother. Rather like a clean face myself. Some of the Berlin boys started it, you see, and we all fell into line. It's good-bye beard for keeps, if you say so."

How dear it all seemed. Life began to look as if it might hold something, after all, and she had thought its joys and hopes well-nigh ended when the strong man who had meant so much in her life had been so suddenly taken.

Bob, with his bright, kindly, loving face, opposite her at meal times—and at night; she never felt lonely now, for though he had the position down town, and was away much of the day, she had his coming to watch for at noon and at night, and though he was busy with his accounts evenings, it was so much to have him near, and to know when he went out that his step would sound in a few hours on the little porch, and she would see him at breakfast again—the same Bob, and now that the imperative calls for absence were all over—"hers to keep." \* \* \*

The winter, for all its snow, and sleet, and unusual length, passed with surprising swiftness to Bertha. Things that had wearied and bored her since her husband's death, took on new interest in the compelling cheer of Bob's presence. Little tasks, too, whose routine and small-



ness had so long spelled distaste, under Bob's show of interest in them, grew important. Nothing was too minute for his genial and appreciative interest. It made things different.

She sat quite still when he came home one night and told her. It had been in her mind quite often, of course—that inevitable something; she had put it away, quickly, though each time, with a little shiver. He was all she had; surely no one could have such a claim on his life as she—at least for a time. It would come, of course; but not for a long time, not perhaps till she was called home herself. Bob was only twenty-five—she had given up a third of that time to others. Surely—

“Don't think, little mother,” Bob was saying, “Don't think this will mean anything serious for you. She is unselfish as she is dear and beautiful, and so far from losing anything out of your life, you will gain—yes, more than you think. You will have a daughter, that's all, as well as a son. I have pictured it often, Mother, you with some one besides me to help bear your loneliness. Why, it will take a load from my shoulders, knowing that there will be some one to be with you, some one near, I mean, that will care for you as I do.”

Bertha brightened under his cheery picture like the flowers out on the porch-vine at a touch of the sun.

“I am sure we will all be happy, Bob; I knew it would come some day—this, I mean—and, and I—am glad you—you—have chosen so well. She is one who will make you a true wife, I think, and I will do all in my power to help you make her life glad, too.”

After all, it would be as Bob said; no parting, no estrangement, noth-

ing to miss from her life as it had been before;—but gain—the presence, simply, of another dear presence to bring into her life a greater sense of completeness. Her dark hour of misgiving had been all in vain. Bob was still hers—hers “to keep.” \* \* \* \*

June again—and the wedding over with its buoying excitement, and rose-hued hopes. Summer and autumn, and winter again, with endless weeks and long dark days.

“What is it, Bob?” Bertha knew his usually bright face and all its changes of expression too well not to be sure that he was troubled. Something was wrong—something that lay in the repeated absences, growing steadily longer and longer. A few days, at first; then a week, two weeks, and now nearly a month. In the same city, too, with a street-car passing both their doors, and not even the trouble of transfer. She had not noticed, at first; little things might have arisen; household duties, extra work at the office in the evenings, perhaps, and Sunday, why, of course, she could count that religious duties would keep him tied on Sunday. They were the loneliest, those Sabbaths. She had fought against the feeling as something almost wicked. Deadly lonely, though, the home-coming from meetings to the empty house, and lonely meal-times. Kate Slade had come in often from next door, to be sure; but Kate—well, whoever framed that proverb about the comparative thickness of blood should have sensed the tie of motherhood to know all that it meant.

“What is it, Bob?” She asked the question again, with her hand on his drooped head, as he sat in the arm-chair. “Is it—am I the cause—have I done anything to trouble you?”



"Mother! You—"

"You have been away so long, dear, that is—compared to the first few months, you know—I was afraid some thoughtlessness of mine might have been the cause."

"It has nothing to do with you personally at all. It's just—well, Elsie isn't well, you know, mother, and—and she naturally wants me with her. She doesn't care to go out much, now, you see, and I—well, of course, I can't leave her. You'll make the best of it, won't you, mother, for awhile, if I don't see you? I have come down to see about having a telephone put up for you, so I can call you up from the office. It will really be the same as seeing you, you know. After awhile, when Elsie feels better, it will be different. She will get out more."

"Get out more!" She wished Kate had not told her of the weekly sewing club, of the matinee-parties, the afternoon Kensingtons, the times down town when they had met, and Elsie had been, according to Kate's glowing account, "the life of the crowd." Had it been really her fault, she asked herself, some little inattention, or thoughtlessness towards the girl-bride? She had so wished to be mindful; she had an undissembled affection, which she felt sure Elsie must have sensed. What had happened to bring about this sense of estrangement? She was still a moment, while Bob went about the house, looking for the best spot for the telephone.

"It had better be the B— line, mother; I have one at my elbow in the office. The other is more public."

But "the other," she knew, was his home telephone. What could it all mean?

She was awake far into the night,

wondering, and rose to her lonely breakfast with something like that dead weight at her heart she had known after her husband died. It lay there many a day, after that, though Bob called her up twice a day, by wire, and Elsie came down with Bob one Sunday afternoon, and shared her light, after-meeting lunch with her. Even when Bob began to make weekly calls, running down evenings for a half hour's chat as he had not done for months—the weight did not lessen, but indeed grew—for the troubled look in Bob's face had deepened—was always there, and a constraint, too, in his manner that made him seem somehow alien, like the bearded picture that had made him so strange.

She watched him anxiously, though without sign, fearful lest she might touch unwittingly some sore sense, that might shrink from notice. The trouble, if trouble it was, made the first one he had not discussed with her, much as a comrade, in bygone times. It was such a little thing, this one and only reserve; she was childish, yes, even selfish, to take it in the light of anxiety. She would put the thought of it out of her mind, and try to help him back to the old boyish, care-free seeming.

The coming of the grandson helped. In the joy, the excitement of the wonderful advent, old but ever new, thrilled with its inexplorable marvel, all constraint vanished. There was a special dinner at Bertha's home in honor of the first visit of the tiny potentate, then one at Bob's with all the old goodwill and frankly kind and familiar intercourse renewed. Six months passed with a new sense of happiness in Bertha's life. The gain Bob had pictured when he told of his future marriage, seemed really to

be coming true, with still another link added to her claim on the world. The baby's tiny face indeed learned to brighten at Bertha's sight, and the dimpled arms to go out to her in flattering welcome when she was present, and presently the lines of age and sorrow in her face softened under the renewed influences of cheer.

Bob did not find time to make the weekly visits now, since the new claim on his home life; but there was no constraint, no spirit of brooding estrangement to worry her. With her pretty garden in front, and the little plot at the back of the house which Bob had proudly planted in lettuce and a few other spring shoots, and Kate Slade coming in now and then to while away the hours at home, and her own ward duties, the time passed with surprising swiftness and pleasure.

She blamed herself, when she began to notice things again. "My own idle, selfish imagination!" she told herself, indignantly. "I am beginning to demand that my life shall have no cloud—that's all. As if I, or Bob, or any one else can expect perfect content and peace to last. Time to get rid of this morbid imagination, if I'm not to make myself, and Bob, and everyone else miserable with it."

She held to her struggle resolutely, even when Bob began to come down every day, with his mouth set in hard, determined, but unhappy lines, and his manner distraught with the old constraint.

"I'm coming down for lunch, mother." She heard that message often now, over the office telephone, and what once would have made the day bright for her now brought a little pang of misgiving. It wasn't just right for Bob to be away from Elsie so much, especially at meal-

time. When the family table-gathering in a home is broken up, it brings with it a sense, if not oftentimes a germ, of dissolution in family ties and habits, that sometimes merge into absolute and dangerous indifference to their claims on both sides.

Bertha watched Bob drop from the car platform one day with an unusual tightening of her heart. His face, pale and strained, his manner almost hopeless—what could it all mean?

She put the question involuntarily, as he entered the door and flung himself on the little settee.

He was still for a moment, then he suddenly walked to the table. "It's that, mother," he said, laying something on the table, "and it means that everything is over."

Bertha looked at the small gold band, dazedly.

"I don't understand you, Bob," she said. "That ring—"

"It's Elsie's, mother—yes, the wedding ring. You know what it means when a wife gives that back, don't you?"

He sat down on the sofa again, and buried his face in his hands.

"Mother," he said, desperately, with a sob in his voice. "I can't say anything in self-justification without seeming cowardly—without making her bear the blame. But I have tried, I have—I have—truly, mother—to make things go right in our lives. But it didn't seem right to me, and it never will, to sacrifice you absolutely to our own selfish ease and happiness. As if I could be happy, mother, with you deliberately put out of my life. Yes, that's it substantially. It's not just a personal claim of wife against mother,—I could see, and have yielded to that natural claim, as far as it did not encroach on actual jus-

tice to me and you! But it is a claim of family against family, an imperative claim for our joint loyalty and devotion to her kindred, with an almost total disregard of my own rights. She can't sense that I have my personal ties of kindred and home associations, as dear as hers. Hardly a day has passed since our marriage that she or both of us have not been under her home roof. Her sense of need of her kindred and old home association is as strong, seemingly, as before we were married. Yet my own natural home sentiment, implanted in me by the same order and process as her own—in her eyes is simple selfishness. She cannot see that you and I have strains of the same feeling between us, as has she and hers. She cannot sense that my claim is, in its way, more imperative and just by the condition of your loneliness—a condition, which, because of the many included in her family, she had no chance to sense.

That is the foundation of it all, mother—oh, of course, there have been other things—things we have said to each other in trying to argue it out, each on our own side. She calls my stand stubbornness, you see, but I have made concessions that have kept me sleepless thinking of you and what you might think of my desertion. I couldn't explain—you can see that, can't you, mother? I've held it—because I was afraid, almost to voice such a thing as a misunderstanding between me and my wife. It has hurt to the core, mother! you can't guess how much. I love her—why, I couldn't love her more than I have and do now; but it's misery, mother, that I can't stand, the daily jangling, and insistence upon personal rights, whose absolute counterpart she denies to me."

The noonday sun streaming through the muslin curtain blinded Bertha's eyes. Something dark at least came between her and Bob's wretched face. She put up both hands and shut it all out for a moment, then quickly—sensing that Bob's suffering would only grow with her own, put them down.

"This is serious, Bob," she said, presently. "We must think well and dispassionately, so as not to make mistakes. This is the biggest problem of your life—you must step as carefully as if you were on thin glass, whose breaking will plunge you to destruction."

Bob's own face was hidden by his hands, and the short, dry sobs that came between them, Bertha remembered, were the first she had heard since he was a child.

She drew her chair to the sofa. "Let's talk it over, Bob," she said. "There must be some way out of this—this mistake. It's only that, you must remember; nothing must come between you, and your wife and child. A mother must not do it, above all things. You see that, don't you, dear? It would be like cutting you out of your birthright, or shutting a door to keep you from heaven."

Bob sat up and threw out his arms. "But the alternative, mother; there's only one, you know, now, after all that has passed between us."

"And it isn't so difficult, Bob, if you look at it in the right way."

"You mean—for me—to give you up?"

"Figuratively, yes—for a time, at least. It is all new to her, you know—this relationship, with its new ideas, and ties. In time, I am sure, things will look differently. We must consider her side, even a little more than ours."



Bob gave a little despairing groan. "I have tried to do that, mother."

"Yes, but you have had the struggle alone. It is a hard one, even for an experienced person, and you two young people have been trying to straighten it all out yourselves. If you had only told me at first, I might have helped you both. I can do it now, though, thank heaven."

Bob groaned again. "It's too late, now; it's gone too far. Besides, as I told you—a settlement can only come about on conditions I cannot as a man, a son, or a Christian, concede."

Bertha drew a long breath. The sense of that concession lay like a weight at her heart; but it must not balance on the wrong side.

"You are taking it all too seriously, dear; time brings everything out right if we meet things as they come in the right way. Now let me handle this for a while. I've just had a thought—an inspiration, we will call it—a way out. It's that little farm of ours out in Uinta. The people on it haven't been doing right by us—I have felt it for some time. Neighbors out there say the man is really shiftless, lets things go at haphazard. I've felt for a long time one of us ought to be out there to look after things. It isn't much, of course, all told; but it's ours, and some time may mean a great deal to you—and your children. The thing for me to do right now is to stay there and watch things."

"Mother! Heaven knows you are lonely enough now. Out there—"

"There will be some one with me, of course. I shall keep our tenants on, there, to do the work. I'll just be the boss; you see—with a little corner of my own to keep as a sort of throne room. I won't have time to be lonesome, you know, with all the farm things on my mind."

Bob came and knelt down by her low chair. "Mother, I see what you mean—and I know what it will cost. But I believe it will save us—me and Elsie and our child—and from something that in the end I believe will be a sorrow worse than actual death. God bless you, mother, and—and help to bring it out all right in the end."

She watched him spring on to the car, his step lighter by far than when he had come. The hopeless look on his face, too, had lifted, though his mouth drooped and the eyes that gave her a parting glance were dim.

She went about her task of clearing away the little picked-up lunch, put on in a hurry at Bob's telephone call. Down on the carpet, the sun was making wavering golden patches, wrought by the rays deflected by the moving muslin blind.

"The farm in Uinta." It was away from the railroad by thirty miles. She wondered if Bob would ever call her up there and ask her if she could put lunch on in fifteen minutes.

Minutes! Why, it would be days, weeks, months, yes, even years perhaps, between times that she would see him. He would get used to her absence, of course; time and custom do marvelous things. His duties would multiply, too, with the years, and help him, if not to forget, at least not to miss her; new children would come; they would hear her name sometimes, of course—she could trust Bob for that—but their childish love, their sense of near kinship would never unfold. They would know of her in a distant way, and she of them; a letter now and then, an occasional visit; at Conference times, perhaps, once a year or less—

She pictured herself, as years went on, growing less and less to



them, and—to Bob; so little, finally in a truly practical way, that when the end came it would mean if anything at all, only a momentary wrench, to be healed—she might even die alone—away there in that far-off place. They would send for Bob, of course—but thirty miles—the long railway journey—and the stretch between! She might go without a last look at the dear face she had once pillowed on her arm, a tiny, helpless, clinging thing, dependent on her—as she was now, on his care and love—the child she had earned by pain of travail and years of nurturing care and love, the babe that had been given her—"to keep."

"Why, Bertha, girl, you must be having bad dreams. Don't pinch yourself that way, dear—and—look

out—if you throw your arms about that way, honey, you will hurt the babe."

It was her young husband's voice, a little curious and anxious.

"She saw too much company yesterday," said the nurse from the corner where she was putting a fresh bouquet of flowers into a vase. "It has made her feverish, and I shall put a stop to visitors' calls now at least for a week."

"That dictum doesn't include her best beau, I hope," said Hal, including both Bertha and the small mite beside her in a general hug.

Bertha managed a faint smile—then her arms fastened hungrily about the tiny form on her arm.

"Let me kiss him, Hal," she said, with suddenly blinded eyes. "Let me hold, and cherish, and keep him fast—while I may."

## Tributes to "Mother."

Happy he

With such a mother! faith in womankind  
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high  
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,  
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

—*Tennyson.*

The mother, in her office, holds the key  
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin  
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage,  
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.  
Then crown her Queen o' the World.

—*Wych.*

My mother!—manhood's anxious brow  
And sterner cares have long been mine,  
Yet turn I to thee fondly now,  
As when upon thy bosom's shrine  
My infant griefs were gently hush'd to rest,  
And thy whisper'd prayers my slumber bless'd.  
*Geo. W. Bethune.*



LINES  
WRITTEN AT THE OLD MANSE  
Concord, Mass.

The sweetness of the May rests on the land;  
Each elm is like a cloud, viriscent bright—  
Daisies and butter-cups are filled with light,  
And meadows in delicious green expand,  
Could we the springtime in our hearts withstand,  
While to the sun the hawthorne blossom'd white?  
While songs of birds did thoughts of love invite,  
And we stood wistfully, hand clasped in hand.

Ah, no! Infection from the time we caught,  
Nor in the sudden impulse felt amiss!  
Should we alone by nature be untaught,  
No lesson learn from all the vernal bliss?  
My blessing on this day for what it brought,  
In the sweet rapture of a stolen kiss!

Alfred Lambourne.

**LINES**  
**WRITTEN AT THE CYPRESS GROVE**  
**Pacific Coast.**

The wan sun fell across the restless deep;  
Upon the rocks and sands the tide made moan;  
The sea-birds winging from the western steep,  
Had left me standing on the beach alone.

The ancient cypresses within the wood,  
Their pendant moss and branches gently swayed.

The night-winds crept around me as I stood,  
And thro' the land a low sweet music made.

But in my heart was sadder passion still,  
Than any voiced by wind or tree or tide;  
All thoughts of anguish did my bosom fill,  
In that dark hour you should have been my bride:

Salt, bitter tears were mine instead of thee,  
O, my lost love who sleeps beneath the sea!

Alfred Lambourne.



# The Prose Style of Robert Louis Stevenson.

*By Christian Larsen.*

"There is a writer," says Rudyard Kipling, "called Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, who makes most delicate inlay work in black and white, and files out to the fraction of a hair." Whoever has read much of Stevenson recognizes the truthfulness and aptness of this remark. How adequately it fits the style of those brilliant descriptions scattered so lavishly throughout the novels and essays. Stevenson accomplished for description, especially for landscape effects, what Jane Austen did for a certain class of English society. Indeed, Mr. Kipling's figure recalls her humorous observation about the "little bit of ivory two inches wide" on which she worked with a brush so fine as to produce "little effect after much labor." Miss Austen is remembered as the portrayer of certain aspects of life with a fidelity and accuracy rarely equalled, never excelled; Stevenson lives chiefly as the creator of a style exquisitely perfect, showing to greatest advantage in his descriptions. Both produced effects very far removed from "little."

One of Stevenson's biographers says of him, "He wields the English tongue with a fastidious and delighted mastery." Surely no modern writer excels him in this merit. His words are so delicately adjusted to exact shade of meaning, so sure in their suggestion, so full of strength and vigor, so musical, that they well-nigh illustrate perfection in diction.

Such mastery of words and phrases did not come to Stevenson as an inborn gift which he exer-

cised as Aladdin rubbed the magical lamp. It is doubtful whether an appreciable degree of perfection ever comes to any artist in that way. Stevenson at least began early in life, partly by imitation, partly by reflection, to school himself in the use of choice English, to accumulate his marvelous vocabulary. He tells us he had vowed he would learn to write, and says:

"Whenever I read a book on a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conscious force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful, and I knew it; and tried again, and was again unsuccessful, and always unsuccessful; but at least in these vain bouts I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction and the co-ordination of parts."

He then names some of the authors to whom he "played the sedulous ape,"—all remarkable for the easy, rythmical cadences of their style,—such men as Hazlitt, Lamb, Sir Thomas Browne and Hawthorne, Defoe and Wordsworth, Montaigne and Baudelaire. With such models it is easy to understand the importance which Stevenson at all times attached to the *form* of literature, quite apart from the *matter*. This worship of form perhaps reaches its extremest expression in these sentences:

"There is indeed only one merit worth considering in a man of letters—that he should write well; and only one damning fault—that he should write ill. \* \* \* The love of words,



and not a desire to publish new discoveries, the love of form, and not a novel reading of historical events, mark the vocation of the writer and the painter."

Among authors of fame, Stevenson is probably unique in thus polishing and perfecting his style before he had anything of importance to say to the world. Most authors acquire ideas, plots, stories first, secondly, style; or, at least, the two go hand in hand. Here was the unusual spectacle of a youthful author wielding a style which borders on perfection before ideas worthy of such garb had come to him. The ideas came later, in rich abundance, but his earliest work is more remarkable for beauty of language than for novelty or depth of contents. Though he left off playing "the sedulous ape" in good time, he never for an instant wavered in his belief that form is of the utmost importance nor in his determination to keep his standard up to the same lofty, almost ideal, level.

Simplicity is an ever-present element of his work, but that is not due to any poverty of words. His mind was highly retentive and kept stowed away in it wondrous stores sparkling words, like countless changes of raiment ready to be worn at the appropriate moment. The sources of his vocabulary extend into many remote scenes and times, into his student days, his rambles with the shepherds on the Pentland hills, his training as a lighthouse engineer, his travels in France and America, his life on sailing vessels with jolly tars, and, finally and perhaps most productive of all, his constant and varied reading of classical literature—English, foreign, modern, ancient. From all of these sources he absorbed words of potent aptness which later served as keystones in the perfect

arches of his sentences and paragraphs.

One of the qualities of language that appealed most directly to his artistic sense is the merely sensuous beauty of sound, the musical charm which certain words and word-combinations possess. The sonorous ring of biblical language impressed him: "'The Lord is gone up with a shout, and God with the sound of a trumpet,' rings still in my ear from my first childhood," he tells us. But not merely the solemn swing of the Hebrew scriptures appealed to his artist's ear: "Crimson lake( hark to the sound of it—Crimson lake!—the horns of elfland are not richer on the ear)." The following he might very truly have said in the first person: "What took him was a richness in the speech; he loved the exotic, the unexpected word; the moving cadence of a phrase; the romance of language."

In his early work this love for harmonious sound occasionally betrayed him into writing metrical prose, as in this line: "The grass was grey with drops of rain, the headstones black with moisture," but such lapses are rare. Note the exquisite prose rhythm pervading such passages as these:

"The sky itself was of a ruddy, powerful, nameless, changing color, dark and glossy like a serpent's back. The stars, by innumerable millions, stuck boldly forth like lamps. The Milky Way was bright like a moonlit cloud; half heaven seemed Milky Way. The greater luminaries shone each more clearly than a winter's moon. Their light was dyed in every sort of color—red, like fire; blue, like steel; green, like the tracks of sunset; and so sharply did each stand forth in its own lustre that there was no appearance of that flat, starspangled arch we know so well in pictures, but all the hollow of heaven was one chaos of contesting luminaries—a hurly-burly of stars."

\* \* \* "This lane of pine trees ran very rapidly down hill and wound among the woods; but it was a wider thoroughfare than the brook needed, and here and there were little dimpling lawns, and coves of the forest where the starshine slumbered."

Note the skillful unobtrusiveness of the alliteration in such phrases as these:

"It came from some one leading flocks afield to the note of a rural horn."

"The blue darkness lay long in the glade where I had sweetly slumbered."

"At length when she was well weary, she came upon a wide and shallow pool. Stones stood in it like islands; bullrushes fringed the coast; the floor was paved with the pine needles, and the pines themselves, whose roots made promontories, looked down silently on their green images."

Needless to quote more examples. Open a volume of Stevenson anywhere, and read a few paragraphs aloud: the beauty of the cadences and the melody of the words will impress you. It is a marked quality, produced by such varied means as alliteration, careful distribution of accented syllables, agreeable changes of consonants and vowels, an occasional archaic or poetic word, now and then a melodious repetition, assonance, or antithesis—all working together, more or less unconsciously, for the greatest refinement of sound possible in prose.

A conspicuous quality of his vocabulary is the concreteness of his words and images. He calls into consciousness and causes to live again, by some aptly chosen word, a thousand and one specific, concrete experiences, ideas, pictures, which we share in common with him. In that wonderfully suggestive bit of description, *A Camp in the Dark*, such expressions as "the

subtle glue" that leaped between his sleepy eye-lids, the lullaby—the wind among the trees that would "swell and burst like a great crashing breaker," and "the lace like edge of the foliage against the sky,"—these are the concrete expressions that make us appreciate his and our own experiences.

The abundant use of various figures of speech is but another manifestation of Stevenson's constant effort to make his English full of life and strength. Figurative language is with him always a means to an end, not mere embroidery. His metaphors are vivid as flashes of lightning. He personifies freely and ever with decided gain. We read of "a breathing landscape;" of woods "all jewelled with the autumn yellow;" of "one of the great white ships below [which] began suddenly to clothe herself with white sails." The pictorial adjective frequently gives life to a character. Who does not remember "the ivory-faced, silvery-haired old woman" with her evil smile and her excellent manners, who opens the door in *Jekyll and Hyde*?

With the exception of his early work in which he frequently borrows from the Bible, his figurative language is full of originality and variety. He draws largely and effectively on Nature for comparisons as one should expect from a writer who spent so much of his life in the open, but all phases of life contribute their share.

There remains to be considered his power of suggesting moods and settings by his descriptions. Throughout the powerful tale of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, the background harmonizes perfectly with the suppressed but palpable horror of the plot.

"It was a wild seasonable night of

March, with a pale moon lying on her back as though the wind had tilted her, and a flying wrack of the most diaphanous and lawny texture. The wind made talking difficult, and flecked the blood into the face. It seemed to have swept the streets unusually bare of passengers, besides; for Mr. Utterson thought he had never seen that part of London so deserted. He could have wished it otherwise; never in his life had he been conscious of so sharp a wish to see and touch his fellow-creatures; for, struggle as he might, there was borne in upon his mind a crushing anticipation of calamity. The square, when they got there, was all full of wind and dust, and the thin trees in the garden were lashing themselves along the railing."

The cumulative effect of this atmosphere of expectant horror throughout the tale is almost overpowering. Again, in *Treasure Island*, the setting is in perfect keeping with the intense expectancy of imminent peril. As one critic remarks, "There is a threat in the windless,

grey winter morning, when the old buccaneer goes down to keep his accustomed watch for the seafaring man with one leg."

"It was one January morning, very early—a pinching frosty morning—the cove all grey with hoar-frost, the ripple laughing softly on the stones, the sun still low and only touching the hill-tops and shining far to seaward."

This wonderful, indefinable mood of his descriptive settings is far more remarkable than the cadences of his prose rhythm. There are few flaws in his style. Even critics who carp at his having acquired it by laborious, incessant work, and hence hastily conclude it to be artificial, must admit that he was a born artist, a keen observer, and a master of English prose. His *artificial* style, as they call it, excels most *natural* styles.

## Fragments.

My mother! at that holy name  
 Within my bosom there's a gush  
 Of feeling, which no time can tame,  
 A feeling, which for years of fame,  
 I would not, could not crush!  
 —George P. Morris.

Ere yet her child hath drawn its earliest breath,  
 A mother's love begins—it grows till death!  
 Lives before life, with death not dies, but seems  
 The very substance of immortal dreams.

There are smiles and tears in the mother eyes,  
 For her new-born infant beside her lies;  
 Oh, heaven of bliss! when the heart overflows  
 With the rapture a *mother* only knows.  
 —Henry Ware.

The bearing and the training of a child  
 Is woman's wisdom.

—Tennyson.

# The Utah Painter—Lee Greene Richards.

*By Alice Merrill Horne.*

Lee Greene Richards is one of three generations of painters.

M. M. Young, his neighbor, play-

mate, and associate in art study from pinafore days to studio life in

Paris, says, "Lee always knew how



A BOSTON SCULPTOR.



to paint. It was as natural for him to want to paint as for other boys to want to play."

None deny that he was born with an exalted gift. His father only moderately indulged his own propensity to paint, but he confesses to this day a hunger for the art life. His unsatisfied desire has in a measure been gratified through the success of his son as a painter. Lee's Grandmother Richards, also an artist, became the boys' most cherished companion. She helped him to appreciate his talent, and taught him how to realize his higher self.

Together they used the same box of water colors, shared with equal privilege one set of brushes, and side by side they made pictures.

These efforts never descended to play. Painting came to be thinking. It was correcting. Though Lee was precocious he fortunately got no patting on the back, no setting up as a hero from father nor from grandmother, but instead, "That is a good effort—but you must make a better one tomorrow."

Mrs. Richards, once Sarah Griffith, and her cousin Grace Griffith, studied in England. They had decided talent especially the cousin Grace, who painted with the same spirit and technical qualities as the English painter John S. Cottman. Her style is broad and simple, and it is possible she studied under Cottman. The sketches and pictures by these two ladies are in the possession of our artist and are charming bits of color. Through the influence of his grandmother who was English, Lee came to look upon the English 18th Century School with Hogarth, Romney, Sir Henry Raeburn, Reynolds, Gainsborough and Sir Thomas Lawrence, as the great school of painting. To these ideals our artist has added Rubens, Van

Dyke, and Franz Hals—the painters of red healthy blood.

Lee's mother, Lula Greene, who is gifted in poesy is descended from the same line of ancestry as was the gallant General Nathaniel Greene.

The Richards family can likewise boast of revolutionary ancestry. They have beside a distinct tendency to professional life in letters, medicine, law, art, or music.

#### EARLY INFLUENCES.

Lee's father had a congenial acquaintance, a neighbor, George M. Ottinger. Many an enchanted hour the boy passed in that wonder place—Ottinger's studio.

When J. T. Harwood returned from Europe, our youthful painter came for study with mature mind and a fund of self found information that surprised the older painters. Evans, Hafen, Haag, all were interested in his development. Mr. Richards now says, "I got as much from Harwood as from any teacher that I had afterward in Paris. His sound academic training such as the art schools give, is good for any student, no matter what field of art he may ultimately choose."

During a mission to England at eighteen years, he had opportunities for visiting the galleries. Now were crystalized plans for his future course in art. At the close of his labors in the mission field he visited Paris, and for a brief space of time became absorbed in its various phases of beauty, but was withheld from entering upon the career that lay open before him: It takes money to live while studying art. It takes a great deal of money to produce art.

*Raphael and Michel Angelo could not have become the inspiration of*

the centuries that succeeded them without adequate financial assistance.—The great Medici, the wealthy merchants, the Pope, and the church, all stood back of them. It was the vogue at that time for an artist with great talent to be employed by a wealthy patron. Thus all anxiety for maintenance was overcome, and he was permitted to spend his whole energy upon the development of his talent, and thus the wonderful masterpieces of Italian Renaissance were made possible. How vastly different were the opportunities of Lee Greene Richards.

He stood in the heart of Paris amidst the accumulation of centuries of art. The power of genius stirred within him. He was rich in hope, in aspiration, and in feeling, but he had no money. He was alone. There was no brilliant Medici to back him, and he had but to turn sorrowfully homeward. He must provide his own money, so finding employment in the State Bank of Utah, he worked and saved for three years. Then he could wait no longer. With summer in his heart and gratitude filling his whole being he turned again to face the world, this time seeking fame as a painter in that city of opportunities.

A year at the *Julien* was followed by a season at the Government School *Ecceles de Beaux Arts*, but at the beginning of the third year he broke away from school life, rented a private studio and went

his own way determining to develop his own ideas.

#### SUCCESS AT THE SALON.

While a student at the *Beaux*



*Arts* success crowned his efforts, for his portrait of Dr. Heber John Richards (who was then living in Paris), was accepted and well hung at the *Societe des Artistes Francais*. This signal achievement gave no

surprise to his many admirers at home nor to friends in Paris.

#### DREAMS.

Byron says, "Dreams in their development have breath." When Lee's mother said "Artists can never hope for riches," the boy replied, "No, but they can be happy." His hope and dream always was to become a painter. He had other dreams. In sleep he has seen some of his most successful pictures. One night he saw his picture at the Salon with a ticket showing that it had received a medal. The impression was so strong that Mr. Richards went to work and painted as the dream had revealed the picture. It was accepted at the Salon and missed the medal by one vote. However, Lee Greene Richards headed the list for Honorable Mention. No other Utah painter has received so great a distinction. At this same exhibition Mr. Richards also sent and had accepted a large water color landscape, and a portrait of his friend Mr. Frederick W. Pope of Boston—a sculptor, who, in the same Salon had a portrait bust of our artist. This was an important advance in his art career.

November, 1903, marked the organization of an art society which conducts an annual exhibition, known as the *Salon d' Automme*. Exhibitors were allowed to send only three canvasses. Mr. Richards sent a portrait of his cousin, Blanche Richards, and two landscapes in oil. The portrait, a half length figure, has most excellent tone and color qualities. This portrait is now in Provo in the possession of Mrs. H. J. Richards. It is a picture that will live. The three pictures were accepted and for their excellence Mr. Richards was elected

a full member of that society. He is the only Utahn to receive this or similar honors abroad. By invitation, he exhibited in the International Society of painters, sculptors, and etchers, in London, Manchester, Bromley and Birmingham. Being invited he also sent pictures to Philadelphia and Chicago for some important exhibitions. In June, 1904, Mr. Richards returned home, visiting the St. Louis Exposition en route, where he saw his portrait of Mrs. H. J. Richards well placed. This picture is one of his best efforts. It is now a part of our State Collection and is truly a great picture.

Upon his return, Mr. Richards received a commission to paint three portraits for the Relief Society—one of President Bathsheba W. Smith, one of secretary Emmeline B. Wells—a poetic picture of a poet, one of Jane S. Richards—a former counselor of Zina D. Young. The portraits are among his best works and hang in the Relief Society apartments. Portraits of Dr. John R. Park for the University, and of President Elmina S. Taylor, for the Y. L. M. I. A., were later painted.

Those who visit the memorial cottage in Sharon, Vermont, will find some charming portraits of Joseph and Hyrum and Mother Lucy Smith. They hang over the quaint mantle in the hall.

#### AN ARTIST'S WIFE.

Who but an artist should marry a quaint, quiet girl like Mary Eldredge? She is the daughter of the late Horace S. Eldredge and Chloe A. Redfield Eldredge. With a quick sense for harmony and beauty inherited from her mother, Mrs. Richards makes a wife who

will create an artistic home atmosphere. An honest living up to the great principles of art will be possible in a home shared with this charming woman. She has not only a natural appreciation for the various fields of art, but she also possesses an intelligent understanding of them. She has been a companion to her brother Harold in his musical career, and is as appreciative of the work from the hands of her painter husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Richards spent last year abroad when they visited many famous galleries in different cities. On returning home Mr. Richards says, "I feel that my last year in Europe has only confirmed my belief in the traditions of the past. I am also convinced that art traditions are not like the laws of the Medes and Persians, unchangeable, but it is for every man to work out his own salvation. True, there are certain fundamental principles that



LUCETTE.



all great artists have recognized. Each artist adapts these to his own especial and individual needs in order that he may perfectly reveal himself." In the growth and development of an artist he must pass through several stages. At different steps he may seem to have opposite tendencies and still remain true to himself.

As a boy, Lee painted in light glowing, brilliant colors and in a frank spontaneous manner. Later he became interested in gray schemes, in tonal qualities rather than in decided pure colors. Such themes as twilight, grey days, and moonlight appealed strongly to him. It was during this period that he painted the portrait of Mrs. H. J. Richards. An artist has described this picture as a poem in tone. The frontispiece, a portrait of Mrs. Elmina S. Taylor which Mr. Richards treated in a very similar manner, was not painted from life. Only a small photograph was available. Notwithstanding this the character of this wonderful and spiritual woman is well suggested:

A portrait of his father, Levi W. Richards, is a strong presentation of a noble character. A living soul seems to light up the very canvass. It is an exquisite rendition showing a sympathetic understanding that is possible between a father and a son, when both are of serious artistic temperament.

The Autumn Salon, 1909, exhibited two portraits by Mr. Richards, one "Lucette" a charming scheme of black and white of a twelve-year-old girl. It was called "Distinguished" by art critics. "Le. Sac Rouge," a portrait of his wife, is painted with an extremely simple palette. No colors were used except black, white, yellow ochre and red, but a beautiful decorative de-

sign and arrangement of drapery was achieved. The grace and movement and drawing especially of the hands were noted. Another successful portrait Mr. Richards painted during his last trip abroad of Mr. Harold Eldredge in his character of "The Flying Dutchman." The composition and coloring reveal the melancholy, gloomy character of the enchanted mariner. One of the latest products of his brush is of unusual interest, being painted in a light glowing scheme of rich bright color. It is a portrait of President Bathsheba W. Smith, an inspiring expression lights the face; the intelligent eye and the pleasing expressive mouth give the character and feeling of a living, healthy woman. The flesh tints are charming. Nothing in the whole world equals the beautiful color of the human flesh. No other rose is so lovely as that which matches the color in the cheek. Rubens loved those tints and shades and this portrait of Mrs. Smith is suggestive of a Rubens. Mr. Richards makes a striking note of dignity in composing his portraits by placing the head high upon the canvass.

#### HIS GREAT QUALITIES.

Lee Greene Richards seeks to tell the character of his sitter. Age has little to do with telling the character of a person. His desire is to reveal a human soul, to give the intelligence of the eye the color of flesh, in a word, to make a portrait *live*.

His honest, frank, direct, fearless way of painting is so convincing that he has won the honors already mentioned. In addition to this power is a born gift, a genius to discover harmonies, tonal effects, and qualities. Composition, one of the

noblest fundamentals in all the fine arts, has in him a strong exponent.

His power of selection is good, and therefore the highest sources have furnished inspiration and subject. Children appeal strongly to him. He paints them with the hand

sibly his greatest field, this painter shows a broad range of appreciation and capacity. His landscapes are conceived with the same artistic power as are his portraits. A feeling for effect, be it sunlight, twilight, or moonlight, shows a de-



A PORTRAIT OF BATHSHEBA W. SMITH,

*Painted in her 88th year, and presented by Mr. Smith to the N. W. R. S.*

of love. "I love the children for themselves, you know," he says, as he points out to you their qualities of life, freshness, youth, and strong color.

Though we have dwelt on his ability in portraiture which is pos-

sessed poetic inspiration. Water colors he has always handled with ease and facility. His ideal is to combine with classic beauty of line and form, living nature, freshness, harmony, brilliant, rich coloring and a strong rendering of personality.

His sense of the artistic is persistent and serves him on all occasions. That is why his pictures are so completely in harmony.

HIS STUDIO.

The studio reflects the artist, it is his home. "The Gables," Mr. Richards studio, is a unique spot. It has but recently been fitted up to meet the needs of an artist. Mrs. Richards has done her part in the

transformation. Her touch is evident in the repose and air of comfort and home feeling that pervades the studio. It is altogether a revelation of good taste which is nothing but art under another name.

Lee Greene Richard's standing in art today is interesting; his past has been a succession of achievements in which he has swiftly advanced. He has only begun in the scale of greatness that is possible for him.



EMMELINE B. WELLS.

Those who love art rejoice that such men as Lee Greene Richards and Mahonri M. Young have remained loyal to their homes and have returned to their native soil. We know that strong artists such as they, have far greater opportunities in large art centres, and that they sacrifice much when they return. But blood is thicker than water, and the soil from which men spring clings to their shoes, the traditions of parents weave themselves into the hearts of the children, and when memory stirs those golden threads the wanderer turns homeward. These boys love the desert, and the desert does not spurn them. They have brought credit upon the people in these mountain tops as well as upon themselves. They are

known as men of honor, men of nobility, of character and of rare artistic talents. They have acknowledged themselves freely as Mormons among the gifted people they have been associated with. They have been true to us; we want to sustain them. Emerson prophesied long ago that the art of America would rise in the West amidst the *feet* of a brave and earnest people. So let us remember that it is not from the rich that the artists of the West will find comfort and sustenance, rather they must rely upon the great middle class of men and women. The tillers, gardeners of the soil, the shepherd of the flocks, the laborers for hire. These are they who must be under the artists of Utah, the Great Medici.

## Baby's Eyes.

*By Elsie C. Carroll.*

When baby's eyes gaze into mine,  
Beyond their wondering stare,  
I see a sacred questioning,  
Which God has planted there.

They seem to search my very soul,  
And read it as a book;  
I feel my strength of womanhood,  
Is measured by their look.

And O, how earnestly I pray  
That baby's eyes shall see  
The holy image which they seek—  
True motherhood—in me.

When baby's eyes smile into mine  
Their helpless, boundless trust,  
Each noble impulse of my heart  
Cries bravely out, "I must

So live that God's great light shall e'er  
Its halo 'round me shine;"  
That baby's eyes shall never turn  
In doubt away from mine.



# President John Rex Winder.

*By Frank Y. Taylor.*

For over half a century, John Rex Winder was prominently associated with the industrial and ecclesiastical history of Utah. Ever since he arrived in Salt Lake City, there has been a conspicuous place for him and he has always filled it to the satisfaction of his friends, and to his own honor and credit. All through his useful life, he has been active and energetic to a remarkable degree.

John Rex Winder, son of Richard and Sophia Winder, was born in Biddenden, Kent County, England, on December 11th, 1821.

His parents belonged to the Church of England, in which organization he was christened when an infant. His schooling was meagre, as the limited means of his parents necessitated his working to support himself. When he was about twenty years old, he went to London, where he obtained employment in the West End Shoe and Grocery Store. It was here that he met Ellen Walters who became his wife November 24th, 1845. In 1847 he engaged to a man by the name of Collinson to go to Liverpool and take charge of a store. While at work in this store one day, he chanced to pick up a piece of paper upon which was written the words "Latter-day Saints." He had never heard of these people and was curious to know what the words meant. Upon investigation, he learned of the Mormons, and of their wonderful prophet in America. He also learned that there was a branch of the church in Liverpool and he soon sought them out. He heard a sermon preached by Elder

Orson Spencer with which he was very much impressed, and he at once began to investigate the principles. The result was that on the 20th of September, 1848, he was baptized by Elder Thomas D. Brown, and on the 15th of the following month, his wife was baptized by Orson Pratt. He remained in Liverpool and was active in Church work, until February 1853, when he and his family sailed for Zion.

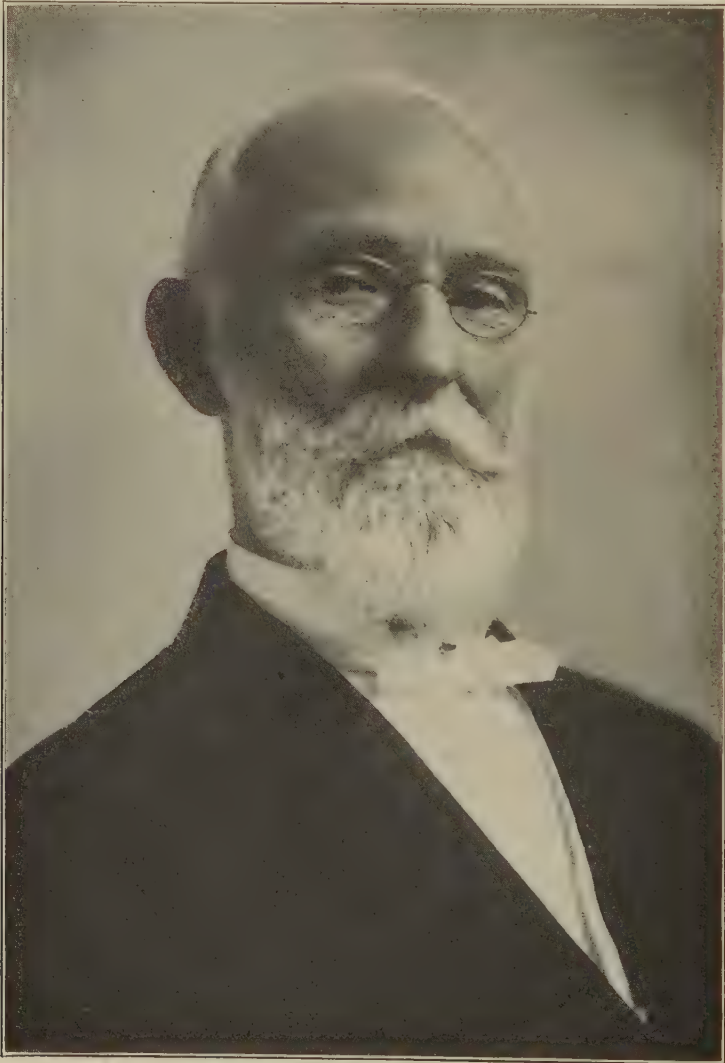
His experience while crossing the ocean was fraught with great trouble. Small-pox broke out on board the vessel and Brother Winder was one of the first to come down with the dread disease. His case became so severe that his life was despaired of, and one day, he heard a man who had first assisted in throwing over board the body of a victim, say that Winder would be the next to go. Brother Winder had faith that such was not to be. He recovered, landing in America sound and well, where he joined Elder Joseph W. Young's company, and with his family crossed the plains, arriving in Salt Lake City on the 10th of October, 1853. His active nature and quick intelligence soon enabled him to get his bearings, and he became a partner of Samuel Mulliner in the manufacture of leather goods. In 1855 he went into partnership with William Jennings, who was proprietor of a meat market, tannery, boot and shoe manufacture, etc. He continued in this business until after the move, July, 1858.

In 1855 Brother Winder joined the Nauvoo Legion and soon be-

came prominent as a military man. During the fall and winter of 1857 and 1858, he was left with fifty men to guard Echo canyon after Johnson's army had gone to Fort Bridger for the winter. He held the position of captain with signal honor. He engaged in the march after Indians in Tooele county in

1858, and figured conspicuously in the Blackhawk war in 1865-6-7, as an aid to General Wells, and later as assistant Adjutant General.

Brother Winder was a man of affairs, well acquainted with all conditions of life, and was a success in the many vocations he was called to fill. He was a successful trades-



JOHN REX WINDER.

man, tanner, shoemaker, a practical book-keeper, a pains-taking and careful farmer and stock raiser, and was never satisfied unless he raised the best crops, and his fields were clear and tidy and free from weeds. His stock took leading prizes at our State Fair, and he kept no inferior animals on his place. He knew a good horse when he saw it and took great pleasure in driving one. He succeeded as a butcher, attained to prominence as a banker, and was interested in the leading industrial, manufacturing, and mercantile institutions of our state. He not only had his name identified with them, but was an active factor in their management. His good judgment was such that people believed in and had confidence in him, and felt that their money was safely invested as long as he had a voice in the management of the business.

One of the highest testimonials of his nobility, was the purity and scrupulousness of his home life. He loved his family and surrounded them with every opportunity for development of sturdy manhood and womanhood. He never lavished upon them superfluous expenditures which would lead their thoughts to the lighter things of life, but he always provided the necessities.

Brother Winder was a firm believer in work. Everybody worked at his home, and like Goldsmith's Village Preacher, he "Allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

He was for a long time identified in the management of our electric light and street railway systems, and was respected by the many employees of these institutions.

As a public servant, he gave splendid satisfaction to the city, the county, the territory, and the state in the many offices held by him. But as president of the State Fair

association, he is best known. That important institution owes much of its success to the intelligence and common sense of John R. Winder. In this as in other affairs in his life, he lead the way and set the example. He raised fruit, vegetables, and cereals for exhibition, and the fair would hardly have been complete without his horses and cattle, and he was a prize winner of no mean importance.

In all his public duties, his labors were for the people. He was the people's man—true to every trust, seeking not his own advancement or honor, but being satisfied if he performed his duty well and if the people received the benefit.

President Winder's charities were many, but were best known among the poor, the widow, and the orphan. They were never given on the house-tops but he gave on the principle of not letting his left hand know what his right hand did. A widow on one cold Christmas Eve was sitting around the hearth with a large and anxious family who were asking what they were to receive for Christmas. She has since said, "I was almost in despair when in answer to a knock at the door, in walked Brother Winder loaded down with everything to make us happy—a veritable Santa Clause.

An orphan boy, a neighbor, struggling for a new home, was in debt and felt he must sell some of his land to pay the obligation, remembering that he always had a friend in Brother Winder, he went to him for advice. President Winder put his arm around the young man and told him not to sacrifice his land, as it would increase in value, and he himself would furnish the necessary money. As a result of this help and advice, the young man is

several thousand dollars better off today.

One poor, but worthy widow, saved up her money to pay her taxes, but to her surprise she did not receive her tax notice. After inquiry, it was found that her taxes had been paid. This was while Brother Winder was assessor and collector, and instead of sending the poor widow her notice, he had paid the taxes himself.

Space will not permit us to mention more of his benevolences, sufficient to say, that those who most needed his sympathy and help, received it, and the Lord will be the best Judge of his beneficence and kindness. Truly can the Master welcome him by saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

President Winder was an example of economy, and his financial success in life is largely due to this most excellent trait in his character. He could not bear to have anything go to waste. At his farm, every wisp of hay or ear of corn was carefully picked up and stowed away. In the feeding of his stock at his farm, there was no tramping of feed under the feet of the animals or careless scattering of hay to the winds. Everything was saved and put into its proper place. In his economy he was not parsimonious but liberal, and yet not wasteful. He was a man of order in every phase of his life, never leaving anything half done. If he undertook any work, he completed it and then went at something else, and he believed in the principle of "What is worth doing, is worth doing well."

Most of Brother Winder's friends knew him best in the financial circles of big undertakings, but one

of the best places to become acquainted with his many beautiful traits of character, was at the place where most great men come from—the farm. There he practiced best the simple life where he came in actual touch with nature which seemed to be part of his very self. He communed with nature in the cornfield, in his vegetable garden, under the shade of the orchard, among the stock, with his fat herd of jerseys, in the raising of which he excelled, in the midst of his sleek band of horses, the best in the land. There were few weeds in his farm. The ditches were cleaned, in fact everything about the place was neat and tidy.

If our people farmed and raised stock on the same orderly lines as he did, our land would be a delight to look upon and profit to those who engage in it. "Poplar Farm" was known throughout Salt Lake county. Its stately trees and the kindly hospitality of the place being enjoyed by many a traveler. Scores directed the course of their afternoon rides there to imbibe the delicious butter-milk from the ice cold tankard in the cellar.

In his religious life, is best shown his greatness and the true man that he was. In our financial or civil life, man may charge us with being partial to self, even if it be not true, but when we deal with things pertaining to God, the divine in us is manifest, to some more than to others, as the Lord sees fit to bestow it upon us. Surely the Lord loved Brother Winder as he had much of the divine spirit with him. Who among us has not felt this as we have had the pleasure of his hand shake and his blessings upon our heads. Who will forget his beaming countenance so full of light, faith, and hope and of the deter-



mination he implanted in us as we listened to his fatherly counsel of kindness and love for us to go on and on and do better, and bring out the very best that was in us.

The leading men of the Church knew him and loved him, because he was capable in all the Church positions that he held, and was true to his place, to his brethren, and to his God. The authorities had confidence in him. His home was an asylum to all, and when important missions had to be filled, he was one who could be trusted with the task. When, at the laying of the cap stone of the temple, it was decided to complete the building in the short time of one year, President Woodruff made no mistake when he chose Brother Winder to have charge of the difficult task, and since then only the Lord alone

will be able to judge of the good he has done in His ministry in that Holy House. There are thousands both living and dead who will bless his name and revere his memory.

He loved the Lord with all his heart, and did His will to the best of his ability. He fought the fight bravely and well, and in all he did, he sought the Lord's will and not his own. How sublime and fitting were his last words, as he dedicated himself to the Lord when he said, "O Lord, here I am, poor weak mortal man that I am. Father, I am Thine. Do with me as Thou wilt, and if it be Thy will, I am willing to go on laboring in this life; and if it is Thy will, I am willing, Thou shouldst take me unto Thy self. There is nothing in my heart, but to say, Thy will be done, not mine."

## Dawn in the Mountains.

*By Gladys Stewart.*

Night lifted her mantle of darkness,  
The mountain's tall peaks grazed the sky;  
A star rested low in the heavens;  
The wearisome east wind went by.

The pine trees moaned low in the breezes,  
The moon had long since gone to rest;  
Dawn had crept over the valley;  
And nature awakened with zest.

# Yassu — A Japanese Type.

By Donald Beauregard.

Last October, when young Yassu stepped into the Atelier of Jean Paul Laurens at the Academie Julien, a hundred students, comprising all nationalities, jumped up from their easels and shouted "*Pay ze drinks! Pay ze drinks!*" And young Yassu, five foot ten in height and very slender, stood with his hands in his pockets and grinned. Yassu didn't understand English, and even if he had, perhaps "*Pay ze drinks,*" as it is pronounced by the French and the rest of the foreigners, would not have been intelligible. However, they continued to shout "*Pay ze drinks*" and now and then to make it more impressive they inserted "*Un Boire! Un Boire!*" although "*Pay ze drinks!*" has come to be recognized as the official salute to the beginner. For fully five minutes Yassu stood grinning—and most probably blushing, though his cheeks remained yellow. Some one from across the room threw a piece of kneaded rubber at him. Pieces of charcoal whizzed by his head. Empty paint tubes, crusts of bread, sticks, lumps of coal, and in fact, any thing handy flew at him from all sides. From all signs of expression on his face Yassu was delighted with it.

Finally one of the American boys grabbed his tie, and several others pushing from behind, carried him from the room, down the wooden staircase, and into the Atelier of Professor Verlet where Kanagozui, who speaks both French and English, acted as interpreter. He explained to him in Japanese that all Nouvean ("Freshies") are required

to pay for the drinks as an initiation into the Academie. Upon hearing this Yassu jerked his hands from his pockets, and clapping them, he burst out into a side-splitting laugh. Sure! There was nothing small about Yassu (except his eyes and his waist.)

Everyone made a rush for the door. In two minutes the cafe of the Dragon d'Or across the street was jammed. Young Yassu was placed in the middle of the room on a chair. Apparently he was delighted. Then he was made to sing—or squeak rather (although singing is the supposed requirement.) His voice was not strong and the original composition was most probably not over musical, though it was filled with the spirit of the orient and strongly fantastic. Yassu finished it for all that amid shouts that were deafening. The "Fellows" hammered the tables so hard with their spoons for an encore that Yassu sang again, and so finished his initiation at the Academie Julien.

Several weeks passed before he was noticed again. That is another habit of the Academie.—It notices only those who fall under the ban of Jean Paul's favor, and they become the Little Gods of all. Many an unhappy lad has spent years there and left unknown.

In the meantime, young Yassu was observing. Between poses he went from easel to easel watching the development of the many drawings, usually with his hands in his pockets, always squinting his little eyes, holding his head first on one

side and then the other, and never saying a word.

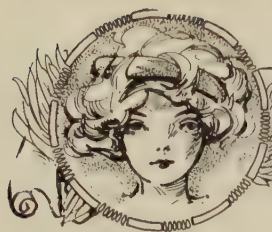
In the November concour Jean Paul gave him second place on his drawing. This changed his status among the "Fellows," and now Yassu is one of the Little Gods of the Atelier. Certain ones of the French shrug their shoulders. Certain Americans say, "Pooh!" yet they all watch his drawings, and the "Nouvean" flock about him at all hours—that is popularity—at the Academie Julien.

Such progress as he has made is phenomenal. His first attempts were crude. Now each drawing is constructed as a professional carpenter constructs a house. No attempt is made for delicacy of sentiment. Yassu simply draws what he sees before him in a big bold technic. His figures stand out powerful in light and strong in articulation—they are living figures.

To look at Yassu and then at his drawings it seems almost incredible for Yassu, although taller than the ordinary Japanese, appears to be a delicate boy. The quick tapering of his forehead, his projecting lips, his high cheek bones, his stiff, black hair, forever standing on end, and his large ears growing at right angles to his yellow face, give him a resemblance to a Shoshone rather than to an artistic youth. Oddly also he wears his finger nails very long, and they taper into slender bony fingers. Otherwise, he is entirely European—French buttoned shoes, French hat, French overcoat. Perhaps that is not interesting, but it shows the influence that Europe is now exerting on Japanese customs. And it might be added that practically all of the many Japanese students in Paris are completely Europeanized in

matters of customs and dress, while the majority of students of other nationalities retain their own habits.

Through Kanagogui as an interpreter, I have been questioning Yassu as to his life. He was born at Kyoto nineteen years ago of well-to-do parents. His earlier education was in a commercial school and in speaking of it he pulled faces that only a Japanese might pull. The last two years he has studied at the Kansai Bizitsuin, one of the strongest schools and possibly the most popular of western Japan. I asked him why he should wish to come here to study when he was privileged to attend such a school as the Kansai Bizitsuin and under such a professor as Asai. There was but one reason—Japan is branching out. Old traditions, such as promulgated by Asai, are not so popular now as European civilization. Japan has become intoxicated with European ideas. At Kyoto they wear European shoes, not because they are better, but because they are European. I asked further if he were at all disappointed with Jean Paul as a great professor.—Not at all! And he showed two projecting white-teeth. As to his intention in the future he has none—except to study ten years. Rather, a sudden and a long break for an eighteen year old lad? Yes, but Japan has the fever, and Yassu has the disposition. If fortune continues to favor him he will go back a "Great Artist." It seems that as Japan rubs the scum from its eyes it steps swiftly, and perhaps blindly into our civilization. Its long sleep has given it a tremendous force. Europe must not laugh.—Japan, made up of such as Yassu means business!



# GIRL · QUERIES

*Conducted by Catherine Hurst.*

*Address all communications in this department to Question Box,  
Bishop's Building, 40 N. Main St.*

Will you please publish in your department a cure for warts?—Norma B.

Warts will often disappear of themselves in time; or they may be rasped with a file and touched with a stick of nitrate of silver; be careful to only touch the wart. The crushed leaves of the common bean yield a juice, which squeezed on warts two or three times daily, will cause them to dry up and disappear.

Please tell me which is the best tooth cleanser—one that will whiten and preserve the teeth.—Glad.

Absolute cleanliness is the first essential in preserving the purity of the teeth. They should be brushed night and morning; when possible after each meal. Spend from five to ten minutes in brushing, care being taken to reach all parts of the teeth, pass floss silk between the teeth, at least twice a week; daily if possible.

Visit a good dentist about every six months and have the teeth carefully examined and cleaned if necessary. The natural tooth is not perfectly white, but if your gums are sensitive and your teeth need whitening, paint them with milk of magnesia each night before retiring. If the teeth become discolored you could brush them occasionally with lemon juice. Cold water is very good to brush the teeth with; however, if you wish a dentifrice, precipitated chalk may be used. Many dentists recommend Euthymol Tooth Paste, made by Park Davis and Co., of Detroit, as being the best preparation on the market today, claiming it will cleanse the teeth, destroy disease germs, and purify the breath.

If you will take plenty of the proper kind of exercise, keep your lungs well

filled with oxygen, you will hardly need a shoulder brace. If you think one absolutely necessary consult a reliable physician and he will recommend the best, knowing the conditions.

The Deseret News and the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Stores have several editions of the "Speaker's Garland"—from one to seventeen. The earlier edition containing the older recitations. Price \$2.00. They also have a small paper covered book, price 30c. "One Hundred Selections for Readings and Recitations. Published by Penn. Pub. Co., 923 Arch St. Philadelphia. You could send for one number, and in that would be a list of selections in many others, that you may choose.

Is it possible to get good colored prints of famous paintings? If so, where can they be obtained?—A. H.

The colored prints are neither popular nor satisfactory. You can get much prettier ones in the carbons or platinum. Geo. W. Ebert and Co., 41 So. Main St., Salt Lake City, has a splendid variety.

If Hazel obtains the Sept. '09 JOURNAL she will find an answer to her query. If not send an addressed envelope and she will receive a personal answer.

Should "Budgets" be given on a preliminary program?—Althea.

It depends on what you have in the "budget." If you have some spicy bits of "news," something amusing and interesting, but not harmful, or some good practical hints, your "budget" will be quite proper. Anything to wound feelings or of a nature not tending to uplift or help would certainly be objectionable in "Mutual."



# OUR GIRLS.

## Her Simple Story.

*By Hilda Bingham.*

One calm mid-summer evening as the sun was slowly sinking behind the western hills, I strolled down a shady lane. Near by ran a clear, sparkling brook that babbled merrily on its way to the meadow. The golden grain was waving in the fields and as I plucked the dainty wild-flowers that grew along the ditch banks,—life had never seemed so sweet or nature so beautiful.

Work for the day had ended and the farmers passed on their homeward way. Hearing the tinkling of a cow-bell in the distance, I turned my gaze in the direction from whence it came and saw a quaint little cottage surrounded by trees and bushes. As I approached the gate a dog barked joyously, as though to bid me welcome. In the ivy covered doorway a dear old lady was seated in a rocking chair. She had been knitting, but stopped, and the wrinkled face beamed with a smile of welcome as she invited me in. The house was plain but cozy, homelike, and clean; and a heavenly peace reigned there.

"If you've walked a long way you must be very tired, so take off your hat and rest," she said.

"Just a little more than a mile," I ventured to assure my new-found friend. "You see this is my first visit to the country, and the birds, the brooks, the trees and flowers, all are so fascinating that I think I should like to live here. Has this always been your home?"

"Oh, no, my dear," she answered,

"many were the hardships we suffered before we reached this promised land." And a far-off look came into the dim eyes.

"Were you among those who crossed the plains?"

The dear head nodded, and I could see that her thoughts had wandered back to "early days." Longing to hear stories of Pioneer Life I asked to hear hers.

The sound of my voice startled her from her reverie, and folding the toil-worn hands in her lap, she commenced:

"About two years after our wedding we left our home in Sweden to come to the land that God had promised to His people. Heaven had sent us a little babe, and he was just twelve months old the day we gave up home and friends for the Gospel's sake. Many weary days and weeks we plodded on. We were faithful and did not complain of our privations. Our provisions were scant and many were the times that we all knelt together, and raised our voices in thanksgiving when a crust of bread and a drink of water made our evening meal.

"We lost two of our oxen and lots of the way we had to walk and push our hand-carts, and many times we had to wade through water for half a mile, and then the sand was hot and made our feet burn and blister. My husband took sick with the fever, and for three weeks we camped in one place and the whole company fasted and

prayed with one heart and voice—oh, they were true brothers and sisters. One night when the full light of the moon was shining on the pale face of my husband, and I was sitting by his side all alone, I cried out in my sorrow: 'O God, make him well, so that he can be with me to this journey's end.'

"That humble prayer reached the heavens. In the morning he was better and in a few days we again started on our way.

"Just three weeks from that time God saw fit to call away the little babe in whose life my own was centered." At this the feeble voice faltered and a few tears found their way down the deeply furrowed cheek. "While we knew we would meet our boy on the resurrection day, our souls were filled with grief as we took our last look on the lonely little grave we were leaving behind us.

"In '56 we landed in Salt Lake City—not the Salt Lake of today, my child, with its gardens of flowers, its temple and grand homes. Oh, no, but the Salt Lake of sage brush and wilderness, and it was surely a lonely and desolate looking place."

"How thankful and happy you all must have been to know that your troubles were at an end," I ventured.

"Ended! Oh, no, you see we just camped in Salt Lake one night and the next day we came south about sixty-five miles and here we stayed. It was at the time that the Indians were so thick around these parts and we couldn't rest night nor day, because we knew if they got a chance, they'd sneak around and take the few things we had and maybe kill every one of us. I believe just through our faith and prayers that the Lord didn't let the

red men do as any real harm.

"After we had been here a few days, I helped my husband drag logs to build us one room, the cold damp ground was our floor and the few pieces of furniture we had he made of rough boards. For days and days we lived on a little corn bread and milk. We were very poor, and our little log hut was very humble, still the sunshine always found its way through our open door, and we were just as happy as if we were in a palace.

"It took us a long time to dig up the sage brush and get the ground ready to plant the little corn and grain we had; and when our first harvest came I tell you we were glad, and I helped my husband from morning till night until it was all gathered in. Then he chopped the winter's wood and I carried and piled it in a neat pile by our door. Oh, we had hard times in those days! The young people now don't realize what their parents and grand-parents had to go through.

"That same winter, our neighbor, Sister Johnson, died and left a little girl four weeks old. Before she passed away, she called me to her bed-side and said: 'My mission is finished, and I'm going to meet my Maker, but promise me before I go that you will take my baby and be a good mother to her in this life, and I know God will reward you.' It looked so pitiful to see the child nestled close to its mother, and the husband kneeling by the bed that I just could not speak, because there was such a big lump in my throat and blinding tears filled my eyes. I simply nodded and I knew she understood, because when I wiped my eyes there was a peaceful look on her dead face. We took the little girl over to our house and cared for her like one of our own. Her father died two years after that, and

she learned to love us as though we were her own parents.

"For many years we suffered hardships, still we always kept up a brave heart, for we knew that the Lord sent troubles to test our faith and that if all our lives were filled with happiness, we'd soon forget to pray. Then our crops began to do well and the way was opened for us to build this house. You see that little building on the hill?" she continued, pointing through the trees, "well, that was the very first meeting house around these parts and every Sunday we walked four miles to meeting and back and didn't mind it a bit. It has been a long time since then, and things are all changed."

"Have you no children now?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I have four boys and three girls. They are all married and live in nice happy homes. It has been many years since my husband was taken from me, and they all want me to come and live with them, but I hate to give up this old home it has always been such a comfort to me. Every day they bring their children over to see their grandma and it does seem such a blessing. I almost forgot to tell you that my son James is back in Sweden preaching the Gospel." It seemed as though a ray of

sunshine brightened up her countenance.

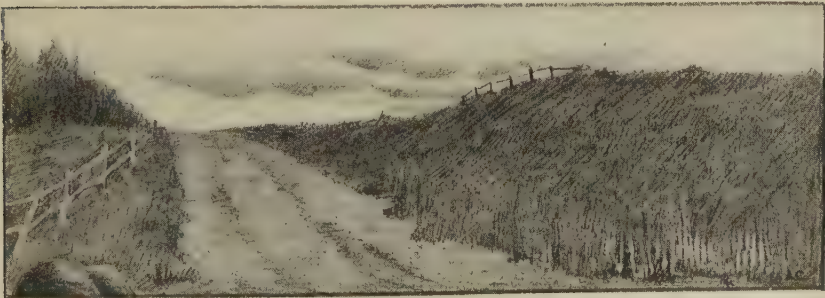
"Last week he sent me such a nice shawl," and she slowly walked to an old-fashioned box and brought forth the precious article. "Oh, he does love his old mother," she murmured, and I fancied I saw the dear lips quiver. For a few moments she said nothing and the only sound that broke the silence was the ticking of the little clock that stood upon the mantle. Then I ventured to ask: "And will he soon return?"

"Yes," she answered, "he will soon come back, and then the time will not be long till I leave them all to join my husband and the little boy we lost on the plains."

By this time darkness was fast creeping over the landscape. As I arose to take my leave, tears came to my eyes in spite of my effort to keep them back. I took the toil-worn hand in mine and pressed a kiss on the wrinkled brow.

"You'll come and see me again, won't you?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied. "Good-bye and God grant that your remaining days may be filled with health and happiness and may your children ever remember to tell you tenderly and often how much they love and need you and how lonely the place will be without Mother."





# Domestic Science.

*Blanche Caine.*

## CARBOHYDRATE FOODS.

The carbohydrates are the sugars and starches which are found in varying amounts in nearly all vegetable foods.

Starch is abundant in all grains, in potatoes, rice, eggs, sago, tapioca, and other foods.

Sugar is abundant in fruits, in honey, and in the juices of plants, as in sugar cane and the sap of trees; and in some vegetables, as the beet, carrot, garden peas, sweet corn, sweet potatoes, and to some extent in cereals. In fact it is found in small quantities in nearly all vegetables.

The carbohydrate foods produce heat in the process of digestion, and this heat is transformed into energy. This energy enables the individual to work with muscle or brain. These foods also store heat in the form of fatty tissue.

To make a complete food the carbohydrate foods must be prepared or served with foods rich in protein and fat, as meat, milk, eggs, cheese, etc.

### *Cereals.*

The cereals furnish the foods most commonly used throughout the entire world. The best of the cereals are rice, corn, wheat, rye, and barley. These grains belong to the grass family, and were slowly improved and developed from the wild grass form.

The ready growth of some member of this family of plants in all inhabited parts of the world has made the cereals the main dependence for food of both man and beast from time immemorial. Because of their abundance they are relatively inexpensive and must be used freely when the expense of living cannot be large.

### *Bread.*

Bread is best made of wheat flour because the grain contains so much gluten, a substance which, when moist, catches and holds the gas formed by the growth of yeast.

The other cereals make a dark, rather coarse, heavy bread. A fairly good loaf may be made from them by adding part wheat flour.

Weight for weight bread must be regarded as one of the most nutritious

of our ordinary foods. Three-fifths is solid nutriment, and two-fifths is water. There is no animal food and there are but few cooked vegetable foods of which this can be said. It yields to the body a large amount of carbohydrates, a moderate amount of protein and mineral matter but almost no fat. This, however, is supplied when we butter bread.

Dr. Goodfellow in his "Dietetic Value of Bread," says: "Bread is one of the cheapest foods and the purchaser who expends his modest 2½d. on a two-pound loaf may rest assured that he could not spend his money to better advantage."

The digestibility of bread takes place, in part at least, in the mouth. The more thoroughly bread is chewed, the more completely the starch will be changed. It is because they can be ground finer that toast and biscuits are more easily digested than ordinary bread, and stale bread than new bread. The crust is more digestible than the crumb (the part of the loaf inside the crust) for it is drier and so is mixed better with the saliva. The indigestibility of new bread is due to its moistness which makes it hard to chew and prevents it from soaking up the saliva. Bread does not remain long in the stomach when we consider the large amount of solid matter it contains. The absorption takes place in the intestines and, on the whole, white bread is very thoroughly absorbed.

### *Bread—One Loaf.*

1 cup liquid (milk, water, or half and half).

½ teaspoon each of salt and sugar.

From ¼ to 1 whole yeast cake, according to time, softened in water.

3 cups bread flour.

Mix thoroughly, and knead into a smooth dough. Let rise until double; knead well to break the air bubbles and distribute the new yeast plants; shape; put into buttered pan; let rise again until doubled in bulk; bake.

If preferred, this quantity may be shaped into a dozen or a dozen and a half rolls.

### *Graham Bread.*

1 pint milk.

2 tablespoons butter.



Heat together until butter is melted. When cooled to blood heat, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint yeast (or 1 yeast cake) and white flour enough to make a thin sponge. When light, add  
2 teaspoons salt.  
3 tablespoons molasses.

Beat well, and add gradually enough sifted graham flour to make a soft sponge dough. Knead well, using a very little white flour to keep from sticking. Put into pans and let rise to double its bulk. Bake from 45 to 50 minutes, according to size. Makes 3 small loaves.

#### *Sweet French Rolls.*

1 cup milk.  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar.

1 yeast cake softened in  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup lukewarm water.  
Flour.  
1 teaspoon salt.  
1 egg.  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup melted butter.

Scald milk; when lukewarm, add dissolved yeast cake and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour; beat well; cover; and let rise until light. Add sugar, salt, egg well beaten, and butter, and enough more flour to knead; knead, let rise again; shape; and bake.

This same mixture may be rolled into a long strip to  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thickness, spread with butter, rolled up like a jelly roll, and cut in one-inch pieces. Place pieces in pan close together, flat side down.

## OFFICERS' NOTES.

#### ANNUAL Y. M. AND Y. L. M. I. A. CONFERENCE.

The Fifteenth General Annual Conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be held in Salt Lake City, on Saturday and Sunday, June 4th and 5th, 1910.

All officers and members of the associations are requested to be present at all of the meetings of the conference, and a cordial invitation is hereby extended to the saints generally to attend the meetings to be held in the Tabernacle on Sunday, June 5th, at 2 and 7 p. m.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,  
HEBER J. GRANT,  
B. H. ROBERTS,

General Superintendency Y. M. I. A.  
MARTHA H. TINGEY,  
RUTH M. FOX,  
MAE T. NYSTROM,  
Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.

#### OFFICIAL PROGRAM.

*Friday, June 3rd, 1910, a social entertainment.*

*Saturday, June 4th, 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. Young Ladies' Officers' Meeting in Salt Lake Assembly Hall, Young Men's, in Barratt Hall.*

*Sunday, June 5th at 10 a. m. Conjoint Officers' Meeting in Tabernacle, 2 and 7 p. m. Conjoint general meetings in Tabernacle.*

#### TRAVELING LIBRARY.

At our last June conference, a request was made that the lists of new books added to the traveling library, should be forwarded to the General Board Traveling Library Committee, that they may know how the books suggested are being purchased, and what other books, if any, are circulating in the libraries. A few of the stakes have complied with this request for which we are grateful. Will the others kindly send their lists to Miss Sarah Eddington, Chairman Traveling Library Committee, Room 34 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

In sending lists be sure to give the title, name of author and the price if possible. We will gladly receive any suggestion from any of the libraries as to new books read or heard of, that would be good; or any plan which has proved successful in raising means for the purchase of books, or for keeping them in active circulation among the girls.

#### CONFERENCES.

Stake M. I. A. conferences have been visited by representatives of the General Board as follows:

March 20—Jordan: Nellie C. Taylor, and Edward H. Anderson.

March 20—Salt Lake (evening): Nellie C. Taylor, Mary E. Connelly, Elizabeth C. McCune, and Heber J. Grant.

March 27—Fremont: Joan Campbell, Douglas M. Todd.

March 27—Utah: Susa Young Gates, A. W. Ivins, and Geo. H. Brimhall.

March 27—Benson: Augusta W. Grant, and Dr. Jno. A. Widdsoe.

April 10—Weber, North Weber, and Ogden—Tri-Stake Conference: Prest. Martha H. Tingey, Couns. Mae T. Nyström, Ann M. Cannon, B. H. Roberts, Thos. Hull, Edward H. Anderson.

### REORGANIZATIONS.

*Millard Stake—September 19th, 1909.*

President—Maggie M. Hatch.

Frist Counselor—Albertina Fisher.

Second Counselor—Rose V. Jensen.

Secretary and Treasurer—Addie E. Hansen.

Aids—Elizabeth Stewart, Lois Robinson, Lula Johnson.

*Wasatch Stake—February 27th, 1910.*

President—Clara Clyde.

First Counselor—Eliza Rasband.

Second Counselor—Lavina Murdock.

Secretary and Treasurer—Margaret J. Murdock.

Aids—Martha J. Rooker, Minnie Cummings, Alice Jones, Mabel Price, Anna D. Stevens, Mary L. Willis.

*Salt Lake Stake—March 20th, 1909.*

President—Mary Ida Felt

First Counselor—Elizabeth S. Cartwright.

Second Counselor—Luetta Brown.

Secretary and Treasurer—Catherine Folsom.

Corresponding Secretary—Eva Forsberg.

Aids—Effie Ashton, Ida M. Lane.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE M. I. A. OF WEBER, OGDEN AND NORTH WEBER STAKES.

The following resolutions, adopted by the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. of

Weber, Ogden and North Weber Stakes at their Tri-Stake conference, held April 10th, 1910, are of great interest. A united action on the part of members of all the auxiliary organizations would result in much good, not only in enforcing laws but also in helping to form them. In this case a committee of six was appointed to visit the merchants of Ogden and get them to agree upon the weekly half holiday, etc. The resolutions are as follows:

"Believing, as we do, that the strength of a community lies in the moral, upright living of the people and that such a condition can best be secured by a wholesome observance of the Sabbath day, the laws of virtue, temperance and sobriety, and that each individual can directly contribute to the betterment of existing conditions, it is

"Resolved, by the officers and teachers of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations of the Weber, Ogden and North Weber stakes, in conference assembled:

"That we will use our utmost endeavors to secure the setting apart and observance each week, during the summer season, of a half-holiday, on a day other than Sunday, and the use of the same for ball games, races, excursions and other out-of-door sports and amusements that are now frequently appointed for Sunday;

"That we will refrain from visiting theaters, picture shows, ball games, races, pleasure resorts, or other places of amusement on the Sabbath day, and urge our friends and associates to do likewise;

"That we will not visit restaurants or cafes where intoxicating beverages are served or can be procured on order;

"That while in any restaurant or cafe we will avoid sitting in booths or compartments secluded from the view of others by curtains or partitions."

# THE RELIGION CLASS.

It will be remembered by our workers that the question—What can the Church schools do for Religion Classes was freely discussed at our conventions last year. Out of the discussion of this question in the Salt Lake City stakes has come a movement that promises a great deal in the way of drawing closer together these two organizations.

When the matter was under consideration in the Ensign stake, President Willard Young, of the Latter-day Saints' University, proffered the aid of the school over which he presides in any way the Religion Classes of the stake might think the most profitable. Accordingly, the superintendent of the Ensign stake took the matter up with his workers. It was thought that the way in which, so far as the Religion Classes were concerned, the most good could be accomplished by the University was for the school to send some of its teachers to the monthly officers' and instructors' meeting with a view to presenting the lessons to the workers, together with such principles of education as in their judgment might be necessary.

This idea being decided upon, the plan was submitted to the General Board for approval. By them it was heartily endorsed. They suggested, however, that an invitation be extended to the Liberty, Pioneer, and Salt Lake stakes to join in the movement. This was done, with the result that now the four stakes are holding a conjoint monthly meeting of the officers and instructors. When the President of the University was again approached for the purpose of obtaining three teachers of the school to conduct the work, he readily granted the request, suggesting, in addition, that an invitation to send at least representatives, be extended to Davis, Jordan, Granite, and Tooele stakes, since they, too, are in the educational district of the Latter-day Saints' University. And this was done.

Thus far only three sessions have

been held, but they have been largely and enthusiastically attended beyond all precedent in the Religion Class. Joseph Jensen conducts the advanced department; John Henry Evans, the intermediate; Margaret Caldwell, the primary; and Oscar Kirkham, the music. The opening and closing exercises are held by all the departments together, at which also there is a ten minutes' drill in singing on songs that have been previously committed to memory by the workers. The departments, after the opening exercises, separate and take up the lessons for the following month.

The general aim in all the department work is to do two things, first, to obtain clear ideas to present to the children, and, second, to discuss methods of inducing the children to put in practice these ideas. Questions involving general principles of teaching are disposed of as they arise in the discussion of the lessons. In the same way matters that concern the nature of childhood are treated. It is the intention to continue these meetings as long as they may be deemed necessary.

Now, the reason we speak of this movement in these pages is partly to let Religion Class workers know what is going on, but partly also to show how other stakes may receive benefit from the Church schools. It is well known that the Religion Class work is part of the Church school system. It is also well known that to each Church school is assigned certain stakes as an educational district from which chiefly is to be drawn their patronage. Now, it may be that the Religion Classes shall be able in other Church school districts, to obtain help from the institution in that district. To be sure, other stakes may not be so favorably situated in respect to distances as the Salt Lake stakes, but it would probably not be difficult to enlist the aid of the school for the stake in which it is situated. Is not the idea worth trying, anyway?

## Young Woman's Journal

ORGAN OF THE YOUNG LADIES' MUTUAL  
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS.

IMPROVEMENT OUR MOTTO,  
PERFECTION OUR AIM.

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SALT LAKE CITY, - MAY, 1910

## A National Mothers' Day.

One of the most splendid movements of recent years is that which seeks to have established a national Mothers' Day. It was inaugurated by Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia two years ago.

We heartily endorse the movement and hope all our readers will join in celebrating it. May it not only spread throughout our own great land, but may all the world join in honoring Mothers.

The second Sunday in May has been set apart as Mothers' Day. Those who are fortunate enough to have their mothers where they can

shower their love upon them should, if possible, visit and tell them on this day how they appreciate all they have done for them. Let them be lavish in their love, tenderness, and words of affection. Let them bear the gifts their mothers would most appreciate. Those who find it impossible to visit their mothers should write, telegraph, or telephone to them and send them tokens of love.

Let this be a day whose sunshine will go through the entire year. Let every mother in the land feel that she is not forgotten, but that her children's hearts go out to her in love and good will and gratitude.

It would be fitting for those whose mothers have passed through the portal we call death unto life everlasting, to visit their graves on this day and place flowers thereon. They could with profit ponder well on the lives of the departed and bring before the grand children the virtues and blessed examples of those mothers who have finished the earth-life.

Thus will this become a holy day, a sacred day of uplift and solemn joy. It will be sweet to the mothers: it will exert an uplifting influence, a saving power upon the children.

Let each wear, on that day, a white carnation—"the flower chosen as the symbol and emblem of motherhood. Happily chosen emblem! what could more fittingly represent motherhood with its whiteness, symbolizing purity; its lasting qualities, faithfulness; its fragrance, love; its wide field of growth, charity; its form, beauty!"

"A partnership with God is motherhood;  
What strength, what purity, what self-control,  
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,  
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul."



## Mother.

Mother—how wonderfully beautiful and holy is the title: God has given His daughters none higher. Around the mother centers the holiest and best things that can come to woman. What is there that is pure and true and lasting that is not connected with motherhood? Drummond has said that love is the greatest thing in the world. Mother love represents the highest, holiest, most unselfish, purest, and most lasting love that mortals know. The true mother is ready to make any sacrifice, is always ready to do anything and everything that she thinks will be for the good of her children. She is steadfast and faithful in every condition. Her children's welfare is her chief concern in life. No matter how far they stray from her teachings she stands with outstretched arms ready to comfort and bless and lead them back. Her love follows them in adversity as well as in prosperity. If they suffer she suffers with them: if they rejoice, so does she. If they sin she forsakes them not: if they are true she is proud of them. If they do well no other heart is so full of joy and gratitude as is hers.

At one time when Napoleon Bonaparte was conversing with Madame Campeau he said, "The old systems of instruction seem to be worth nothing. What is yet wanting in order that the people should be properly educated?" "Mothers,"

was the answer. Deeply impressed, the emperor replied, "Yes, here is a system of education in one word. Be it your care, then, to train up mothers who shall know how to educate their children."

The mother is certainly the most potent teacher in the world. By example, by persuasion, by command, as the need may be, she leads and draws her children to right living. She plants seeds that grow and bear fruit for ever. She draws out the best there is in her children. They feel that they must attain to a high standard because their mother has faith in them. They must amount to something because of their splendid mother. She teaches them their first prayers. At her knee they learn of the Father and are taught faith and confidence in His loving watch-care.

The affection of every worthy one goes out to the best mother in the world. Her home is a sacred place. Her love and approbation are two of the sweetest things to be sought after. Her teachings are guide-posts to heaven. Her life is a holy example to be followed. Her admonitions are ever treasured words of wisdom. Her love is the most sanctifying influence of one's life.

The prayer of every man and woman who has had a good mother should be, O God, make me worthy of my mother. Help me to be true, tender, patient, loving, and faithful as was she.

They say that man is mighty,  
He governs land and sea,  
He wields a mighty scepter  
O'er lesser powers that be;  
But a mightier power and stronger  
Man from his throne has hurled,  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rules the world.

—Wm. Ross Wallace.

## Nellie Colebrook Taylor. \*

Love was her light: trust was her guide.

It is with mingled feelings of sorrow and joy that we record the death of our beloved Sister Nellie C. Taylor. On Sunday, March 27, she had a hemorrhage of the brain and was unconscious from that time until her death, on April 2. We mourn because of the separation. We shall sorely miss her sunny presence and her sweet words of encouragement and love, but we rejoice and are thankful that one more of the Father's daughters has been faithful unto the end.

Sister Taylor was a natural leader, beautiful, dignified and gracious. She loved her home and was a devoted mother. Without neglecting these duties she found much time to devote to the Mutual Improvement work, into which service she entered with her whole heart and soul. Words can never tell the good she accomplished among the young women of Zion. Many have remarked that what they are today they owe to Sister Taylor. She let them all know how she loved them, and in this way through her strong personality she led them to a higher life. When she spoke to the girls she thrilled them in every fiber of their being, they remembered what she said, and it had a sanctifying influence on their lives.

Many sorrows and many joys came to her, but each seemed to make her character more beautiful

for she yielded to the Father's will in all things. She shared her joys with others. When the shadows of affliction hovered round her, she met her friends with a sweet smile, a loving embrace, and showered upon them words of confidence and love.

She was absolutely unselfish and rejoiced in the good that came to others. She gave without let or hindrance, and as she gave so she received, for never was a woman more beloved by her associates. The girls especially of the old Salt Lake Stake, who knew her so well almost idolized her.

In her young womanhood many flattering offers came to her to go away and become a great actress, but she refused, preferring to cast her lot among the daughters of Zion. Had she accepted she probably would have risen to the heights of her profession, but how different would have been her life. The world's acclaim would have turned to dead sea apples. She choose the better part which shall not be taken away. She sowed seeds that will grow and flourish, and bear fruit forever. She was wonderfully blest and her last days were her best days.

She lived the life of a faithful Latter-day Saint, and she died the death of the righteous. Death was sweet unto her for she died in the Lord. Her battle is over the victory is won, the guerdon obtained. There is for her a crown of immortality and endless life in the presence of the Father.

"I feel highly honored in standing by the bier of this good woman. A man can have no prouder heritage than to be the son of such a woman. I loved her in her girlhood, I admired her in her womanhood; I esteem and honor her for her life work. She was brave and true, gentle, yet firm. One of the jewels of the world has accepted the call from on high—your work is done, my child, come home with me."—*From remarks of Apostle John Henry Smith at Sister Taylor's funeral.*

\*A biographical sketch and tributes will appear in the June JOURNAL.





NELLIE COLEBROOK TAYLOR.



# YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL

Vol. 21.

JUNE, 1910.

No. 6.

## Nellie Colebrook Taylor.

*By Emily Caldwell Adams.*

Sister Nellie Colbrook Taylor was born in Cheltenham, England, May 31, 1848. Her parents came to America in 1850, when she was two years old. Having joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in their native land, they came to Utah that they might be with those of their faith.

From babyhood to the time of her death Nellie Colebrook knew no home but Salt Lake City, and from girlhood she held a place of prominence among her people. Moulded by the experience of sixty years of association with Latter-day Saints, it may be claimed for her that she was a type of Mormon womanhood.

Sister Taylor was ill but seven days. On the second day of April, 1910, watched over by her loved and loving son and those whom she held most dear, her spirit passed to its eternal home. A loving Providence allowed her to retain her full powers and activities of mind and body up to the time that she was stricken; then she was taken without the long period of suffering which is permitted to rack the souls of so many before they can tear away from mortality.

Her faith in a beautiful future was absolute, and in the light of that faith, we see her living still.

How often we have heard her declare, with all the earnestness of absolute conviction, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath

prepared for them that love Him."

We leave her safely anchored in that glorious future into which she has gone. Sister Taylor's work is done, and the history of it tells of events which enter into the lives of but few. No phase of it was ordinary. Her natural endowments of form and intellect distinguished her among women, the crude surroundings into which she was brought as a child, called her, as a mere girl, into a semi-professional life and the marked success which attended her career as a star in local theatricals, the later incidents of which almost wrecked her faith; then the victory over all the past, when honor, pleasure and sorrow were forgotten and her life was given over to the service of the young people of her Church, altogether, made her life distinctive.

Born of parents of gentle breeding, her natural instincts were for an environment of refinement, her ideals were lofty and did not accord with the actual pioneer experiences met with in her girlhood.

The Colebrook family passed through the poverty and privation incident to early life in Utah, and Nellie knew what it was to want for food, and learned to do her part of the labor exacted of all. Assisting her father by carrying cobble stones to place in the walls of their home. Moulding bullets and caring for the old arsenal were not tasks which a girl of Nellie's inclinations would enjoy, but there was a "sunshiny"

part to her, and she did the work, however distasteful, cheerfully.

Sister Taylor possessed a keen sense of humor; often her merry, joyous laugh would ring out as she caught the humor of a situation or remark, long before those about her had noted it, and whatever of tragedy entered into her life was never allowed to submerge her, or overshadow others; to those she loved and to the public she turned a smiling countenance and gave happiness and encouragement. One friend has said of her: "I know no one who so frequently spoke a word of commendation and encouragement as did Nellie. She never failed to express her appreciation of any thing well done. By words of praise she moved her sisters to great efforts and assisted them to success."

As time went on the Colebrooks, in common with others, attained to more affluent circumstances, and as Nellie grew to womanhood and developed the stately bearing and physical charms which made her so much admired among her friends, there was added to the parents' love pride in their daughter's attractive personality and gentle qualities of nature. She became a queen in her home. She had but to wish and the wish was granted, when, within the power of her mother to grant it, but a mother's wisdom was not destroyed by a mother's love. Once Nellie was arrayed in a pretty new dress and girl-like was indulging in a little self-admiration before a mirror when her mother entered the room. Seeing the daughter's pride, she said, "Nellie, take that dress off immediately. If you cannot have a new dress without being vain and foolish you cannot wear it." And Nellie had to forego the pleasure of wearing her new dress at that time.

Though the only child of her mother, Nellie had the companion-

ship of young people in her home. Those sympathetic impulses which were so marked a trait of the daughter, were first in the mother, whose heart, yearning toward those who did not know the protection of parent love, took into her home nine who learned to call her mother. Mrs. Colebrook gave to them a mother's guidance, and Nellie gave to them a sister's affection. All gave love in return and while they have long since gone their separate ways in life, they still claim the relationship into which they were adopted in early years.

One of them, in speaking of her home life, said: "Nellie was, of course, everything to her mother, and could have everything mother could get for her. Why! we all looked up to Nellie who was a queen in our home, but she was so just and fair and so good to us all. I remember once Sarah broke a dish. 'Ma Colebrook' did not believe in carelessness, and dishes don't break when handled carefully. Nellie was in the other room studying a part. Sarah was not afraid of her, so in she went with her broken dish. Nellie looked up and asked how the accident had happened. Sarah didn't know. She had just broken it, that was all. When 'Ma Colebrook' came home Nellie met her. Imagine our amazement and Sarah's relief when we heard her explaining away the disaster of the broken dish and exonerating Sarah from blame. As Nellie was a young lady and too big to be whipped, Sarah thought it no sin to keep off the scene."

When Nellie was but a girl a note came to her parents which read:

*"Dear Brother and Sister Colebrook:*

*"Would your allow your daughter to act on the stage? It would greatly please me.*

*"BRIGHAM YOUNG."*

This brought about Nellie's connection with the Deseret Dramatic Association and also brought about the realization of a strong but unexpressed desire which the girl had been secretly cherishing in her heart. To her, nature had been very generous and as she took her place

her association with her friends she was ever susceptible to their feelings; her strongly emotional nature responded, sympathetically, to their joys and their sorrows. When she essayed the roll of another, she naturally, and therefore gracefully and successfully, became for the time



among the local players and others whose training had been gained by experience in the "East," no qualifications necessary for her success were lacking. She had, combined with a tall and stately figure, a winsome face and musical voice, the temperament of the actress. In

being the character she might be impersonating.

Her first appearance on the stage was in the comedy, "Dominique, the Deserter," and her first words were "Oh, I am half dead with fright," which was literally true on that occasion.

One who knows the high strung, sensitive nature of Sister Taylor, can very readily picture her condition. Through all her public experience she had natural timidity to struggle with. It was only by a supreme effort of will power that she was able to gain the mastery of fear by which she was almost overcome whenever anything was required of her in public. However, this condition suited the part she was playing and we are told "the lady sailed at once into public favor." From that time on she steadily grew into the affections of her associate players and gained the approval of a fond public. In a short time she became leading lady and played with such actors as McCullough, the Irwins, Mme. Schiller, Julia Dean Hayne, Annette Ince, Ben De Bar, and others. So exceptional was her histrionic gift that McCullough offered her five hundred dollars a night and costumes furnished if she would take the position of leading lady in his company. This offer, which was so in keeping with her wishes at that time, and presented so dazzling an outlook to a young girl who had never been beyond the mountains which surrounded her Western home, and whose ready imagination pictured such wonderful things out in the world, was tempting indeed; but tractable and obedient to her mother's wishes, she refused the offer and remained at home. Often in later life she expressed herself as being grateful that she had allowed herself to be thus guided.

Nellie Taylor was actively engaged in M. I. A. work for over twenty-five years; first, as local president in the Fourteenth ward, where her husband, George H. Taylor, was bishop. She held that position for five years, when she was called to act as counselor to

Mary A. Freeze, M. I. A. President in the Salt Lake Stake. For fourteen years these two were so closely connected in their work that to think of one was to think of the other. An attachment closer than friendship existed between them. Nellie looked upon Mary as her dearest friend and was lavish in her praises of the noble characteristics she found in her. Sister Freeze spoke at her friend's funeral and said, "I knew her; I knew her heart. She was so highly exalted in all her thoughts, ideas, and feelings. I have said to her, I feel as if I were one of the blessed ones, who had been permitted and honored to associate with such a noble character."

On the call of Sister Freeze to the General Board of Y. L. M. I. A., Sister Nellie became president of the Y. L. M. I. A. of the Salt Lake Stake, being set apart for this position Oct. 15, 1898. Her work as president was characterized by the same devotion to the cause that her work as counselor had been. She had a wonderfully uplifting influence among the members of her Board and the girls of the associations. It may be truthfully said of her that in the stake she was universally loved.

It was during Sister Taylor's time of office that the first Y. L. M. I. A. stake convention, in Salt Lake stake, if not in the Church, was held. It was arranged for and carried out with marked success by the Stake Board. It was Sister Taylor's Board that first arranged for a systematic visiting of the local associations. The lessons provided by the General Board were so arranged as to have the same lesson discussed in all the associations on the same night, enabling the stake officers to give more help to the individual associations.



When the Salt Lake Stake was divided, Sister Nellie was called into the General Board. Her field of labor was enlarged, her influence extended and she found a place in the hearts of all whom she had the opportunity of visiting.

Sister Taylor's timidity, of which we have already spoken, was very evident in her work in the Mutuals. When she knew that in a short time she would be called to speak, one who might be sitting by her would feel her suddenly grasp her arm, as though afraid she might run away so much did she shrink from the task of public speaking; but, when she arose, it was with a poise and dignity, all her own, which, at once, commanded the attention of her audience. There would be no evident struggle, as she made her earnest appeal for more faithful living. Her whispered prayer, "O Lord, help me," was not in vain. Sister Taylor was an inspired speaker. She had a purpose. Experience had taught her the better way, and her soul cried out in warning to others. Her commanding presence and inspired words made her an impressive speaker, and she had the satisfaction of having young women come and thank her for her words which they had listened to in their girlhood, and which had changed their ideals, leading them to a life of happiness.

It was as daughter and mother that the full wealth of Sister Taylor's affection was revealed. Often in a burst of feeling, as she recalled the past and her thought went back over the years, she would exclaim, "Oh, my darling mamma, how grand she was! You have no idea." Her mother was an invalid for some time preceding her death, and Nellie bestowed upon her all the care that a heart full of love could suggest. So closely were the heart-strings of these two interlaced that

one could not suffer without the other suffering also. Their solace and comfort was in the abundance of each other's love.

The same tender attention was given to her father and his last days, which were spent in his daughter's home, were made glad because of the loving thoughtfulness with which his child ministered to him.

She gave to her two sons the full devotion of a mother's affection. She buoyed them up with her confidence, guided them with her wisdom and every sacrifice she could make for their pleasure or good, she made. Her older son died about two years before his mother's death. At that time her younger son was filling a mission in England, where she joined him, remaining with him during his last year in the mission field. While in England Sister Taylor did missionary work. The following incident serves to show how she won her way into the hearts of the people. The next day after her death had been announced, a laboring man was seen walking back and forth before the house. Finally he very hesitatingly approached the door, and asked for the privilege of coming in, that he might look at Sister Taylor. He was admitted and, as he approached the casket, was asked if he were a friend of Sister Taylor. His voice was choked with sobs as he answered, "Yes, I knew her in England." In one short year she had made a friend whose life was made less full because she had passed out of it.

Always prayerful and hopeful, she possessed a faith which knew no bounds. Had she lived in the days of the early Christians, she would have suffered martyrdom in any form rather than swerve from her duty to God and she was as true to her duty toward man. When peo-

ple criticized others in her presence, her rebuke, stern but kind, was, "Not another word. Remember, judgment belongs to the Lord. Our calling is to build up and elevate and not to tear down. Sometime we'll understand."

We appreciated her and knew in part what she was to us, but, not until she had passed beyond that border which marks the limits of mortal life, did we really know the largeness of the place she filled in

our lives. Then for the first time we threw around her the mantle of our love and looked at her. Looked at her for the first time as man should view his associates, through the prism of charity, and behold, we found a heroine. Too late? No. Though we failed to express our love to her, because of what we found in her, we will be more kind to others and still *she* urges us on to more loving acts.

## Tribute to Nellie Colebrook Taylor,

PRESIDENT SALT LAKE STAKE YOUNG LADIES' MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION, OCTOBER 25, 1898, TO MARCH, 1904.

### FROM HER BOARD.

At the passing of our beloved President, Nellie Colebrook Taylor, we, the members of the old Salt Lake Stake Board, mourn. We shall miss the inspiration of her presence, of her cheering hopefulness, of her love. As we look back to our board meetings, at which she presided, there wells up in our hearts the love that had answered the call of her heart to ours as we worked under her; and with that love comes the feeling that always it will dwell within us, ready, at a moment's notice, to answer the summons in her name. Love was the power by which she ruled.

Because she taught us to love each other and be loyal, to pray as we worked, we desire to be true to each other and to God.

Her great gift was inspiration in speaking. We, all different, perhaps, but desiring to be like her in the good she did, would wish something in each of our lives to inspire the good in others.

We treasure her teachings. We remember the beauty and loftiness of her ideals. We honor the dignity of her womanhood, the glory of her motherhood, the integrity of her testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Since the division of the old Salt Lake Stake, as a Board we have met once a year on May 31st—her birthday. To each of us her welcoming smile and special word of loving greeting was given as she opened her door. And the thought we took away has always been—love of Sister Taylor, her interest in our daily lives, and that feeling of loyalty to each other. For this reason it is our intention to continue our yearly gatherings. We shall get encouragement and inspiration from each other; and in our hearts we shall hear our beloved Sister Taylor say:

My girls! God bless you! Remember who you are—Daughters of Zion. I love you—every one!

# Nellie.

*By Ruth M. Fox.*

Yes, I knew her in life's morning,  
When the world was rainbow-  
hued;

When her path was run with roses,  
With the briers all subdued,

When she peered into the future  
With a smile upon her lips;  
While the joy of being thrilled her  
From her brow to finger tips.

When she built a wondrous castle,  
On a shiny snow-white cloud;  
Filling it with art and pleasure,  
Winning plaudits from the crowd.

Once I saw her grace a city  
In historic pageantry;  
When she looked the part she acted,  
Goddess of our liberty.

I remember her at noonday  
When her heart was touched with  
pain—  
When the thorns had pricked her  
sorely,  
While the rose she tried to gain.

But she bore her sorrows nobly,  
Cheering many a splendid scene;  
Love and hope and faith inspiring,  
With the bearing of a queen.

I shall not forget when twilight  
Shadows fell around her form  
How with dignity most gracious  
She breasted many a storm.

Neither will the world forget her,  
Nor her love for human kind;  
Nor her steadfast pure devotion  
To the part her God assigned.

And I saw her mortal body  
Resting in the arms of peace;  
While her spirit found its labor  
Where all weariness doth cease—

Where I see, across the border,  
Millions who have never known  
The redemption of the Savior,  
How for sin He did atone,

There I see our charming Nellie  
In the radiance of youth;  
With a thousand bright companions,  
Teaching them eternal truth.

And I cannot help but see her  
As in distant pageantry;  
Pointing upward to His glory,  
Goddess of their liberty.

# Sermon by Apostle Orson F. Whitney.

Delivered at the Funeral of Nellie C. Taylor.

The death of my friend Sister Taylor, was a surprise and a shock to me. I had not heard of her illness, and for a long while had not even known of her whereabouts. In my travels to and fro, I have little time to read newspapers, only glancing at the headlines, and am scarcely able to keep informed regarding my friends. Not hearing of her illness, I was not prepared for the announcement of her death.

I would have to go back many years to reach the beginning of my acquaintance with Sister Taylor. As a small boy on the banks of City Creek, I was familiar with her appearance, then a young girl going to and from her mother's place of business, the Colebrook millinery establishment. The Colebrooks lived on the hill; the Whitneys, at the foot of the hill. Sister Colebrook had with her at that time the Simms sisters, who became Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Shoebridge. I spoke at the funeral of Sister Shoebridge a few years ago; Sister Allen is with us today. The Simms girls and Nellie Colebrook are associated in my memory as a trinity of acquaintances. I knew something of the tender love this girl had for her parents; I knew something of their fond love for her. She was a good and dutiful daughter, and her father and mother all but idolized her. This was the beginning of my acquaintance with her, a boy's acquaintance with a young woman.

In after years it fell to my lot to appear with her upon the stage. She did not embrace the dramatic profession, nor did I, but we were

drawn to it through pure love of the art. It was not the bad part that attracted her, but the good part, the elevating phases of the drama. While yet young, she joined the Deseret Dramatic Association, which had opened the Salt Lake Theater years before. I remember her first appearance. I noted her nervous trepidation, for she was sensitive and high-spirited, but she scored a success on her opening night. She played many leading parts, and often thrilled the audience with her vivid impersonations. I well remember my first appearance with her. It was in "The Octoroon," she as "Zoe," I as "George Peyton."

Subsequent to the year 1880, when the Home Dramatic Club was organized, she played with that combination, of which I was a member. She appeared with us in "The Banker's Daughter," in "Pique," and in other dramas. Naturally a leader, from the beginning she sustained leading roles.

While thinking of her career and my own experience upon the stage, these words came to mind: "All the worlds' a stage, and all the men and women merely players; they have their exits and their entrances, and one man in his time plays many parts." Shakespeare saw in the drama a symbol of mortal life. It is more. The stage, as a symbol of time, suggests eternity, of which time is a part. If this world is a stage, we have but to glance to right or left, in mental vision, and we are behind the scenes—we are in eternity. In a play, the greater part



of the action takes place in the mind of the audience. It is not what we see, but what is suggested, that impresses us most. The seen and known are indicative of the unseen and unknown. When the curtain rises and the first actor steps into view, that is not the real beginning. The audience has been anticipating his entrance, such of them, at least, as possess imagination, and when the actor makes his exit, the thoughtful looker-on knows that is not the end of his career. Imagination follows him through many other scenes, until he again appears. What we see of a play is the smaller part, indicative of the greater part that we do not behold.

It is so with life, with time and eternity. It is so with our dear departed sister. She played her part upon this mortal stage, and played it well, but how many parts had she played before she came here? Through how many scenes had she passed before entering upon this stage of existence? And now, when she has received her cue, the signal for her exit, and has passed beyond our view, shall we conclude that the play is done, or that she is no more? No. She will move on through endless scenes of the future, through ages and aeons of the eternities to come.

Shakespeare was right. "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." We come from one wing—call it birth, if you will—when the cue is given for our entrance into the world; and we vanish at the other wing, through a door way called death, when the signal sounds and the time comes to depart.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ is not a religion of time; it is from eternity to eternity, and comprehends all time. We lived before we came here, and we shall live after we de-

part hence. This life is but one act of a play, but it is not the first act, nor the last, and alone it does not give us a full comprehension of the play. We must know what went before, if we would understand the present, and be prepared for what is to follow. No man can understand time without some comprehension of eternity. In our pre-existent life we were spirits in the presence of God, and we came to earth to play our several parts, no longer as spirits, but as souls, the spirit and body constituting the soul. We are sustaining the roles assigned us by the great Prompter, the all-wise Manager, and as we play our parts we will receive applause or censure from the heavenly audience gazing upon us from above.

We are now reaping the harvest sown by us in our pre-existence, and shall gather hereafter the harvest of the present sowing. Every act of this life bears upon the future, as did every act of our previous experience. We cannot understand this life without some understanding of the life that went before, and the life that is yet to come. And the Lord has given us the power to understand. He said: "I will send you another comforter, even the spirit of truth, that proceedeth from the Father, and He shall testify of me; He will bring things past to your remembrance, and will show you things to come; He will take of the things of God and reveal them unto you." This is the mission of the Holy Ghost.

Sometimes when I walk along the street and meet strangers, men or women, it seems as if I must have known them elsewhere, their faces are so familiar; and yet perhaps I have never seen them before in this life. At times a beautiful strain of music will thrill my soul, and I fancy I have heard it before—if

not in this life, then in some previous existence. A noble sentiment will be expressed, and something within us at once responds. Is it not because we have heard it before? "My sheep know my voice," said the Savior. How could they know it, if they had never heard it? We doubtless knew all about faith, repentance, baptism, and the Holy Ghost, before coming into this world, and when we hear the Gospel preached on earth there is something in it that appeals to us, and we say to ourselves, I have known that always; it is nothing strange; it is an old friend, a familiar voice.

The Spirit of God quickens our memories and brings back the things we have forgotten. It also explains the present life, and manifests the future. Why did faithful Paul say, after declaring that he had fought a good fight, and kept the faith: "I know there is a crown laid up for me, which God, the righteous Judge, shall give me at the last day?" How did he know it? He knew it by the power of the Holy Ghost, which manifests the things of God, showing what is to come. He also said: "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" The Comforter teaches us of the past, the present, and the future, and this knowledge, with the peace which the Gospel brings through the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, takes from death its bitterness, and triumphs over the grave. There is no death for the righteous—change, but

no death, for the children of the Light.

It has been said of Sister Taylor, that she accepted the Gospel in its entirety. Do we realize what that means, and what will result from living in obedience to the fullness of the Gospel of Christ? Who are they that inherit celestial glory, the highest glory of all typified by the blazing sun in the firmament, outshining the moon and stars? They who receive the Gospel here, receive it and live it in its fullness, and endure faithful to the end. They are found in the immediate presence of the Eternal Father; all things are theirs; and they are Christ's, as Christ is God's.

Sister Taylor did not say, as some say, in effect, I will give the Lord a part of my obedience. Nor will He say to her, I will give you a portion of my glory. She drew no line, she obeyed all, and she will receive all. God bless her memory! God bless her son, and all her kindred and friends! I echo every good word spoken concerning her. I admired her, not only for her talents, her intelligence, her gift of oratory, for she was a fluent and pleasing speaker; I admired her as a staunch pillar standing for purity and truth in the midst of God's people. I admired her as a Saint, and rejoice that she endured to the end. She won the victory, and will wear the crown. She will join her noble husband and other dear ones in eternity, and be enthroned in the Kingdom of God. Amen.

Nellie C. Taylor was a regal and dignified queen among women. She was cultured and refined, firm yet tender, loving and courageous. As an actress she was beautiful, as a wife and mother, devoted. The pleasure and happiness of others was her great delight. As a M. I. A. worker she will always live in the hearts of the girls who knew her. Those who have heard her speak will never forget her magnetic thrilling appeals to the girls to live the higher life.—*Lucy W. Smith.*



By Alfred Lambourne.

The rose! the rose! Ah, peerless is the rose!  
Within its heart a magic deep there hides;  
But love to love its riches will disclose,  
And I have learned the secret there abides.

O Love's own flower, as o'er the rose I lean,  
Makes drunk the senses and this heart of mine;  
The rose! the rose! O yes, the rose serene  
Intoxicates with beauty as with wine!

With honeyed wealth of life, the moments teem,  
And heart to heart melts in delicious swoon.  
Can aught of fear or strife disturb love's dream,  
Made perfect by the roses, gift of June?



# With the Younger "Bunch."

*By Jennie Roberts Mabey.*

Murray Fielding has been staying with us since last September and going to school. His mother is an old friend of my mother's. We all liked Murray from the minute he stepped over our threshold. He seemed to radiate bigness and breadth and pure, wholesome influences. Like the country from whence he comes.

He is one of a large family, has a brother on a mission in Germany and his father has just bought a large ranch that will not be a paying proposition until the canal is finished.

For the first two months Murray seldom went anywhere except to school and church on Sundays. Whenever there was a special entertainment of any kind, Bently and Nina invited, then coaxed him to go with them, but he stood like adamant.

"Once started I'm afraid I couldn't stop," he admitted frankly. "I've always had a weak spot for things of that sort, so don't tempt me."

It didn't take the girls round about long to discover that we were harboring a good-looking, broad-shouldered young man at our house, you may be sure. Some of them met him at church and some at school, and it was not long before there came three delicately written invitations from Beatrice Mason.

"Of course you'll take this in, old man?" questioned my brother. "All the 'bunch' will be there."

"Guess not," hesitated Murray; "two exams tomorrow."

"Great guns!" ejaculated Bently, "don't you suppose I ever have ex-

ams. First thing you know you'll turn into an isosceles triangle. Come, don't be such a sissy. You can't afford to miss one of Bee's parties. Can he, Nina?"

The following Sunday brought Murray to a full decision. He and Nina and I were standing near the gate after church, when Beatrice crossed over to us, bewilderingly beautiful in her furs and plumed beaver. Bently says he always feels to see if his tie is straight when Beatrice is about, and just then Murray's hand instinctively sought his.

Beatrice has the dreamiest eyes and the dearest little nose imaginable; is very clever and very lovable in many ways, if only—

She began talking to us in her pretty, easy manner, subtly turning most of the conversation in Murray's direction.

"Mr. Fielding, you've really been ignoring us so far," she said finally, her dark, entreating eyes full upon him. "Now, please promise me that you'll come to my party."

Murray's face flushed with pleasure and embarrassment. "That will be very easy, I promise," he said.

Well, he went, and was so boyishly enthusiastic over his good time that he talked of it often, even to me. But his dissipation would undoubtedly have ended there, had he been left to himself.

A few nights after the party, as I came in from sewing at the shop, Murray was talking to some one over the telephone. The instrument is in the hall next to the dining-room and we couldn't help hearing



most of his side of the conversation.

"Yes, I'd like to come," he was saying politely, "but Wednesday—"

"I'm very sorry. Thursday night I've two compositions to write, and you must know how swift I am at that sort of thing." \* \* \*

"Well, now, you see—er—the athletic club is going to hold a committee meeting Friday night." \* \* \*

Nina shot a quick glance across at me, her lips curving with disdain, and Bently said, "Bravo," almost loud enough for the boy to hear.

The voice in the hall was talking on:

"You surely can't think that." \* \* \*

"I'm dreadfully sorry to disappoint you, but you know how it is." \* \* \*

"Oh, you're not going to let me off, then?" \* \* \* "Why—er, I suppose I might just as well come Wednesday, then." \* \* \* "Oh, that's all right, not in the least." \* \* \* "Good-bye."

Bently sat holding his sides with laughter. "That's Beatrice, every time," he whispered.

The boy came out where we were again.

"Evidently, you've made a hard hit somewhere, but you're awfully slow, lad, awfully slow. It doesn't take me that long to make a date with a pretty girl, especially when—ah—she suggests it herself."

Murray blushed furiously.

"Well," began mother, with great dignity, in my day girls—"but a distressing groan from my brother's lips cut her off short.

"Oh-oo! Now, we're going to hear about the little girl that always said 'Amen' to prayers and

took to heart her mother's cares," he wailed.

Murray always took Bently's teasing good humoredly, but a few minutes after this I overheard him say in a troubled way, "What would you have done, Ben?"

On Washington's birthday there was to be a great basketball game at the gymnasium, between our High School and the team from another town. I've never been sure who proposed it first, but Murray was to escort Beatrice Mason. The boy had been very enthusiastic over the coming game, for his years away off on the farm had not allowed him many pleasures of this sort. But I know he had no idea of what that game was to cost him.

The first and second year students were to go in a body from the drug store corner. Uncle Billy had gallantly offered me his companionship and I was to meet him at the same place. It was a little earlier than I had expected. Uncle Billy when I arrived there and a good many of the younger "bunch" were gathered around the corner blowing horns and flying their class colors. The drug store window was full of fresh cut flowers. The center case held six large, velvety, American Beauty roses.

Nina saw me standing by the window, and leaving her companions, came over to me.

"Won't you join us?" she asked, and at the same moment a voice at my elbow was exclaiming:

"Oh, did you ever see such roses?" This one is mine—no this! Isn't it the most beautiful thing you ever saw?"

Nina turned about.

"It would make your cheeks look too pale, Bee, then you'd throw it away."

"Trust me," retorted Beatrice, gaily. How I should love this one."

The hint was unmistakable. Murray stood at her side, and his heart is big.

"It's great," he returned, with a slight flush that told that he'd rather have bought the rose without being asked. "Would you really like it?"

Beatrice's eager eyes met his.

"Oh, very much, but I can't allow—"

But Murray had started for the flower.

"He's just the right sort, now, isn't he?" said a girl I did not know.

Shirley Kenwood is Beatrice's cousin. She slipped quietly to the latter's side and said, quickly.

"Bee, dear, if I were you I wouldn't let Murray spend any more money. I—I'm afraid he can't afford it. Flowers are so expensive now. Murray is such a gallant fellow. He's treated half the crowd to chocolates now."

Beatrice's chin was lifted disdainfully.

"How do you know he can't afford flowers? It's his own affair, anyhow. Besides, he shouldn't have asked me to go if he's afraid to spend his money."

Murray came back just then, and she turned to the crowd exultingly, holding high her rose. "Now, we're ready to win the game!" she cried.

Just then I saw Uncle Billy edging his way toward me. He is a great favorite among the young folks and his progress was slow. He had almost reached me when Beatrice rushed in front of him.

"I'll let you smell my rose if you're on our side," she said gaily.

He came to me finally, laughing as young as any, but in a moment he remarked seriously with a backward nod:

"I fancy that's a very expensive girl. Couldn't you transfer the affections of our young champion to—say, some one like that little Shir-

ley Kenwood. She's so dainty and womanly. I've always liked her because I heard a young fellow tell how she always pretended to prefer walking to save him from paying car-fare. If a girl thinks of your dimes, she'll think of your dollars. Most of 'em lately want a cab or an automobile to travel in."

"Boys are blind," I answered. "They always let the queens go by."

"You wait," he advised.

That night there was a party at the gymnasium in honor of the visiting team, and the night after a concert in the ward hall.

"Don't believe I'll go," Bentley mused, on the second evening. "With that paper on Athenian history to write."

Murray looked troubled. I'll have to blaze away tomorrow," he said, "and make up for lost time."

Bentley feigned amazement.

"What! You're going again? Son, you're getting a very bad case. Won't your mother be surprised!"

Murray came in very late Sunday night and we were eating breakfast when he came downstairs Monday morning. Bently jumped up from the table and offered his shoulder for the other to lean upon.

Murray put his weight upon Bentley in mock feebleness and good humor, but when he sat down there was an anxious, appealing expression in the look he cast toward mother.

"There was a crowd over at Miss Mason's last night," he said to her in an explanatory tone, "and it seemed like I couldn't get away."

Your girl's not half as considerate as the one I had last night, Murray," said Bentley. "I tell you she wouldn't give me the least little lee-way, told me I must go home early, because it was stormy and because there was school tomorrow. I wasn't used to just that sort of

thing and it made me cross at first, but this morning I was mighty glad and I've been thinking ever since what a nice, comfortable little lady she'd make me."

"Pooh! Shirley Kenwood," said Nina.

"Oh, I know you girls think she's too prim," said my brother, rather testily, "but she's the kind for me, nevertheless."

Finally there came a time when Murray grew utterly careless of books and school, and my heart beat apprehensively as I saw his books remain in their strap untouched, evening after evening.

One morning there came such a nice letter from Murray's mother, inquiring about her boy. Her faith and confidence ran high and the lines fairly breathed of the good things she expected of him.

That same afternoon Nina came home and told me with tears in her eyes that Murray had received a "call" from the president.

"I can imagine why, too," she stormed, "and it's all Bee Mason's fault. I should think Murray'd have a little spunk!"

I couldn't help laughing.

"Oh, you'd just ought to see 'em," she went on excitedly, and bringing in her school slang. "They loaf around in the corridors and sluff classes and then go sporting around town. Bee never would study, and she's delighted if she can keep anybody else from it. How she manages to bluff the teachers and keep in school is more than I can tell, and I never saw her when she wasn't planning for some 'jolly good time.' Murray isn't that kind, though. Some day he'll find out his mistake, but it's going to take him so much longer than I thought at first. He thinks he's very much in love with Bee, I suppose, but he isn't. It's the whirlwind of pleasure

she keeps him in. Oh! and he was so splendid, so broad-minded and—and fine. Why he could be anything—anything he wished. I was so proud of him—and now—"

"Why, Nina, girl," I exclaimed, for she had suddenly burst into hysterical sobbing and thrown herself among the sofa pillows.

A little while after this Murray sauntered in. I hadn't noticed until then the nonchalant gait he had acquired.

Mother gave him his mail that the postman had brought that morning and he went upstairs with it. He shares Bently's room, and my brother found him there a little later. Bently told me all about it afterward.

The boy lay full length upon the bed, face downward, with sheets of paper scattered about him, and one crumpled up in his hand.

Bently began a hasty retreat, but Murray called him back.

"Sit down, Ben," he said weakly, "till I can talk. I—I want to ask a favor of you. 'You see—somehow—' but his voice trailed off into great sobs that shook his strong body from head to foot. His grief was so terrible that Bently became alarmed and tried to lift him.

"What in the world has gone wrong, old fellow?"

Murray held out the leaf of crumpled paper.

"Read this," he said, chokingly.

It was a note from Murray's little brother Frank, blotted and misspelled with long t's and crooked lines, but revealing a wealth of love for the big, older brother away at school. The little fellow said he had just got the money for hides that he had sent back east and was sending him—Murray—a dollar of it for a "blow out." He knew how handy a little "chink" came in sometimes, himself. It seemed like the

folks had a hard time getting any money, and he guessed they were "pretty much up against it this winter."

Bently handed the little letter back, and there was silence for long moments. Murray sat up upon the edge of the bed with his head in his hands.

"Mother wrote, and Nell, too," he went on brokenly, after a little, "and they both think I'm having such a hard time of it, because they can barely meet my expenses, and here I've been—" he broke off again weakly.

"I—I don't know, but they've always thought I'd do something big some day. Poor little kid!" he said, smoothing Frank's letter out over his knee. "I'm glad he doesn't know what a fake I am."

"Oh, well," said Bently, "brace up; it isn't so bad. There's plenty of time to catch up before the year's through. But—but you'll have to—"

"Oh, you needn't bother about my feelings. If I'd had any sense I wouldn't have to be told. I know what you'd like to say, old man, and you needn't be afraid of hurting me. I don't mind, blaze away. What I need is a good wallop. But, Ben, you won't think I'm cowardly, will you, if I tell you something.

There's a girl I blame for some of this. She forced me into situations where I couldn't pull out and be any kind of a man. A girl that thought anything of a fellow wouldn't do that sort of thing. I was blind enough once—but never mind. I've found out she isn't a lady, not the kind your sister Nina is, nor the little girl you talk about, is anyhow.

"You know, when there was a crowd of us she'd always suggest something that took money, and of course we fellows couldn't hang back. I got into a good many scrapes, and—and I had to borrow," his face crimsoned. "I owe Leon Sommers five dollars, and I—I thought maybe you—"

"Why, sure," said Bently, thrusting his hand into his pocket.

"It may be quite a while before I can save it up, but—but I'd rather ask you to wait than anybody. Thanks, from the bottom of my heart, Ben. You can depend upon me. This shan't happen again. Well," he said, suddenly springing up, "I've got to study this thing off," squaring his shoulders as if a great load were already lifted.

"Why," he said, with a short, light laugh, "I reckon I couldn't buy Beatrice Mason's candy, let alone her flowers and theatre tickets."





# Women of the Southern Republic.

*By Elizabeth Rachel Cannon.*

*Photographs by the Author.*

"Rosita, Rosita,  
Thou of the coal-black hair;  
Rosita, Rosita,  
Thou of the skin so fair;  
Rosita, Rosita,  
Of ankle trim, and hand;  
Of lips and eyes and soft replies—  
Rose of the Rio Grande."

"I want some picture postals of beautiful Mexican women," I told the man at the curio stand in the marble waiting room of the union depot at El Paso.

"There aren't any," he announced decidedly.

"Women, or post-cards?" I asked in surprise.

"Good-looking Mexican women."

I elevated my eyebrows. Another illusion gone. Had I not heard of the far-famed beauty of southern women! On the very borders of Unknown Mexico, that Stranger at our Gates, and separated only by the sluggish Rio Grande from that



THE BLIND BEGGARS AT THE TRAIN.

land of illusion, and alas—of disillusion, this man calmly made his assertion.

I was inclined to agree with him when I saw the forlorn wretches that crowded around the train at the stations along the Mexican Central that runs through a thousand miles of cattle land converted into a gray desert by the drouth. Stoical faced women offered dirty-looking milk or concoctions of red pepper for sale, while a blind woman earned her pennies by wailing out "La Golondrina" to the tinkle of a guitar while her aged mother guarded against sun-stroke by holding a parasol over her head.

Dirt eating is a reality in Mexico. It is little wonder that children who are fed on chili and coffee from their mother's milk later demand something more rasping to

whip their laggard stomachs into action.

All of the children clamorously demand alms. Juan, who had his feet cut off by the train, reaps a harvest. Little girls hardly large enough to toddle,—wide-eyed with the tragedy of the desert,—trudge around with babies on their backs. With out-stretched palms they shrilly demand, "Uncentavo." An American woman, who had lived long enough in the country to hate it, leaned back and remarked, "That is, symbolic of Mexico,—the out-stretched hand."

The towns are a joke—a collection of mud huts with neither chimneys nor windows. Indian wise, the chief live stock consists of dogs. No need of state chemist's analysis here, for the dairy-man drives his cow or goat or burro to his custom-



MEXICAN VILLAGE. HUTS SURROUNDED BY ORGAN CACTUS.



DOING THE FAMILY WASHING ON THE VIGA CANAL.

er's door and proceeds to milk the quantity required. Needless to say that the asse's milk, unlike the Roman Poppea's, is not used for baths.

People whose whole energy is expended in keeping body and soul together, do not go in for superfluities, so it is rather a shock to see painted on a low, white-washed house, "Escuela Municipal," schools before sewers! But the principle is right. President Diaz says, "Educate the people up to *wanting* something better." He differs from the Catholic priest who said, "What matters the destitution of the peons as long as they do not realize how miserable they are."

As we near the Capital we revel in color, from the sunlight glinting on the flat-topped houses terraced in these oriental looking cities, to the woman in a purple wrapper who tries to sell us a green parrot. But there are other wares that tempt fair woman; quaint baskets of curious design and workmanship, fiery opals, billows of drawn work, dancing monkeys on sticks, baskets of luscious strawberries, and filmy-

rebosos,—silk scarfs of all tints.

In Mexico city, with its upwards of six hundred thousand inhabitants, we see all sorts and conditions of women. Wind swept with zephyrs tinged with the snow from the towering volcanoes, and sun-kissed, the city reclines like a great glittering snake, on the bosom of its lakes. It would seem that its glorious Mexican skies overhang inhabitants of the fortunate isles.

The typical Mexican is pictured as a debonair girl in short skirts with a cigaret in her mouth. Smoking among women belongs to an earlier generation and only occasionally do we see a wrinkled face leering through the aromatic mist. Alas—'tis the flower that blooms first that fades quickest. Give a woman fine hair, teeth, and eyes, and eliminate complexion, (though some have regular peaches and cream concoction laid on over a substratum of glycerine), and she is fine looking. Add to these the carriage gained from carrying burdens on the head, and the rounded contours inherited from her ancestor the squaw. A bequest not so es-



teemed is the flat foot from the same source.

The Spaniard, unlike the Saxon, has left his mark on the brow of every race he has conquered. These women have the high-bred, imperious faces of Andalusia though the richer blood of the tropics surges under their swarthy skin. Benito Juarez, a full-blooded Zapotec Indian, became president of Mexico. Imagine the English elevating Tecumseh or Sitting Bull to the presidency of the United States!

We admire the superb women of the rich, resplendent in jewels and Parisian gowns lolling in their carriages drawn by prancing horses. But we are inclined to smile when we see their commoner sisters trailing those same French silks along the streets, or driving on their way to Chapultepec Castle in evening dress at nine o'clock in the morning. I saw a woman on a horse garbed in white satin, entraine, and French heeled slippers; and a bride traveling in her wedding dress. Follow the Mexican woman home and you find she is virtually a prisoner in her forbidding stone house; a caged bird like the mocking bird or paroquet that hovers among the plantains on the patio. Her windows are deep and gothic if not barred, and her perspective is as narrow. A woman cannot go upon the street alone; she cannot speak to acquaintances; it is as much as her reputation is worth to be seen after dark. Her husband rarely takes her anywhere. True, there is the bullfight and the grand opera in the afternoon, and both of these are ultra dress occasions. The fascination of the former depends as much upon the military bands, the regiments of soldiers, the magnetism of a concourse of thirty thousand people, as upon the perform-

ance itself. Bull fighters are not highly esteemed and above some of the restaurants we see the sign "No bull fighters allowed here." Still there is a glamour about a velvet clad, bespangled toreador, who debonairly takes his life in his hands as he leaps into the bull ring. Not long since a girl from one of the first families of Mexico became infatuated with a star matadore. She met him at a ball one night, and Mexico was startled when she killed herself the next morning.

In the houses the apartments around the courtyard are furnished in gorgeous Louis Quintenze furniture, but there are no fire places and the rooms are cold. The men are polite to a fault. At the table a gentleman will pass his chocolate to his lady with the request "Sweeten it for me." She graciously touches her lips to it and passes it back. It is then for him to murmur, as he sips it, "Ah, how delicious!"

These women never work; servant labor is too cheap. They have two objects in life, to bear children and keep beautiful. Like the Turkish women who act on the same principle, they succeed pretty well. They have a separate nurse girl for every child. "Horrors," we hear a cross, over worked American mother exclaim, "I would not trust my children to hirelings." Wait a moment. The Mexican child is the best behaved on earth. His childhood is perpetual sunshine. As a baby he seldom cries, for if he does the mother scolds the nurse. The result is he is charming, polite, and grows up with a vast respect for his handsome, good natured mamma whom he worships from a distance.

The lower class in Mexico is composed of the servants of the rich, and the poor. Emancipated women these, who already have their



rights. The trading in the great markets is all done by women. And marketing here in a monster auditorium with its wares running over into the streets and adjacent alleys is a joy. There are succulent green things, strange fruits of the tropics, dulces, pottery, baskets, hosiery as gay as the calicoes, and odoriferous chicken and moly dished up by an ancient market woman at a

ness. Bright-eyed youngsters peep out from behind their mothers' stalls, or hang onto their skirts as they shriek "Hot Tamales" through their noses. The secret of this is not votes, but manageable children. Owing to the expense of a church marriage, eighty per cent of the lower class are not legally married. Notwithstanding this the men are usually kind and



THE OPEN AIR MARKET.

cracker box cafeteria, and great fragrant bouquets of gardenias. A boy with a great basket follows us around as we heap it with vegetables as fresh as the morning itself. He then trots home with it on his head.

Business does not interfere with these women's families, for a mother not infrequently has fifteen or seventeen children; neither does their family interfere with their busi-

ness. Bright-eyed youngsters peep out from behind their mothers' stalls, or hang onto their skirts as they shriek "Hot Tamales" through their noses. The secret of this is not votes, but manageable children. Owing to the expense of a church marriage, eighty per cent of the lower class are not legally married. Notwithstanding this the men are usually kind and

much attached to their children. A portero who tends the door in a large house sleeps with nothing but a thin pair of cotton trousers between him and the cold stones of the courtyard. His wife shares the same accommodations. Never having slept in a bed, they do not miss it. This man drinks pulque and beats his wife, but when she dies he will plunge himself into debt for life to bury her in a rented coffin,

with rented silver handles in a rented grave, from which her bones will be exhumed and burned as soon as the rent expires. When his baby dies the Mexican, who is a fatalist places his "little angel" on his head and doggedly trots off to the burying place. His child wife of fourteen, who has been converted into a woman by her sorrow, follows beating her breast. Yet nothing in this land where everything is a picture, seems strange.

Beneath the palms of the Zocalo, in the shadow of the national palace and the great cathedral, the richest church in America, vermin-eaten women and half-clad men listen to grand opera played by the police band. Here boys bunt each other's heads playing bull fight until a policeman sails up, when they disperse to start it again on the other side of the bandstand. When the music ceases they curl up in their zarapes, (if they are rich enough to

own them) and sleep under the benches. Many have no homes but the doorways and the gutters. Here you stumble over men and women drowned in pulque's Lethean slumber. Drove of little Indian women carrying burdens of brush on their backs herd into town; brown babies galore, but never a man in sight.

Perhaps it is the terrible conditions among the poor that cause so many monstrosities; horrible armless, legless, sightless things confront us on every hand, all engaged in the licensed business of begging. With a morbidity strange in a beauty-loving people, there is a room full of frightful monstrosities of birth preserved in the Natural History Museum at Tacubaya.

The Mexican woman arranges her glossy black hair in becoming coiffures. She places a blue ribbon or scarlet geranium in its thick coils with fetching effectiveness. Unless



"TORTILLAS AND PULQUE."

she is very rich she does not wear the expensive French hat, but replaces it with more graceful rebosa, or goes bareheaded. Her usual costume is black, but on gala occasions she delights in pale tints. Her house-keeping is essentially simple. She takes her clothes to a stream, and using a rock for a washboard, cleanses them in the running water. She cooks on a brick oven. In its basin reposes glowing charcoal which has to be constantly fanned. It is so clean that her cooking implements, unglazed pottery, are unblackened. The staple of diet is the tortilla, a corn cake cooked on the coals. Among the very poor it is folded and used for a spoon to ladle out the beans and chili set in one great jar in the middle of the floor. Whitewashed walls, stone floors and practically no furniture are measurably sanitary. Among the poor chairs and beds are unimagined luxuries and in the rural districts we can still see men plowing with bullocks and a crooked stick.

The most glorious thing in the world is the flower market in the early morning when the floating gardens of the Viga unload their fragrant burdens. We gasp with delight as we enter this paradise of flowers with its riot of color, and breathe deep of the blended perfumes mingled with the scent of damp moss. Magnolias and cala lilies, cloth of gold and daffodils, tube roses and narcissus, Mexico's American Beauties and the Black Prince vie with one another. Great circles and crescents are wrought of purple pansies and star-eyed marguerites; there are billows of poppies, bushels of verbenas, clothes' baskets spilling pink rosebuds, and bunches of the blood-red "Heart of Jesus" from the hills; while odors of carnations and violets are

drowned in that of the all pervading Huele de Noche ("Perfume of the Night"), that steepes the senses in delirium.

A stream of Biblical looking girls carry water jars from the fountain, and we meet a Madonna on every street corner. Catholicism has left its impress on everything in Mexico including the faces of its women. There is a wealth of story connected with the Catholic church for we must remember that Mexico city was publishing poetry when the Puritans were landing on Plymouth rock. The Medical College is housed in the old home of the Inquisition, and a street has been cut through the wealthy monastery of San Francisco where the bones of the victims of the Inquisition were found in the walls. Whether they were walled in dead or alive we know not.

The guests of a modern hotel luxuriate amid the roof gardens and orchards planted by the Carmelite monks; the prisoners of Belem, Mexico's dread jail, wander under the corrugated arches of the convent where soft-voiced Sisters of Charity formerly murmured their Aves; a ruined church in Oaxaca is now used for a bull ring. The fields are full of these ruins in all states of decay, the delight of artists with their mellow tones, their ancient sepulchres and their bearded moss. The poorest Aztec village has its church with its richly gilded altar and its waxwork saints clothed in tinsel and lace. St. Anthony, Saint Joseph, and our Lady of Sorrows each has its kneeling devotee in the dim lit aisles. With this constant image of the Virgin before them, no wonder there are so many spiritual faces lit with lustrous eyes.

Convents were demolished by law some years since. When the pres-



ident orders a raid on the nuns, Madame Diaz, his wife, usually manages, it is said, to send a messenger before to warn them that the police are coming. We occasionally

The only statue of a woman in all Mexico city is that of Josefa Dominguez who secreted some patriots in her house and when the soldiers came to arrest them, went out and



THE PULQUE VENDER AND THE MAGUEY—THE MOST USEFUL PLANT IN MEXICO.

confront a timid-looking nun, and hear of a sixteen year old girl, clothed in blue satin and pearls, taking the veil with more pomp and circumstance than if she were going to her own wedding.

sent them away. Marina, the Indian wife of Cortez, without whose aid the conquest could not have been accomplished, still occupies a warm place in the hearts of her countrymen. After all, she was a woman



and her loyalty to her people was only exceeded by her love for her lord, the white-skinned Spaniard from the East.

Strangely enough the woman

press. The magnificent boulevard leading to her summer home is still called the "Mad Woman's Drive." The galleries and roof gardens of Chapultepec castle were decorated



CARLOTA PACED THE TERRACES OF THE BORDA GARDENS.

who has left her impress most on Mexico is the Austrian Carlota, ill-starred bride to Maximilian. She is an insane recluse in Europe today as she paid the price of reason for her three years reign as Em-

by her in Pompeiian style, and the golden dinner service used at the national palace graced her banquet board.

Down at Cuernavace, in the "tierra caliente," the unlucky pair went

to while away an idle hour before their final doom. The atmosphere of this land of lotus eaters is well adapted to induce the sleep of forgetfulness. Carlota must have found this Oriental city of the western hemisphere very charming with its painted clouds and waving palms, its gorgeous sunlight reflected on the pink and yellow houses, its modern Marys seated on mouse-like asses that tolt up the quaint cobblestone streets lined with Chinese laurel.

Not a stone of the Jungle Gardens of the Borda but what has its story. As we wander in its mystic shades in the twilight, along lovers' lanes that lose themselves in a wilderness of greens or miasmic swamps on whose yellow bosoms float white swans, we cannot remember that Carlota's impatient foot trod the moss grown terraces as she paced the gardens or loitered gloomily by a ruined fountain as if some presage of that doom that was so soon to overtake her young husband were already upon her. Maximilian left his play time to go and stand up against the wall at Queretaro to be shot.

But we are apt to forget the dark gardens and their tragedy when the band plays in the park not a stone's

throw away. Mexican courtship consists mostly of worship from a distance. A lover shows his devotion to his lady by hanging around her window; he proves his good faith by signing up contract papers with her father. Marriage is economical for a girl in Mexico, as the groom bears all the expenses even to her wedding dress. After the marriage the husband proceeds to get acquainted with his bride, as he has not previously exchanged half a dozen words with her. Sunday evening when the great southern moon comes up over the tamaracks and the band plays wailing Spanish airs, the girls promenade two by two in the plaza. Tall handsome men cloaked in long, military togas stroll in couples in the opposite direction. As they pass many a heart is set wildly beating by a daring glance. What wondrous tales the eyes can tell where the tongue is silent and the voice breaks! Fragile flower of love that is fed on starlight, and the glorious electric charged air of the tropics where the passion of a lifetime is kindled by the flame of a breath; moon-madness bred of the darkness, seductive music, and the mystic atmosphere of the South!

How often we burden another's way

By a thoughtless word, when the tiniest smile  
Would have lightened his load full many a mile,  
And tuned his soul to the beautiful day.

—Ruth M. Fox.

# Woman's Responsibility and Eligibility.

*By Joseph E. Taylor.*

There can be no question but that in our former existence or spirit life, female, as well as male spirits existed [there]; each in [their] turn being foreordained to come to earth to fill their separate places in mortality.

What part females took and the extent of their action at the time of the great "War in Heaven" has never been fully made known; but being possessed of an individual agency in the spirit world as well as here, we can readily conjecture that this is plainly shown in her existence here; not only being clothed with a tabernacle of flesh exactly suited and corresponding to her peculiar organism but in the line, lineage, and blood through which she came.

That valor of a greater or less degree was exhibited in that contest on the part of the female as well as the male, and that some of them would exhibit no valor whatever, but remain inactive or neutral, being unwilling to take either side; leaving it entirely to others to determine the outcome, is a logical conclusion. And yet up to that time they might have moved in the midst of the spirits without being suspected as lacking in the least degree any of those elements which constitute true womanhood.

Our past largely, if not entirely, determined our present; consequently our present is an index of the past. A neutral condition is aptly illustrated by John the Revelator in regard to the Laodicean church. They were neither hot nor cold. The Lord said of them, "He

would spew them out of his mouth." Rev. 3: 16. They being totally unworthy of any recognition whatever.

Accepting as true the statement made concerning the seed of Ham, that the spirits of these were of the neutral class—that the neutrality of the female spirit was as pronounced then as that of the male and consequently she would be held individually responsible for the consequences of her own acts. It would be contrary to the justice of God to subject an irresponsible female to an association with a responsible male and share with him the humiliation of servitude in mortality and an entire lack of all right, title, and claim to blessings in the higher order of the Gospel, which is the case with all the seed of Cain, through whose lineage came Ham's wife: carrying with her as she did the "mark of Cain" the murderer. It was upon Caanan the issue of this marriage that the double curse of servitude was pronounced by Noah.

There can be no question but that our Mother Eve merited in her former spirit existence the right and privilege to become the queen of this earth: being the consort of Adam the head of the human family; she being "the mother of all living." And that she will be found standing by the side of her consort, sharing with him all the glory, exaltation and dominion attained by him through all the eternities to come.

Without discussing in this connection the necessity there was that through the fall we might receive

the necessary experiences that could only be gotten in mortality, we will consider the individual responsibility resting upon each one that took an active part therein; namely, the Serpent, also Adam and Eve.

The seeming originator of this important and far reaching event was "Lucifer, the son of the morning" whose sole object was to frustrate the purposes of the Father. His business being—according to the record—to deceive and lead captive all who would hearken to his voice. The Father suffering this, did not bring him into immediate account. He—Satan—being under the necessity of employing some agent, chose the serpent and "spoke by his mouth."

Moses said of him that "he was more subtle than any beast of the field." We therefore conclude that at that time he was not the crawling, repulsive reptile that we see to-day; but a beast of superior standing among his kind and therefore subject to an individual accounting which the Father gave him without asking him to explain his act as was the case with Adam and Eve.

Note his sophistry when he tacitly acknowledged what the Lord had said that to eat of the tree in the midst of the garden was death; but his reply thereto—unquestionably in intonation and inflexion of voice, used to impress a doubt—"Ye shall not surely die;" followed by his further—measurably correct statement which meant something to be gained by the act, "For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as gods knowing good and evil."

The man—Adam—sought to lay the blame for his act upon his wife. And we might say in passing: Had not father Adam partaken of the forbidden fruit, a separation must

have taken place between these two. He reminded the Lord of his command to him when he gave him his wife. "The woman whom thou gavest me and commandedst that she should *remain* with me; she gave me of the fruit of the tree and I did eat." P. O. G. P.

The woman in turn sought to lay the blame upon the serpent by beguiling—deceiving—her. Paul says: "The woman was deceived. Nephi says: "Adam fell that man might be." And "If he had not transgressed he would not have fallen." 2 Nephi 2:22.

For our present purpose, we say, No matter if Adam fell voluntarily or if Eve was deceived through the sophistry of the serpent, each was made individually responsible. The man and the woman was placed under a separate and distinct curse; which, viewed from a philosophical standpoint, while it entailed suffering, etc., was not essentially destructive but was admirably suited to their physical organism.

Man has been bearing and woman enduring, from that day, and will to the end of time the curses then pronounced; but through the atonement of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ they each will be relieved therefrom, and through their own individual acts can merit and receive a full redemption from all the consequences of the fall with its accompanying curse. For their—original—sin while it is a sin unto death, it is only a temporal death; not an eternal one, because of the atonement. Eternal death will only be experienced by those who are guilty of the highest cardinal sins.

The Apostle Paul spoke truly when he said "Neither is the man without the woman neither the woman without the man in the Lord." He further says, "Woman



was created for man and is the glory of man as man is the glory of God." 1 Cor. 11:7-13. From this we learn that while each possesses a separate and distinct identity yet a completeness is lacking in this separate existence; requiring, as with Adam and Eve an eternal union of the two in order to complete a perfect existence.

The Lord originally ordained this union of the sexes, and said when He created woman for man, "They shall be one flesh." Man's capabilities to attain to the highest degree of glory, no matter how enlarged his intelligence, is made possibly only when he shall have by his side woman as his "help meet." In other words, if man can reach so high a pinnacle as to be crowned a king, it can only be when woman, his companion, his help meet, is crowned a queen. For kingly dignity would be lacking and could not be enjoyed nor its powers fully exercised without a queen.

The words of President Young, delivered in the tabernacle in Salt Lake, Aug. 28, 1852, is pertinent to this subject.

"After men have got their exaltations, their crowns; are made kings; they have the power then of propagating their species in spirit: that is, the first of their operations with regard to organizing a world. Power is then given to them to organize the elements and then commence the organizations of tabernacles—he cannot do this without Eve; he must have Eve to commence the work of generation," etc.

It is claimed by some that woman's responsibilities are not so great as man's. To this I answer, the responsibilities of both man and woman lie within and extend to the limits of each individual sphere; at least as far as this mortal life is concerned.

For example: Viewing woman from the standpoint of a Latter-day Saint. As a mother she is under a great personal responsibility in regard to her offspring: especially in teaching them correct principles and infusing into them the true spirit of the Gospel. To fail in her duty in this regard in the early period of child life, is to bring upon herself condemnation, regret, and sorrow.

President Brigham Young, when speaking upon this subject in the tabernacle in Salt Lake, April 8, 1852, said:

"Education commences with the mother and child in connection. It depends upon the mother as to what children receive in early age of principle of every description. If your children do not receive impressions of true piety, virtue, and every principle of the Holy Gospel, you may be assured that their sins will not be required at the hands of the father; but the mother. It is therefore the duty of the mother to give them their early education. We all know that impressions made in infancy are lasting."

Further, mothers are entrusted with something of even greater value than the tabernacle of the child to which they have given birth, namely: The spirit which came from God to quicken the tabernacle. In view of that spirit returning to God, how necessary it is that the mother shall stand justified before Him in the training of the spirit of the child so that it shall be fully acceptable to the Father when it returns to him. Hence this one, but great responsibility involves consequences of the most important character. But should the child when fully matured choose to take the downward road and refuse to abide by such a mother's instructions, the sin is wholly upon the child and the faithful mother is justified.

Eligibility means worthiness, or a

fitness to be chosen, either in man or woman. Jesus said, when speaking of those who were bid to the marriage feast: "Many are called, but few are chosen." May not this also apply to a vast number, who have been called through the Gospel and the necessary ordinances provided for—aye, and even received by them; but they will signally fail through their own conduct of indifference or wrong doing to reach the high pinnacle of which we have spoken, and therefore must occupy a lower plane, be they man or woman.

From this view, are we not justified in saying: Let woman assume all the responsibilities and discharge faithfully the obligations that belong to her in her sphere as a woman; then as sure as the promises have been made, she will be recognized not only as eligible to, but will receive their fulfillment in the highest degree.

We say emphatically, woman possesses within herself the elements necessary to enable her to rise to the same goal as man and to share with him the honors of an exalted position in the eternal world.

## SONG OF THE WIND.

*By Valeria De Mude Kelsey.*

WIND of the night,  
Wind of the lonely sea,  
Wind of the bloom-borne melody—  
Bring back my alien soul to me!

For my soul is far away tonight:  
'Tis gone to the hill where the fir trees grow,  
To the garden beds where the daffodils blow,  
And it paces the moonlight to and fro.

It talks to the little seeds in the dark,  
In the warm moist earth where they softly sleep,  
It sings them a song of the sun and the deep,—  
And the little tendrils stir and creep.

O alien soul stay here tonight!  
Loose from my temples the bands of care,  
Wreath me about with your happiest air,  
Flood all my being with waves of prayer!

Wind of the night,  
Wind of the lonely sea,  
Wind of the bloom-borne melody,—  
Bring back my alien soul to me!

# A Bag of Gold.

*By Ph. Francis.*

The great ship moved out from the Port of Queenstown. I stood by the rail of the promenade overlooking that portion of the deck below, roped off for the use of the second cabin passengers. As I looked down upon these, my friend the Author, came up by my side and said: "You see those people down there,—most of them are Mormons. They gathered at Liverpool from all over Europe, and that dark skinned man and the youth standing by him are Armenians. There are Scandinavians, and a lot of Swiss, but you don't see many of the Latin race. Some of them are finely educated. There, is a Norwegian editor and a man from Birmingham, who owns coal mines. Now, look here, I am going to ask you a lot of questions about these people during the voyage, but not now. I only wonder how they are converted, what strange fascination it is, in the religion of the Mormons, to draw all sorts of people from everywhere, dominate them with a spirit of intense progressiveness and unite them in the earnest purpose of getting out to Utah and identifying themselves with that marvelous people. But let us not talk about them now. I am going to tell you a story."

Swinging around we struck a conversational gait and began our promenading of the deck. It is but fair that I should say that my friend, the Author, was one whom I had known some years, who had been presented to me upon an occasion, by one most eminent in American literature. He was re-

garded rightly as one of the most promising of the younger American authors. His earlier books were stories of modern Jewish life in New York; stories of artists and musicians and those who write tales. They were very clever, and won for him high reputation for a well known pseudonym. Later he went to Europe and wrote beautiful fiction of the Italians. Poor fellow, he has passed away, in middle life, at the zenith of his powers,—a victim, I think, of the London fogs and overwork. He said to me as he delivered the following story, that sometime he should write it:

"I was walking one morning in London, one of those glorious summer mornings, along the Serpentine, in the great Park, and as I came up to the Stanhope gate met an acquaintance. We will call him the Philosopher, one of those hard headed Englishmen, a good club man, an observer of the world, and its critic; past the softer half of life, looking upon men and women, without enthusiasm, or much admiration, and no praise. He had had his disappointments, had taken them hardly, and would be called a cynic. The morning was glorious, the tops of the trees, made against the deep blue of the sky, an embroidery. It was just that—a beautiful embroidery. The rhododendrons, were in blossom, and the people were pouring out from all the gates into the Park, thronging and filling the iron chairs, in little gossiping groups. We dropped into two of them, and the Philosopher letting me pay the two-pence

to the attendant as he passed by, settled himself and continued his reflections upon the hopelessness of human expectations.

"As I was telling you there is nothing worth while. You may think, as you are impelled and driven along, by strong hopes and great expectations, that there is a sure reward at the end; but there is only disappointment there, only dead ashes from all the fires that your imagination kindles. Even the man who labors hardest, and gathers to himself the greatest horde, finds himself in its possession broken, with a burden that bears him to the earth, and he says in his soul: "It has all been in vain." There is no achievement of man, however it be counted among his fellows, that is worth to him the effort he makes for it. When he gets it, it is not what he expected. Generally, however, he fails to get it. There is no fulfilment of his hopes. I will tell you a fairy story to prove it."

"There was in the Black Forest a poor Woodchopper, who made his meagre living by going out every day into the woods and gathering from the forest bundles of fagots. He was extremely poor, not earning enough to more than supply food for himself and his motherless little girl, who lived with him in a small cottage at the edge of the wood.

"As he was going from his labor one day, feeling more keenly than ever the stress of poverty, he exclaimed with intense feeling, "I wish that I had gold. Not so much for my own desire, or that I covet riches, but a little that I might sometimes get a pretty frock for my child and a pair of slippers, and a ribbon for her hair." As he nodded

his head in despair, at even the thought of these luxuries, there appeared before him a fairy. This fairy, who seemed a sensible sort of person, said to him: "I just heard your exclamation, and understand that you are very, very poor, and I know the hopelessness of your condition. Now I am glad to be able to say to you, that there is a chance to improve your circumstances. You remember the old elm tree about a hundred paces from your cottage? Down at the roots of that old tree, there is a bag of gold. It is for you. If you go and dig for it you will find it. But there is a condition. While you are digging, you must not think of gold, nor desire it." The Philosopher stopped.

The Author said: "Well?"

"Well what?"

"The end of the story?"

"That is the end of the story. Nothing but disappointment. An impossible condition."

The Author pondered for a moment and said: "I don't like the finish. That is no fit ending. I could make a better ending, myself."

"Well, go ahead."

"The poor Woodchopper was elated at the fairy's assurance and hastening home began at once to dig at the roots of the old elm tree; but as he dug, of course, the thought of the object of his search came to him and it eluded him. He laid down the spade in despair, and returned thoughtfully to his cottage. The following day and succeeding days, every hour that he could take from his labor in the woods, was spent in digging at the roots of the old elm tree. Try as he would the thought was constantly recurring to defeat the object of



his search, and he returned home daily more disheartened than ever. He was, however, persistent, and as the days passed he took more time from his woodman's work with corresponding reduction of his daily wage. The pinch of poverty became more bitter and still more biting, with the advance of the autumn days and cold nights. There was less food and the inevitable consequence followed. There came sickness. His little girl was taken ill, a fatal malady. She lingered for a while, but without medicine, without nourishment, without comfort, at last died. The poor Woodchopper was heartbroken. Yet he had to meet the fate that had befallen him, and accept the decree that robbed him of his life's one treasure. He prepared his little girl's emaciated form for burial, and quite naturally, in selecting a grave, bent his footsteps to the root of the old elm tree. There he labored, absorbed in his sorrow, and hollowed out the last resting place for his darling child; and as he dug, behold, at the bottom of the grave was the bag of gold.

"But it was too late."

The author stopped.

"Well?" I said.

"Well what?"

"The end of the story?"

"That is the end."

The Author looked at me as I remarked that I did not like the finish of his story, and that I had a better ending for it myself. He expressed surprise and said, "Well, let us hear it." And we resumed our promenading of the deck.

"The poor Woodchopper bowed down his head to his knees, and sat gazing into the grave, his heart utterly broken, his soul in despair,

when he heard a voice saying to him: 'There it is; take it up. Why don't you take it up? It is for you.' The poor man nodded his head, and only sighed as he looked upon the bag of gold in the bottom of the little grave. Then he heard again: 'Father, take it up,' and he quickly looked around and saw before him, smiling with ineffable sweetness his little girl, who said, 'Don't you know me? I was the fairy all the time. I had to die so that you might come to know the truth.' And she disappeared. The Woodchopper was greatly astonished and greatly comforted. He felt an exquisite sensation of release from sorrow, indeed of freedom from care. With awakened intelligence and enlightened spirit, with grief controlled, he performed the rites of burial for the form of his little one. When he had covered the grave and laid the sod carefully and gathered autumn branches, especially some with the bright hued leaves still clinging to them, to lay over and about the little mound, he slowly bent his way to the empty cottage, but with the feeling that it was no longer his home. As he approached the door he saw sitting upon the bench by it the form of a young man, who arose as he came up and asked for a cup of water, saying to the Woodchopper as he drank it; 'He that giveth unto one of the least of these, even a cup of cold water, shall in no wise lose his reward.'"

We had again reached the railing of the deck, and halted there as I said,

"You see that clean cut, bright eyed young man down there? He, is the missionary; and among his company of converts you will find the Woodchopper."

# Vital Conservation.

*By Willard Done.*

The controversy now in progress between the advocates of the two policies of conservation of the natural resources of the country, has served to bring before the people in a vivid way the subject of the preservation of the wealth of the nation and its transmission to future generations. And he is a very uninterested citizen indeed who has not followed the controversy with some degree of zest, and has not made up his mind as to the merits of the two sides of it. It needs no argument to convince a true American citizen of the necessity of saving some of the wealth of this wonderful country of ours for our children and our children's children, instead of squandering it for present selfish purposes. The only question is, of course, as to the line between use and waste; the margin beyond which we may not go, but to which we ought to go, in the present use of the material wealth of the nation.

This question will doubtless be settled to the best interests of the future citizenship of the nation, by the wise statesmen and scientists who are giving thought and attention to the problem. The coal, the forests, the water supply, the water power, the minerals, and all the host of natural resources with which our country is abundantly blessed, are to be used with wisdom by the present generation, not wasted before they reach the hands of coming generations. The principle of conservation is a fundamental and unquestioned one. The question is merely as to the best method of accomplishing the beneficent results aimed at.

It is not of this particular phase of conservation, however, that I wish to speak in this treatise. There is still another form of it—still another and vital object to be accomplished—which seems to me to be of as great importance, if indeed it is not more far-reaching in its consequences, and the benefits possible to be derived from it. I refer to the conservation of human life and human energy; the preservation and use of the forces, physical, mental, and moral, of this and coming generations; the transmission of increased, not diminished, human force and richness to the future centuries of the nation, the state, and the Church. There is a passage in Ruskin's "Unto this Last," second essay, which appeals to me very strongly as a basis for the argument which I wish to make. This great English writer says:

"In fact, it may be discovered that the true veins of wealth are purple—and not in Rock but in Flesh—perhaps even that the final outcome and consummation of all wealth is in the producing as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed, happy-hearted human creatures."

The value of human life, then, forms a theme for my treatise. If human life is wasted, then is our nation indeed impoverished; for there has gone from it that element by which wealth can be produced; that power which controls the forces of nature and harnesses them to its will; that intelligence without which the wealth of the Indies would be so much dead matter, void and valueless. If wealth is to be conserved, how much more important that we shall conserve the pow-

er by which wealth is created and multiplied through use.

Of late there has been much diligent inquiry among the economists of our nation, as to the best means to be adopted to stay the wanton waste and destruction of this most valuable of all our resources. One has taken up the matter of the prevention and cure of diseases, as tuberculosis, cancer, and a host of others. Prizes of great value have been offered to those who can discover a preventive or a cure for the ailments that are yearly sweeping off thousands of our fellow-men before their time. The life insurance companies have become interested, selfishly, perhaps, and yet unselfishly too, and are advocating the establishment at their expense of sanitariums where their policy holders who have been seized with any of these dread diseases, may be treated and their lives and activities prolonged. They are also advocating that the privilege of physical examinations at intervals be extended to the men and the women insured, in order that the first intimations of the approach of serious ailments may be detected, and the law of prevention be applied before the insidious disease makes too great headway. A nation—wide, indeed a world-wide interest is being taken in these vital matters, and the indication is that this interest will grow with commendable rapidity.

The matter of accidents on railways, on ship-board, in mines, and elsewhere has also been exhaustively considered. At the present time there is pending in Congress a bill providing for the establishment of a Bureau of Mines, one of the chief objects of which will be to consider ways and means whereby the great number of appalling fatal accidents repeatedly occurring in mines, may

be lessened in number and in fatalities. So have conservers of human life and health sought other fields of endeavor, to preserve this valuable asset of our nation, this earnest of its future prosperity.

That there is need for this element of conservation is proved by the fact that preventable diseases devastate the nation each year to the extent of hundreds of thousands of lives of children and adults; and that thousands of our strong, able-bodied workmen, the bone and sinew of the country, are killed every year in accidents, a large percentage of which could with greater care be avoided. And while the barbarous custom of the past, of sacrificing thousands of lives on the battlefield to unworthy ambition, or on great public works to unworthy vanity, is now largely abandoned, there is no denying that the yearly sacrifice of lives to the Moloch of preventable diseases and avoidable accidents is a crying evil demanding abatement. And in this direction there is a field and justification for our best efforts at conservation.

To the women, and especially those of our Church, this subject must appeal with especial force. As wives and mothers they are the producers of this great source and representation of national wealth,—worthy sons and daughters. As nurses and care-takers in the home they may do more than any other agency among us to conserve this growing and increasing wealth, both in their own homes and in the homes of their neighbors. For physicians and philanthropists may plan and work and strive for the health and the safety of the people; they may build and endow hospitals and laboratories for the investigation and treatment of the diseases which are sapping the nation's



strength and wasting its greatest resource; men may invent and instal the best of devices to lessen the waste of life through accident. And yet, if the home-keepers are indifferent or negligent, their lack of care may do much to nullify the efforts toward these beneficent ends; whereas their intelligent and patient care will do more than all other agencies to assist in this vital conservation.

For the reasons above given and many others that might be advanced, constantly increasing attention is and should be given to the actual training of men and women, and especially the women, for the profession of home making; the duty of parenthood; the sacred responsibility of producing and preserving the most important element of our wealth. Throughout the world at large, where these subjects have for a long time been tabooed because of their delicate character, matters of such vital importance to the future of the race are now receiving full and free discussion in the public prints and from the platform and the pulpit. Young people are warned against the awful consequences on the lives and the health of offspring, of overt acts too common to youth and inexperience. Their eyes are directed forward to the years of parental responsibility, in order that from early manhood and womanhood they may keep in sight constantly and be in continual preparation for, the greatest mission of man and woman, the giving to the world, and the keeping in it in full health and vigor, of immortal souls.

The "sowing of wild oats," with all its baneful consequences, is made the subject of a physician's treatise in one magazine; the resultant blindness or imbecility of children

and the broken heart and health of the wife are held up to the gaze of thoughtless youth in another; in still another is emphasized the need of intelligent training for the various phases of home-making on the part of the young, whose manifest destiny will lead them along that path filled with its glories, its pleasures, and its consequent cares and responsibilities. And thus the mind and conscience of the nation has been aroused of late to this vital subject, one cause of the awakening being the frightful example set by some of the other nations, and the head-long rush of some of our American men and women on the road that must inevitably lead to individual and national decadence.

Yet, in bringing this matter to the attention of the people, these public spirited men and women are merely following the pattern set long years ago by the inspired leaders of the Church, who in sermon and in song, in admonition and in warning, called the attention of their followers to this phase of economy, this matter of vital conservation. There has been no excuse for the Latter-day Saints failing to heed the warning sounded, for it has been unmistakable. The conscience of this people has been aroused as has that of no other people on earth, I think; and while the response has been somewhat slow, and in many cases more or less perfunctory, yet the indications are that ultimately it will be much more pronounced and intelligent.

The courses of instruction in home-keeping inaugurated as regular studies by the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Associations, cannot fail to have a pronouncedly beneficial effect on the future mothers of our people. The emphasis that is being placed on the im-



portance of the home; the desirability that every capable man and woman shall establish one; the vital necessity of intelligent care in selecting its furnishings and appliances; the need of sanitary and healthful surroundings; good food; plenty of air and sunlight; the subordination of style to health and comfort; and all the thousand and one details that go to make up the happy, healthful home, filled with cheerful, healthy people. All these are sure to bring forth splendid fruit, to the enriching of the nation and the conservation of the wonderful wealth represented in the "blue veins of strong and vigorous manhood and womanhood."

To this excellent work the undivided support and encouragement of all right-thinking people will be

unhesitatingly given. If movements looking to the preservation of the soil and the minerals and the water and the timber of this magnificent country of ours are to be commended and encouraged, is it not much more important—does it not follow much more logically—that encouragement shall be given to the conservation of vital force and energy, the measure and the determining factor in all other kinds of wealth? It is in the hope that our young ladies may be led the more fully to realize the great responsibilities awaiting them, and appreciate to a greater degree the splendid assistance in the performance of those duties, vouchsafed by the instruction given them in their weekly meetings, that this brief and imperfect treatise has been written.

## Impressions by the Way.

*By Josephine Booth Woodruff.*

There are some things in our lives that impress us so deeply that we feel it might do good to others to tell them, and that to keep silent were wrong. The other day a lady said to me, "Did you know Mrs. Harris was dead?" and as I answered in the negative, she said, "You know how desperately poor she has always been; well, when she was on her death bed her place was sold for \$800 and the money paid to her. When she received it she asked the sisters who were attending her to buy her some beautiful clothes in which to be buried, and to let her see them when they were finished."

The lady's daughter, a bright, happy young girl who stood by during this conversation laughingly said:

"Oh, mother, why didn't she put them on and have the funeral so she would know all that happened—how she looked, etc.?"

That was not what appealed to me in this story. There is a lesson to be learned from this incident in the poor woman's life—poor only in the sense of lacking worldly goods.

Being left a widow, she had been forced to work very hard for many years, and to do without the comforts that so many of us have—then when she was dying came this fortune, as it must have seemed to her, and without a murmur that it came too late, she made her strange request of the sisters.

This is the lesson I read from the incident. A person must needs have a pure unsullied soul who could

talk and plan for her going into eternity, with such calmness, simplicity, and child-like faith, and who wanted a beautiful robe in which to meet her Maker. To me this shows a life well spent, with few regrets for the past and no doubts or fears for the future.

This brings me to what I have wanted to say to the daughters of Zion for a long time. How many of you, as you are today, with your *bushels* of false hair, your rats, puffs, coronation braids, etc., etc., and your painted and powdered faces would be thus prepared to meet your Maker? Doesn't something in your innermost soul tell you that He does not approve of these things? The daughters of Zion are supposed to set an example to the outside world—do they do it? I leave the answer to you.

Such fashions spoil your beauty. It even detracts from your purity and goodness to wear so much that is false. Everything that is not genuine carries with it the impress and stamp from whence it comes. Compare this style of wearing the hair with that of some of the beautiful Madonnas that we love so well and learn the difference between the false and the true. I know the girls don't want to be old-fashioned, but if all the Mutual girls adopted a style it would be new-fashioned. Why not do as the Queen of Italy has done—make your own fashions rather than follow those made by others?

There are so many simple, girlish ways of doing the hair that are far more beautiful and healthful than these our girls have so readily adopted. A woman selling switches the other day showed me one that looked good, but was much cheaper than the rest. I asked the reason, and she said that it was Chinese hair

bleached, and I thought: "Well, if no one wants a Chinese pig-tail any more than I do it would still be dangling down the heathen's back. This makes me think of an important point aside from the spiritual and moral aspect: it is a fact that many persons have contracted loathsome diseases through wearing these dyed, bleached, or altered "pig-tails."

Ask yourselves, would you wear them if you were getting ready for the advent of your Savior? Would you care to enter His pure presence thus falsely arrayed? Do you think the great privilege would be granted you? And yet He sees you, He knows the dangers and many of His servants who have your interest at heart warn you against this evil.

Doesn't a faith such as Mrs. Harris displayed touch some tender cord in you? Does it not awaken a feeling that you, too, would like to live so that when you are called you can have a conscience so free from regrets, a heart so full of faith, and trust that you can thus calmly and happily plan for your going? If so, avoid these and kindred temptations that come from the evil one, whether in dress or other things, and you will feel that you have complied with the mandate:

"So live that when thy summons comes  
to join

The innumerable caravan which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each  
shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of  
death,

Thou go not like the quarry slave at  
night

Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained  
and soothed.

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy  
grave,

Like one who wraps the drapery of  
his couch

About him and lies down to pleasant  
dreams."

# The Fields Sublime.

*By Bertha A. Kleinman.*

God's Acres—what treasures are borne thro' your gates,  
From the arms reaching out to restrain;  
What rivers course silently into your gloom  
From the tears that fall daily like rain;  
What mystery hangs over your harvests to be,  
Yet how faint is the veil to the eyes that will see.

What promise and longings are melted to mist  
At your portals all shrouded and stern,  
When the hearts that are silent pass into their rest  
And the hearts that are broken return;  
Yet pure and effulgent all day slanting down,  
Is the light on the graves that consume all your frown.

Blest fields with your seed undisturbed thro' the years,  
While the storms of men's strife echo near,  
Where the voices of loved ones creep back to entreat  
And answer our longing—"Not here!"  
Where over the echo of dust upon dust,  
Their anthem soars peacefully upward—"Trust, Trust."

Fair mounds closing over the best of our hopes,  
Your mystery can sound no despair  
In the brave souls ensheathed in the armor of faith,  
Who smile thro' their tears, gazing there;  
For the firm hand that chastens is mighty to heal,  
And his touch is all love to the hands that will feel.

God's favored are they who have treasurers in bloom  
Mid the hush of His Acres above,  
For heaven were lonely that promised no joy  
Of reunion with those we have loved;  
And deepest to wound but the strongest to save  
Are the memories that cling to a precious one's grave.

# An Alphabet of Women.

*For why should men do all the deeds?*

MARY PUTNAM JACOBI, though born in England, received her medical education in Philadelphia, and practiced in New York City. Her books are treatises upon hysteria, the value of life, and similar topics.

ANNA BROWNELL JAMESON is the author of "Celebrated Female Sovereigns," "Loves of the Poets," "Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters," and other things, several of them upon art. She was born in Dublin and died in London, in 1860.

HENRIETTA CAMILLE JENKIN was clever and well-educated and used her pen as a means of livelihood. She was born in Jamaica, 1807, and died in Edinburgh in 1885. Only two of her books are above the mediocre and they are "Who Breaks, Pays," a good picture of the flirt, and "Cousin Stella," a book that made a hit, and which is a delineation of West Indian life.

MARIA JANE JEWSBURY was an English poet and prose writer. She married the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, a missionary to India, and died there of the cholera, in 1833. Her "Letters to the Young" is a charming book, as is the poetic "Lays of Leisure Hours." Her history of the "Enthusiastic," the "Nonchalant," and the "Realist" ran through four editions. Her sister Geraldine was a successful novelist.

EMILY PAULINE JOHNSON is a Canadian poet of Indian descent. She was born on the Six Nations Reserve. Her first sketch, "A Red

Girl's Reasoning," took a prize in a Canadian magazine. Her first book of poems was called "The White Wampum." It was published in 1894.

CHRISTIAN ISABEL JOHNSTONE was a Scottish novelist who died in Edinburgh in 1857. She edited many papers and periodicals which her husband published. Outside this work in their firm, she wrote strong, brilliant, and interesting tales. And then, as if to deny that literary women cannot be domesticated, she compiled "The Cook and Housewife's Manual!"

MADAME JUNOT (1784-1838) was the wife of one of Napoleon's generals. After his death it was necessary for her to do something to obtain a living. So she took up literature and has written recollections of Napoleon from the Revolution to the re-establishment of the empire.

SOPHIE JUNGHaus, a German novelist born in 1845, wrote stories simple as to plot, but strong in style and interesting. She is analytical! Two of her books are "The American," and "The House of Eckberg," a tale of the Thirty-years' War.

JEZEBEL (B. C. 883), whose history may be found alternately from I Kings 21 to 2 Kings 9, was one of the prophet Elijah's chief opponents. She was the wife of Ahab, king of Israel, and she ruled her husband royally. She was a Phoenician princess and she immediately



established a gorgeous rule of Phoenician pagan worship in Ahab's court. Eight hundred and fifty prophets of Baal and of Astarte were maintained there in luxury. The prophets of the Lord she ordered destroyed. So many were slain that Elijah instigated an uprising of the people, who, after the contest by sacrificial fire, slew the ministers of Baal by the stream Kishon. Jezebel swore that as her priests had been served so should she serve their enemies. She falsely obtained possession of a valuable vineyard in Ahab's name, and the curse of Elijah was pronounced upon them both. She was cast from a window into the street, and there trampled by Jehu's chariot horses. Her body was left there and was eaten by dogs. Jezebel is called "the wickedest woman that ever lived," and her name signifies "chaste!"

Another fascinating Bible story is that of Jael, an Israelitish woman who recognized Sisera, the fleeing head of the enemy, and gave him refuge in her tent. Exhausted, the chief fell into a heavy slumber on the floor and Jael smote him with a nail and a hammer through the temple and pinned him to the floor.

And still another scriptural heroine, one famed in art and literature, is the wonderful Judith of the Apochrypha, the beautiful and pure Israelite who set her people free by going alone to the tent of Holofernes and smiting him with a sword while he slept.

JESSAMY BRIDE is the beautiful name given by Oliver Goldsmith to his sweetheart, Mary Horneck.

"JENNIE JUNE" was an Amer-

ican prose writer born in England but making New York City her home. She died there in 1901. She was the editor of Demorest's magazine, and other things. She was one of the founders of "Sorosis" and was its president for fourteen years. She was also one of the promoters of the Federation of Woman's Clubs. She wrote many things on topics connected with women's affairs.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT is one of our well-known modern writers. She was born in Maine in 1849. "Deephaven," "Old Friends and New," "The Story of the Normans" (historical), etc., etc., are among her works. Her father was a physician of superior mind. His patients were scattered, and the girl rode with him from town to town and along the beautiful Maine coast. She has been compared to Irving and Hawthorne in her delicate touches of simple folk. Rural people of her own upper New England states are her subjects.

JOSEPHINE (June 24, 1763 to May 29, 1814), the Empress of the French, one of the most beloved women living in history, might have been scarcely remembered had it not been for her forced divorce from Napoleon.

Josephine was born at Martinique, but came to Paris while young, where she was married to the Viscount Beauharnais (Bo-harn'a). He became interested in the cause of the revolution. Josephine, a beautiful and charming woman with irresistible smile and the soft voice common to creoles, one of which she was (half Spanish, half French) won the bloody leaders and saved many a head from falling into the over-loaded basket. However, Beauharnais himself fell into dis-

favor, and he was publicly beheaded in 1794. Josephine was thrown into prison and daily expected to be led to execution. At Robespierre's death she regained her freedom and joined her children, Eugene and Hortense.

Napoleon was at the beginning of his brilliant career, when Josephine called upon him to beg the favor of recovering her husband's sword. She was so loyal to the brave dead soldier, so tender, winning, and gracious that she captivated the young officer. They were married in 1796. He loved her passionately, with all the love so strong a character could give a woman.

She accompanied him to Italy, her companionship and affection easing his hardships and soothing the sorrows caused by those jealous of his victories. When at last he won the throne, his own hand crowned her. She was a beloved queen, thoughtful and compassionate. She was a means of causing the emperor to temper his justice with mercy.

That Napoleon had no heir was not only a disappointment to his own ambition, but to the French nation. Overmastering in his ambition as Bonaparte undoubtedly was, his love for Josephine might have shrunk from the sacrifice of divorcing her had her enemies left him alone. Josephine, with a breaking heart, obediently consented to the separation. Whatever was for his good was the thing she must do. It was one woman's heart against the glory of a line of kings and the happiness of a nation. She withdrew to Malmaison. When the bells were rung that proclaimed the birth of the young king of Rome, she wept tears of joy for Napoleon, and tears of grief for herself that she were not the child's mother.

No one wept over his downfall as she wept. She would have gladly shared his banishment to St. Helena had she been allowed to. She died at Malmaison. Her funeral was attended by almost everyone of note, and not only France but all Europe mourned her.

## O Muse Divine.

*Grace Ingles Frost.*

O Muse Divine, come sing to me  
 Thy notes most sweet and clear;  
 Lend to my soul thy melody,  
 In tones of hope and cheer.  
 With praise to God fill thou my heart,  
 With pæans to the skies,  
 That from its depths each word may start,  
 And rhythmic verse arise.  
 Life hath o'er much of dirges drear.  
 Help me to sing of love.  
 The themes of sorrow, sin and fear,  
 I fain would rise above.



## GIRL · QUERIES

*Conducted by Catherine Hurst.*

*Address all communications in this department to Question Box,  
Bishop's Building, 40 N. Main St.*

When should salads be served, both vegetable and fruit and what with, or should they be served alone?—Beatrice.

The styles of serving change frequently. If you are serving vegetable salad at a dinner, it may follow the soup, or it may follow the meat and vegetable course, and is usually served with snowflake crackers or cheese wafers. At a luncheon vegetable salad, olives, patties and thin bread and butter are often the first course. If you want to be very simple, salad and bread and butter would be sufficient. Fruit salad when made with whipped cream dressing is classed as dessert and served with cake. When made with salad dressing is served the same as vegetable salad. When you have the opportunity take dinner or luncheon at a well equipped hotel or cafe, and note the menu, style of serving, cultured people about you, etc. You will learn much if you are a good observer.

Please give me a good receipt for laundrying battenberg.—Cilmene.

Wash just as you would any fine linen, boil a few minutes only, rinse well in clear water, then blue water, then clear water again, to which has been added a spoonful of borax powder. When nearly dry, iron on the wrong side, placing a clean thin cloth over the battenberg, to prevent any mark from the iron showing on the piece.

Please give me a remedy for removing freckles.—Caroline.

Freckles cannot be banished suddenly. In order to not injure the skin the cure must be slow. Take powdered borax fifteen grains, and lemon juice one ounce. Shake until dissolved. Apply three times a day with a soft

cloth, rubbing well into the skin. Avoid the heat of the sun on the face as much as possible during the treatment. After a few weeks the blotches will disappear. Buttermilk is helpful toward a clear complexion. Take as much milk as required for one time in a saucer. Apply by means of a tiny ball of absorbent cotton, using fresh balls from time to time during the process. Make a number of these balls and keep in a wide-mouthed jar with a screw top. They are handy for many purposes. In the September, 1909, Journal you will find a remedy for tan or sunburn.

To "Blanche." Yes it is perfectly polite and in good form to teach children to say "Yes, ma'am," "Yes, sir," "No sir," etc.

Please give me the name and address of a good needlework magazine.—Addie.

"Home Needlework Magazine," price 75c a year; Deseret News Book Store, Salt Lake City.

Can you suggest a good remedy for a shiny nose?—A Reader.

Substitute almond or oat meal for soap in washing the face, then powder the nose gently with starch or talcum, using either chamois or piece of silk.

Do you think it proper and just for a young lady to keep company with a young man who is engaged to another girl who lives out of town?—Minnie.

It certainly is not proper to go with another girl regularly, if he intends to marry the girl to whom he is engaged. There would be no harm in taking different girls occasionally. A male flirt is one to be avoided.

# OUR GIRLS.

## Chums.

*Leaves from the Diary of Eva Oliver.*

May 12.—I am so tired. Mamma and Jinny and I have traveled over fifteen hundred miles from our home in the South to this little farming village in the tops of the Rockies. The doctor said a long time ago that mountain air in the West was the only kind of medicine to make a little weak, lame girl strong. On account of the sultry, damp climate and low altitude at home I have never been able to recover very much from the hurt my hip received three years ago.

So mamma and Jinny worked hard and saved means that we all might go together to the Rocky Mountains and live until I grow better. How I wish I could really help them.

We have found the nicest little house! It has only three rooms and they are tiny, but we must be economical. They seem cozy as can be now that mamma, with her taste, and Jinny with her strong hands have arranged our few things around. It is on the edge of town, too, where it is peaceful and quiet, which we all three need and enjoy. Besides, there is a big lilac bush by the front path and that makes it seem more like home.

I am crying just a little: the mountains through this west window are very huge, very strong-looking and seem to frown upon me because I am so fragile and helpless. The cold white snow on their bleak tops makes me shudder and shiver. I long to be home in

our sunny land where frost seldom comes and flowers bloom all winter.

Mamma came in just now and knew at once I was homesick. She kissed each wet eye, saying she hoped I would soon get used to our new surroundings and love the great, free, west, if but for papa's sake.

He was born here, but moved South, where he married mamma, and they were very happy. He died when I was a baby, so I can't remember him.

Jinny is a poor lady who had no home or friends. Mamma nursed her through a fever. She has worked for us ever since. I don't know how we would get along without her. She always carries me to my couch by the window where, propped by cushions, I can look out when she goes off to wash and scrub. Then again at night she lifts me gently into my bed.

Mamma sits near me and sews.

May 20.—Mamma discovered I did not like that west window on account of the mountains, so Jinny moved me to this east one.

I looked eagerly at the new view. There is a big brown house in the next yard that faces south, with a wide veranda extending across the front. A smooth green lawn slopes to a low box hedge. There is a large locust tree on this west side of the house. The delicate little flower buds are swelling among the



baby leaves. It's nearly as pretty as the places are in the South.

I began to wonder who lived there. I was wishing with all my heart that there was a little girl and she would come to see me often, when one actually did come skipping from a back door. She carried a bucket and filled it with water from a pump. Her cheeks were rosy, her eyes were bright and black like a bird's. Her black hair was plaited and tied with a big bow. She had strong, straight legs that seemed to be never quiet; altogether she was such a merry-looking girl, I began to feel merry, too.

A group of boys came from the barn. One took the bucket and carried it into the house. I noticed, especially, that boy. He resembled Black Eyes very much, only he was a great deal taller and stronger. His eyes were as black as hers and as full of fun, and his hair of the same Indian color.

I do wish that girl's brother was mine, or else I had one just exactly like him. After dinner he and the three other boys, one quite small, went way down on their farm, then I could see them no more.

The little girl threw out the dish-water, and soon after she went down the front path. She was dressed in a white suit and carried a skipping rope. I guess she is going to play with some friend. I wish it were I. I've been lonesome since. Jinny is out getting more work for herself and mamma.

May 22.—The lady in the brown house called on mamma this morning. She said she had wanted to visit us for a long time, but thought it best to wait until we were fairly settled.

That Rogers boy and his sister don't resemble their mother at all: she has as light a complexion as mine. There are four boys and only

one girl in the Rogers family. Her name is Crystal.

Mamma mentioned how lonely I get and Mrs. Rogers said very softly, "Poor little girl" but aloud she added it wouldn't be long before I was acquainted with Black Eyes and she was such a bright companion. She said now we were such near neighbors we could "run in" and see each other often. Mamma replied that she seldom left home, as that would leave Eva alone. Mrs. Rogers answered: "Why, there are Mr. Rogers and Howard and Dan and Tom who are not only able but will be glad and consider it a privilege to carry your lovely little girl."

When she had gone I told mamma Mrs. Rogers was as cheery as sunshine. Mamma said she thought so, too.

May 23.—Yesterday afternoon Black Eyes came over. Mamma was not in, so she told me that her mamma had sent her with some radishes for our supper. I thought it very nice of her, and begged the little girl to be seated.

At first we were both embarrassed and couldn't say anything. I guess she didn't know what to say to a lame girl. Finally I said I had been wishing ever since I first saw her that she would come over. She said at once that she had wanted to come from the time she first saw me at the window.

I was so pleased that a girl who could run about wanted to know one who couldn't. After that we both talked a lot.

I asked her what her brother's name is—the one that carried the bucket for her. She did not know which one I meant. "The one that looks like you," I replied.

"Oh, yes, that's Tom."

I wanted to know if he wasn't

very nice. She said all her brothers were.

She is fourteen and Tom is sixteen and a half. I told her I am nearly fourteen.

She was very delicate about my being lame and weak.

Then I told her all about us; how the doctor back home said as soon as I had become strong from breathing this pure mountain air I would be able to use crutches, but it would require an operation to straighten my limb that I may walk and play like other girls. I told her mamma felt so sorry because I would have to be patient such a long, long time while they earned means to pay; before the operation could be performed, while I felt sorry that mamma and Jinny had to work so hard and I was unable to help them.

After mamma came in we talked of pleasant things, then Black Eyes bade us good-bye. I told her to be sure and come again soon, and she said she would. She wished I could come and see her and hoped it wouldn't be long before I really could. Since she left I feel much brighter and better. It is so seldom I can be with other girls and boys that I get quite odd and dismal.

June 4.—Yesterday was Sunday, and the nicest things happened on that most beautiful day!

Early in the morning, Crystal came with an invitation to supper that evening. We were delighted, but how could I be moved. Each time I had been to the Rogers', either Mr. Rogers or Mr. Howard had taken me. Jinny was sure she could do it, but mamma and I said, "No," that was too far.

Crystal overheard our conversation and told us her mamma had prepared for that—one of the boys would come and carry me. Our

hearts were very warm as we thought of Mrs. Rogers' kindness and forethought. I wondered which of our neighbors it would be and did hope it would be my Rogers' boy, because I believed he would take me the most cheerfully, as he is so good to his mother and Crystal. Though the Rogers are all nice it seems to me he is the nicest. In the twilight he and his father walk about, arm in arm, when they pass our house they both touch their hats and nod good-evening. I believe they must talk very confidentially to each other, just as mamma and I do.

After they returned from Church in the afternoon, Tom Rogers did come and said he was ready to help us over.

He lifted me as easily as if I were a feather. He is strong. Though it hurts me a little to be carried he was so gentle, I did not mind. He told me I was too much of a light-weight but their country would soon put flesh on my bones.

We were welcomed very warmly at the brown house; all vied with each other in showing me attention and making me comfortable.

After supper Tom brought out his "Geography guess game." Dan held the cards and asked the questions Tom answered every one of his correctly, but I actually missed one third of mine, and all I have to do is to study, too! I must look up my geography and learn where places are and where things are manufactured, and all about it.

I became tired and lay on their big soft couch among many cushions. It was so pleasant to lie there and sniff the fragrance of the June roses, and listen to the conversation of the others in the room. I thought how lovely it was to live.

Crystal then played the prelude to

a beautiful hymn, and she and Dan sang it. It was so inspiring, I couldn't stop the tears. I cried not because I felt badly, but happy, also because I was ashamed of the complainings that get in my heart sometimes. The hymn said, "The Father's watchcare is ever o'er us. He doeth all things well." That thought is so comforting, I think I shall carry it with me always. Tom saw my tears and I had to tell him the reason. He said he did not blame me for complaining, and thought I must find things pretty dull. I answered, I did rather, and wished and wished I might have been blessed with a brother just like him. "Well," he said, "I wouldn't mind you for a sister. Why not make it a bargain? I'll come over to your house every day and carry you wherever you want to go, and we can play checkers and study geography together." I laughed with joy and said, "All-right, but you mustn't waste too much time on me." So we made it a bargain. I could hardly go to sleep last night for thinking about it. When mamma wondered what made me wakeful and when I told her, she said she was so glad.

June 28.—I see Tom and Crystal every day. I am never lonely any more. A week ago, just before sundown, they came, but Mrs. Rogers called Crystal. After she left, Tom asked, "Don't you want to see my grape vine arbor?" I did not know he had one, and gladly replied, "Yes, if mamma is willing." Mamma said, "Certainly," she wanted me to get all the fresh air I could and felt contented when Tom had me in charge. So my Rogers boy carried me carefully down past their house and barn, to the lower end of the orchard, and we entered the most beautiful green house I had

ever seen. He said he planted the vines and made the whole thing himself, except for a little help from Norry (he is their baby and only eleven), and of course advice from his father. That was four years ago, when Tom was twelve and Norry seven. I did think it was all very clever so I told him and he smiled and looked pleased as could be. He picked up one of Crystal's books lying on a big study table there and asked if he shouldn't read to me. I was rather cross, I'm afraid, when I answered, "No, I'm tired of girls' books, grown up books, and any and all kinds of books for that is all I can do, is to read! read! Talk about the real live people you associate with.

Who is that boy that comes here so often, with whom you went fishing Friday afternoon?"

Tom did not seem at all vexed because I was so cross and inquisitive, but answered as patiently and cheerily as ever, "That is Fred Trenton, he is my age and a mighty good fellow. His sister's name is Harriet, she and Crissie are almost inseparable, everyone calls them 'The Twins.'"

I felt hurt and suddenly lonely. He went on to tell about them as I had first asked him to do, I getting more hurt and bitter all the time. Then he and Crystal had been good to me not in the sense of a chum for they both already had one. It must be because they pitied poor little Eva Hicks. Of course, they couldn't make a real, every-day friend of a cripple, who could? I can only sit at my window and watch them go away among their real chums, who are straight and strong and their equals. Oh, the good times they must have. I couldn't keep from crying any long-

er. Tom was much alarmed and grieved, what was the matter? Did my leg hurt badly? Should he carry me home? I screamed, "No! I don't want you to carry me, or ever again do any thing for me, you do it only because you pity me. Go away!"

He looked so perplexed and pained, but he left. In a little while the oldest Rogers boy came in and bent over me.

"What is the matter? Tell me all, Eva, dear. Has that Tom of ours been teasing you?"

Mr. Howard is the quietest and studies the most of all the Rogers. I know him the least and am rather afraid of him. But he spoke so coaxingly and smoothed my hair and stroked my hand so much like mamma that I was soon telling him the reason. Why couldn't I have

a real chum like other boys and girls?

He seemed to see everything and feel it almost as well as I did. He comforted me so much by his understanding things. He said he wouldn't preach as he knew I would soon be my own reasonable little self and see things as they were.

I began to be reasonable at once, ceased crying, and lay still. Then he dried my eyes with a soft handkerchief, saying, my mamma must not see me so frustrated. He carried me home almost as carefully as Tom does. Just outside he kissed me, and said he felt sure I was their chum the same as Fred and Harry Trenton, and that they loved me even more. He said they couldn't help it, I was such a sweet lovable little Eva. I like him next to Tom now.

## "Come Unto Me."

*By Muriel Hurley.*

"Come unto me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest,  
Oh! blessed voice of Jesus  
That comes to hearts oppressed."

The singer paused, as if she were pondering over those beautiful lines. Her sweet clear voice was wafted in the air, and reached the ears of one who seemed to be thirsting for such consoling words as these. "Come unto Me," how they filled the listener's heart and whole being with unspeakable joy and contentment. "And I will give you rest." Ah!

that rest, so much needed by that weary, aching soul. That rest which makes us forget our earthly cares and sorrows and brings us nearer to our God. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. How loving our Savior is, to give such a welcome to us.

This passage, so full of tenderness and love, should inspire us to attain to high and noble aims that will lead the weary and heavy-laden to Him who said "Come unto Me."



# Domestic Science.

## CARBOHYDRATE FOODS.

### POTATOES.

The white or Irish potato is a starchy tuber which, next to the grains, is the food most in common use on our tables.

It is composed of over three-fourths water, a very little protein, almost no fat, and a moderate amount of carbohydrates in the form of starch.

Since the potato contains but a small percentage of protein, and therefore can supply but little food to build or repair muscular tissue, it must not be relied upon too exclusively as an article of diet. It is also deficient in fat and therefore should be used with meat, butter, milk, or cream.

The digestibility of the potato depends largely upon its *mealiness*, consequently, very young or very old potatoes are hard to digest because they are soggy or waxy. Ripe, mealy potatoes are easily digested if properly cooked, but if fried or sodden in grease they are difficult to digest.

#### *Potatoes.*

New potatoes should be baked or steamed in their skins. Old ones are improved by paring and soaking in cold water before boiling. The most important point in cooking is to drive off surplus moisture as soon as the potato is soft by cracking the skin of the baked potato, or draining off the water from boiled ones.

#### *Baked Potatoes.*

Choose potatoes of medium size. Wash and scrape. Put into moderate oven to heat through gradually and let the heat increase. 30 to 45 minutes will be required. Potatoes may be pared and baked in the pan with meat. This usually takes an hour.

#### *Potato Cakes.*

Shape cold mashed potato in any small forms, brush over with milk or beaten egg, and brown in the oven. These are drier and nicer than when fried in fat.

#### *Escaloped Potatoes.*

Wash, pare, soak, and cut potatoes in  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch slices. Put a layer in but-

tered baking dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, and dot over with butter; repeat. Add hot milk until it may be seen through top layer, bake  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hrs., or until potato is soft.

#### *Potatoes au Gratin.*

One pint boiled potatoes cut in cubes, one cup thin white sauce highly seasoned, one-fourth to one-half cup of chopped or grated cheese. Put in layers in a buttered pudding dish, cover with buttered crumbs. Bake till hot and brown.

#### *Lyomaise Potatoes.*

Cut 1 pint potatoes (boiled) into dice, and season with salt and pepper. Fry 1 tablespoon of minced onion in 1 oz. butter until yellow. Add the potatoes, and stir with a fork until they have absorbed all the butter, being careful not to break them. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve hot.

#### *Potatoes on Half Shell.*

Select medium-sized potatoes and bake. Remove from oven, cut in two lengthwise, and scoop out inside. Mash, add butter, salt, pepper, and, if desired, a little milk. Refill skins, brush over the top with egg white, and bake until heated through and a delicate brown.

Grated cheese may be added before refilling skins.

#### *Stuffed Potatoes.*

Bake same as for "Potatoes on Half Shell," cut off one end, scoop out inside, season and add grated cheese or any finely chopped meat, parsley, etc. Refill skin and put in oven until heated through.

## SWEET POTATO.

The chief difference between the white potato and the sweet is that the latter contains sugar where the former contains starch.

The sweet potato is regarded as a little more difficult to digest than the white, owing to the fact that the sweet potato has a coarse fibre, and is gum-

my in texture, while the texture of the white potato is fine and mealy.

#### *Sweet Potatoes.*

These are best baked since some of the sweetness is lost when they are steamed or boiled.

#### *Glazed Sweet Potatoes.*

Wash and pare medium-sized potatoes. Cook 10 minutes in boiling salted water. Drain, cut in halves, lengthwise, and put in a buttered pan, sprinkle with sugar and pour over each half about 1 tablespoon molasses. Bake 15 or 20 minutes, basting two or three times.

#### *Browned Sweet Potatoes.*

Slice partially boiled sweet potatoes slightly thicker than saratoga chips. Fill a baking dish with a sprinkling of light brown sugar and bits of butter between the layers. Two tablespoons sugar suffice for a pint of potatoes. Finish with a dusting of sugar, butter and salt, and brown in the oven.

#### *Sweet Potato Balls.*

To 2 cups hot riced sweet potatoes add 3 tablespoons butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, few grains pepper, and 1 beaten egg. Shape in small balls, roll in flour, fry in deep fat, and drain. If potatoes are very dry, it will be necessary to add hot milk to moisten.

## OFFICERS' NOTES.

### JUNE CONFERENCE.

Notice of the annual M. I. A. conference was published in the May Journal.

#### *Official Program.*

Friday, June 3rd, at 8 p.m., a reception to be held in the Bishop's Building, No. 40 North Main St. Tickets to be issued on application to Presidents and Secretaries.

Saturday, June 4th, at 10 a. m. and 2 p.m., Officers' meetings: Y. M. M. I. A. in the Tabernacle and Y. L. M. I. A. in the Assembly Hall.

Sunday, June 5, at 10 a.m., Conjoint Officers' meeting in the Tabernacle, to which all interested in Mutual Improvement are invited.

Sunday, at 2 and 7 p. m., general meetings in the Tabernacle, to which the public is invited.

### GUIDE DEPARTMENT, 1910-11.

#### THEOLOGY.

Two lessons a month will be given, making in all eighteen. The full text will be embodied in each lesson, and but two reference books will be necessary, viz., the Doctrine and Covenants and Church History.

### *Restoration of the Gospel.*

The Period of Gospel Revivals.  
The Restoration Predicted.  
The First Vision.  
The Angel Flying.  
Hidden Gospel Records Restored.  
The Restoration of Authority.  
The Church of Jesus Christ Restored.  
Church Government Revealed.  
Gospel Ordinances.  
The Church Organization Completed.  
The Church Organization Extended.  
Ancient Sacred Records.  
Modern Sacred Records.  
Restoration of the Keys of Gathering and Vicarious Work.  
The Gospel Brotherhood.  
Modern Doctrines of Temporal Salvation.  
The New-Old Order of Marriage.  
The Vision of Glories.

#### TESTIMONY MEETINGS.

Testimony meetings should be held the first Tuesday in the month. The first ambition of an officer should be to make these meetings the most interesting of the month.

#### THE EXTRA MONTHLY CONJOINT MEETING.

Provision has been made by the General Boards for an extra conjoint meeting each month for the purpose

of giving an opportunity for the young ladies to join with the young men in literary work, debates, contests, lectures, and other exercises aside from the regular guide lessons. Conjoint committees should be appointed, whose duty it will be to prepare programs for these meetings, and supervise the presentation of the exercises.

## READING COURSE.

This department for 1910-11 will be Suggestive Home Reading. The books chosen embrace theology, history, fiction, and poetry. Each member is expected to read at least three of these books during the year, and report under Home Readings. Sketches of these works will be published in the Journal later on. They are as follows:

- "Life of Heber C. Kimball," O. F. Whitney.
- "Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt," P. P. Pratt.
- "The Fair God," Lew Wallace.
- "Ivanhoe," Scott.
- "The Crisis," Winston Churchill.
- "John Stevens' Courtship," Susa Y. Gates.
- "Character," Samuel Smiles.
- "The Indifference of Juliette," Grace F. Richmond.
- "Aurora Leigh," Elizabeth B. Brown-ing.
- "Hamlet," Shakespeare.

## RE-ORGANIZATIONS.

*Summit Stake—Sept. 16, 1909.*

- President—Lenore Evans Boyden.
- First Counselor—Edna Williams.
- Second Counselor—Margaret Farnsworth.
- Secretary and Treasurer—Artemesia Blake.
- Librarian—Effie Carruth.
- Chorister—Jessie Manning.
- Organist—Gladys Beard.
- Aids—Agnes Stromnes, Emma Marchant, Myrtle Jones, Eva Pack, Florence Crittenden, Ellen Copley, Alice Archibald, Maud Eldredge, Emma Davis.

*South Davis—November 6, 1909.*

- President—Lucy Maria Clark.
- First Counselor—Edith Walsh.
- Second Counselor—Mary Tuttle.
- Treasurer—Clara Earl.
- Secretary—Gertrude Arbuckle.

*Panguitch Stake—November, 21, 1909.*

- President—Elizabeth S. Worthen.
- First Counselor—Mattie DeLong.
- Second Counselor—Mamie Dodds.
- Secretary—Rena Sargent.
- Treasurer—Nina Houston.
- Aids—Allie W. Clark, Chastie Lossee, Catherine S. Reding.

## A MUTUAL ACHIEVEMENT.

As a worthy accomplishment in any stake is a common cause of rejoicing and encouragement to all stakes, the Mutual members of Cache are glad to tell of what has been done there.

It began, for the Young Ladies, with the problem of summer work. A change from the winter lessons, and a purpose winning enough to give incentive to the officers, were the desirable features that led to the planning of sewing meetings to prepare for bazaars in the fall. A stake M. I. A. home was the end to be achieved.

In the June convention there were offered to the wards carefully arranged outlines for the summer's sewing work. The testimony meetings were held regularly each month, and special effort was made to keep them the largest and best of the sessions; the other three nights were given to sewing by all the girls but the one who read aloud from some of the books of the literary course. In wards where the officers would be unable to serve through the summer, temporary organizations were effected, and by these means every ward in the stake took up the work. Of course, it meant labor and responsibility for those in charge, and where words of praise are spoken the greater share should go, as in most of Mutual achievements, to the patience and faithfulness of the local officers.

When the time approached for the bazaars in the fall, the Young Men asked permission to join us in our efforts, and they made themselves very useful in the construction of booths, decorating, and receiving donations from the business houses.

As the different bazaars were held with only brief intervals between, considerable friendly rivalry added to their interest. Programs or amateur plays by Mutual members were given, in some cases free of charge, in others for a small admission fee. The bazaars were appreciated as social events

in the wards, and the result of them all was appreciated in the stake when, finally, more than a thousand dollars stood to the credit of the two stake boards. A tenth of its earnings was returned to each ward.

With the remainder the reading-room and gymnasium were to be fitted up. Busy committees were soon at this work. The Preston Block, through the efforts of the Young Men, had been secured from the Church authorities. At last, on Saturday and Sunday, March 12th and 13th, 1910, the opening was held. The stake officers took entire charge of this part of the work, and extended a cordial welcome to all members of the wards and as many others as cared to come. More than seven hundred people visited the rooms and registered. Those who slipped away without signing were not definitely numbered, but Miss Blanche Cooper, who ably superintended the serving, is convinced that there were two or three hundred of these.

If you could have been there on Saturday, you would have been met at the door by members of the Young Men's board, and directed upstairs to the very cosy little room fitted up as a rest-room. It is especially for the ladies, and will fill a much felt want as a place of refuge for weary shoppers. The building is so close to the business district that residents of Logan will be tempted to use the rest-room, while, for the outlying wards, it will probably be considered the best part of the whole enterprise. Sister Laura Merrill is offering you a piece of candy as she tells you this, and seeing the line of new arrivals, you pass into the meeting-room next door, which is used by the two boards. Across the hall to the east is the first gymnasium. A wrestling-mat is on the floor here, and various kinds of athletic apparatus hang upon the walls. Shower-baths will soon be added to the equipment. Two other large rooms on this floor are to be furnished later.

Passing down another stair, you find your way to the basket-ball and hand-ball gymnasium. A noise of scrambling and thumping warns you that this room is already in use, a sign that presages well for the future, although you might prefer a less hasty dash through the room just now.

In the reading-room, Presidents Rebecca Stewart and A. E. Cranney congratulate you on your safe passage and introduce you to the most pleasant sight of the visit. The large, well-lighted reading-room is finished in brown and tan. Four fine tables have been given by the lumber companies of the city. At present only two of these stand in the room, and upon them are the materials for serving you with chocolate and sandwiches.

Most of the pictures and flowers about you are, of course, loaned for this occasion, but are intended to suggest a hope for the future. The traveling library of the Young Ladies, together with several contributed sets, forms a nucleus for the large collection of books which may some day line the walls. The ward associations of Logan will be invited to bring in their books, which can find better care and wider use in this central location.

At a table near the front windows, the visitors seem to be congregating. The special interest is seen to be a tempting spread of current magazines, many of which have been subscribed for by the business and professional men of the town. Here will be a continual source of fresh material that is expected to prove very attractive to boys and girls with a few hours of leisure. The building will be open from two to ten p.m. each week day, excepting during Mutual hours, when these fall on a week day. The hours for Sunday are now under consideration. How much our rooms will be used is indicated by a daily average of one hundred visitors since the opening.

You sign your name in the register and say at parting, "It is a splendid beginning, with every prospect of usefulness. But how is it to be maintained?" For the present the bazaar fund is not exhausted, but we could not expect to do so much every summer. The stake officers have already taken steps to organize from the wards a board of directors to provide for the maintenance and use of the building. We admit that there is still work ahead, but what is already done is very substantial and enough to justify large dreams. It has shown the Mutuals as a power, and a power whose limit it is not easy to determine.



# Young Woman's Journal

ORGAN OF THE YOUNG LADIES' MUTUAL  
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS.

IMPROVEMENT OUR MOITO,  
PERFECTION OUR AIM.

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SALT LAKE CITY, - JUNE, 1910

## Keeping up Appearances.

Too much attention is given to "appearances" and not enough to realities. It is tragically pitiful to see the struggle many are making to equal or outdo their friends. They are hunted by bill-collectors. They evade, deceive, lie, do anything to keep in the mad rush of so-called society. They live in larger houses than they can afford because they must "make a showing." They wear more expensive clothes than they can pay for because they must appear as well clad as anyone in their circle of friends.

If outside show is the bond that holds associates together the sooner it is severed the better. Honor, honest, integrity, right living should

be the royal stamp that designates men and women as worthy associates.

It is a praiseworthy trait for one to make the best of what he has. It is excellent for people to be well clothed, well housed, well fed, but as soon as they go beyond their means to make a showing they are undermining the citadel of character, they are treading the path of dishonesty, of deception, of ruin.

Much of the misery in the world is brought about because of this evil. In the heyday of life, when the sun of prosperity shines upon them they live up to or beyond their incomes. Then when reverses come they are engulfed themselves, and all too frequently they drag innocent friends into the whirlpool with them.

## What You Can Do.

All too many young people depend on the influence of their fathers and friends to gain places and favors for them. Many pride themselves upon their degrees and titles, and rely upon them expecting thereby to secure easy and lucrative positions.

The old custom of having the class picture taken with diplomas and flowers very much in evidence, is fast dying out. Some still frame their sheepskins and hang them in prominent places to be gazed at and admired by their friends, but this too, will soon become obsolete. Truly big people are not heard boasting of their achievements, nor do they seek to make a show. It is the little ones who have mounted only a few rounds on the ladder who tell about the wonderful (?) things they have done, and who pride themselves on having appendages and addendos to their names.

We are getting nearer the time when people will go to school solely for what they can learn, when degrees, commencement exercises, and all the outside show of graduation will count for little or nothing: when men and women will be hired not because they have degrees but because they can *do* things. Many leaders among mankind have had little or no technical schooling. Many college graduates are failures when they enter the business or professional world.

We would not turn away one from taking a college course who can do so, but we would like all to have the proper ideal before them. We would like those who cannot go to college to realize that there are opportunities for growth and education all around them, and that some of the best men who have done the most good have been self-taught. What you are, what

you are capable of doing well counts for far more than degrees. You must be your own passport to success.

### Dictionary of the Book of Mormon.

A book of great value to those interested in the Book of Mormon is the new edition of Reynolds' "A Dictionary of the Book of Mormon." In addition to the splendid features of former editions it has in the back a pronouncing vocabulary which was prepared under the direction of the Deseret Sunday School Union by Professor John M. Mills, with President Anthon H. Lund and Dr. James E. Talmage associated. The pronunciations given are the authorized pronunciations of the Church.

The book retails at \$1.25.

## The Longing Unexpressed.

*By Blanche K. McKey.*

My heart it sang a beautiful harmony—  
 I took my pen to claim the melody,  
 But lo! I found that greater minds than mine  
 Had writ the strains in jeweled words that shine;  
 And so I sigh a little at the thought  
 That my sweet song must always count for naught,  
 Because I have no words—no jewels bright  
 To place it in that crown that Genius wears,—  
 But still my heart sings on!





SEA GULL MONUMENT.—*Mahonri M. Young.*



# YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL

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## Utah.

*By Annie Pike Greenwood.*

O Utah! O Mother!  
I who was born among thy mountains fair,  
I who was cradled in thy mountain air,  
Memory turns my heart to thee in pain—  
I who shall never live with thee again.  
No other love hath won my heart from thee,  
O Utah!—Mother!—then forget not me!

None breathe who love thy mountains more than I;  
Thy heaving lakes, thy burning sunset sky;  
That changing sapphire God hath set upon thee:  
The waters of thy great mysterious sea;  
Thy rivers gushing down through canyon rifts  
Where many a hoary-headed mountain lifts  
His monarch crown of snow in summer's heat—  
Still in my memory all these scenes repeat.

I look across the flat, unbroken plains,  
Out where the fiery copper sun-set stains  
Both earth and sky—for thus they lie together,  
Welded by Sol, the horizon for a ring  
About the earth, set with the ruby sun.  
And as mine eyes look west, so my thoughts run—  
Out West! my West! O Mother Mountain Home!

Well,—let it be!—and should I not return,  
Yet shall this message through my silence burn:  
Bury me there—O Mountain home, at rest—  
At last at rest upon thy loving breast—  
O Utah! O Mother!

# Sea Gull Monument.

*By B. H. Roberts.*

Because in their exposed and helpless infancy the She Wolf suckled the twin founders of Rome, the She Wolf was honored in Rome's history and niched among the statuary of the capitol. Because geese awakened the Roman guard by their cackling in time to repel a night attack upon the citadel, during one of the early Gallic invasions, and thus saved the capitol, geese, though void of beauty and usually regarded as the symbol of folly and silliness became doubly sacred to the Romans: first as being the favorite fowl of Juno, Rome's domestic Deity, and second, as now—after the citadel incident—having saved the capitol.

Utah's history includes an incident much more beautiful than either of these related of Rome; one which occurred at quite as crucial a period in her history, and one wholly removed from the realm of legend to that of well attested fact. This is the Sea Gull incident of our early pioneer days. It was the spring of 1848. Following the advent of the first Pioneers of 1847, a number of companies arrived which brought the population of the Salt Lake Valley up to over sixteen hundred souls, and many more companies were enroute over the plains west of the Missouri. Four hundred and twenty-three houses had been built, more than five thousand acres of land had been plowed, eight hundred and seventy-five acres of winter wheat had been sown. Spring broke early and soon the wheat crop put forth its tender leaves. It was a sight that blessed the eyes of the anxious farmers. This planting had been an experiment. So far it prom-

ised well. If this crop matured there would be food produced from the valley soil before the supplies the pioneers had brought with them would be exhausted—there would be bread in Israel for a year to come. If it failed—what else but frightful calamity? A thousand miles from food supplies, which means a thousand miles from cultivated lands; and there was no sympathy for our pioneers in the western frontier states that would prompt extraordinary efforts to reach them in starvation emergency. Their own means of transporting food supplies across the plains were utterly inadequate and impracticable. Fish and wild game? Almost utterly negligible as a source of food supply for those now in the valley, to say nothing of as many more enroute. So this early, spring-sprouting wheat crop must not fail. So doubtless thought the pioneers of our state. March passes, and April. May comes and the rich virgin soil under irrigation gives the wheat plant a strong and healthy growth. Its color is rich. The pioneer farmers note that it stools well, and the crop will be a heavy one, barring early or late frosts, for drought is practically overcome by the happy thought of irrigation. But before May passes an unlooked for foe makes his appearance, and from an unexpected quarter. Thousands of ugly, black crickets come from the surrounding hills and descend upon the new-made fields. They devour all before them as they come to it. Their appetite seems never abated. They cut and grind night and day, leaving the fields bare and brown be-

hind them. There seemed to be no end to their numbers. They could not fly, their only means of locomotion was by clumsily hopping a scant foot at a time—hence, once in the fields, the difficulty of getting them out; and they came in myriads, increasing daily. Holes were dug and maybe for the radius of a rod the pests were surrounded by women and children, and driven into the hole and buried—bushels of them at a time; and this was repeated again and again; but what was the use? This method seemed not to effect the numbers of the crickets. Then the men plowed ditches

around the wheat fields and through them, turned in the water and drove the black vermin into the running streams and thus carried them from the fields and destroyed them by the tens of thousands—all to little or no purpose; as many as ever seemed to remain and more were daily swarming from the hills. Fire was tried, but to no better purpose. Man and man's ingenuity was baffled. He might as well try to sweep back the rising tide of the ocean with a broom as prevail against these swarming pests by the methods tried. Insignificant, these inch or inch and a half long insects sep-



arately, but in millions terrible! The incident illustrates the formidableness of mere numbers. Since the days of Egypt's curse of locusts there was probably nothing like it. The failure to destroy these pests spelled famine to these first settlers of Salt Lake Valley. It meant starvation to the companies of women and children then enroute across the plains. Small wonder if their hearts failed them. They looked at each other in helpless astonishment. They were beaten. That is something awful for strong men to admit, especially when beaten by units so insignificant. One resents defeat by merely overwhelming numbers. Meantime the ceaseless gnawing of the ruthless and insatiable invaders went on. The brown patches of the wheat fields grew larger. Soon all would be bare and brown, and hope of food and life would have disappeared with the recently green wheat fields.

Then the miraculous happened. I say it deliberately, and I am a man of the twentieth century. The miraculous, I say, happened, as men commonly view the miraculous. "We do not believe in miracles now," say the men of our times, "we explain them." Good. Then explain this: There was heard the shrill half scream, half plaintive cry of some Sea Gulls, hovering over the pioneer's wheat fields. Presently they light and begin devouring the crickets. Others come—thousands of them—from over the lake. The upper feathers of the Gull's wing are tinted with a delicate gray and some of the flight feathers, primaries, to be exact, are marked with black, but the prevailing color is white. And as they came upon the new wheat fields, stretched upward and then gracefully folded their wings and began devouring the devourers, to the

cricket vexed pioneers they seemed, I doubt not, like white winged angels of deliverance. They were tireless in their destructive—nay, their saving work. It was noted that when they were glutted with devouring crickets they would go to the streams, drink, vomit, and return again to the slaughter. And so it continued, day after day, until the plague was stayed and the crops of the pioneers saved, a fairly good harvest was reaped that year.

To the early settlers of Utah who talked more and thought more of this incident than we of later times, the Sea Gull was sacred. I have not time to verify it, but I have the impression that the Sea Gull was protected by legislative enactment in Utah's early territorial days, I shall be disappointed if it turns out not to be the case. The sacredness of our Utah Gulls should be, in any event, perpetuated in fact if not in law; protected by the sentiment of the people, if not by the statutes of our state, in grateful remembrance of the deliverance they were the means of bringing to the founders of our commonwealth at such a crucial period of their experience.

\* \* \* \* \*

Such the story—the truth—the miracle! And now comes a Utah sculptor, himself a descendant of one of these pioneers—the very chief of them, and proposes, somewhat fittingly, to commemorate this event in our pioneer history by the erection of "Sea Gull Monument." The sculptor's work is far advanced, and awaits but the final orders to proceed with the actual erection of the monument. On an ample foundation and high squared base—approached by stone steps and flanked right and left by sanitary drinking fountains, is to rise a graceful Corinthian column fifteen feet high,



surmounted by a granite sphere, and this topped by a group of Gulls in the act of lighting upon it—a most graceful thing in itself, and Mr. Young has caught the action of it true to the life. The capitol of the

sheaves, suggest the idea of protection.

On three sides of the high base in relief sculpture the rest of the Sea Gull story is told. The first tablet tells of the arrival and



column is made up of sheaves of wheat, in place of the acanthus stem and leaves seen in the antique Corinthian columns, and at each of the corners a Gull in flight, the outstretched wings of which join his fellows, and canopying the wheat

early movements of the pioneers. In the left foreground of the rugged Wasatch mountains there is the man afield with ox team plowing the stubborn soil, followed by the sower. Dimly seen in the background is the half finished log home, and

to the left of this the incoming mounted guard or local explorer. In the right foreground is the wagon-home, women preparing the humble meal, a lad "toting" his armful of fuel, while an Indian sits in idle but graceful, pose looking upon all this strange activity that is to redeem his land from savagery and give it a commonwealth to civilization.

The second tablet tells the story of the threatened devastation from the crickets' invasion. A point of mountain and a glimpse of the placid, distant lake is seen. The farmer's fight with the invading pests is ended—he has exhausted all his ingenuity in the fight and his strength. He is beaten—you can see that in the hopeless sinking or his figure to earth, his bowed head and listless, down-hanging hands from which the spade has fallen. Despair claims him—and laughs. With the woman of this tablet it is different. She is holding a child by the hand—through it she feels throbbing the call of the future—the life yet to be. Strange that to woman—man's complement—is given such superior strength in hours of severest trial! Where man's strength and courage and fighting ends, woman's hope and faith and trust seem to spring into newness of life. From her nature she seems able to do this inconsistent yet true thing—"To hope against hope, and ask till she receives." So now this woman of the second tablet—she too is toil-worn, and there is something truly pathetic in her body weariness, but her head is raised. Raised to what until now has seemed the pitiless skies; but now they are filled with the on-coming flocks of Sea Gulls. Does she watch their coming with merely idle curiosity or vague wonderment? Or does her soul in the strange Gull-cry hear God's answer to her call

for help? God's answer to her they were, these Gulls, in any event, as the Gulls soon proved.

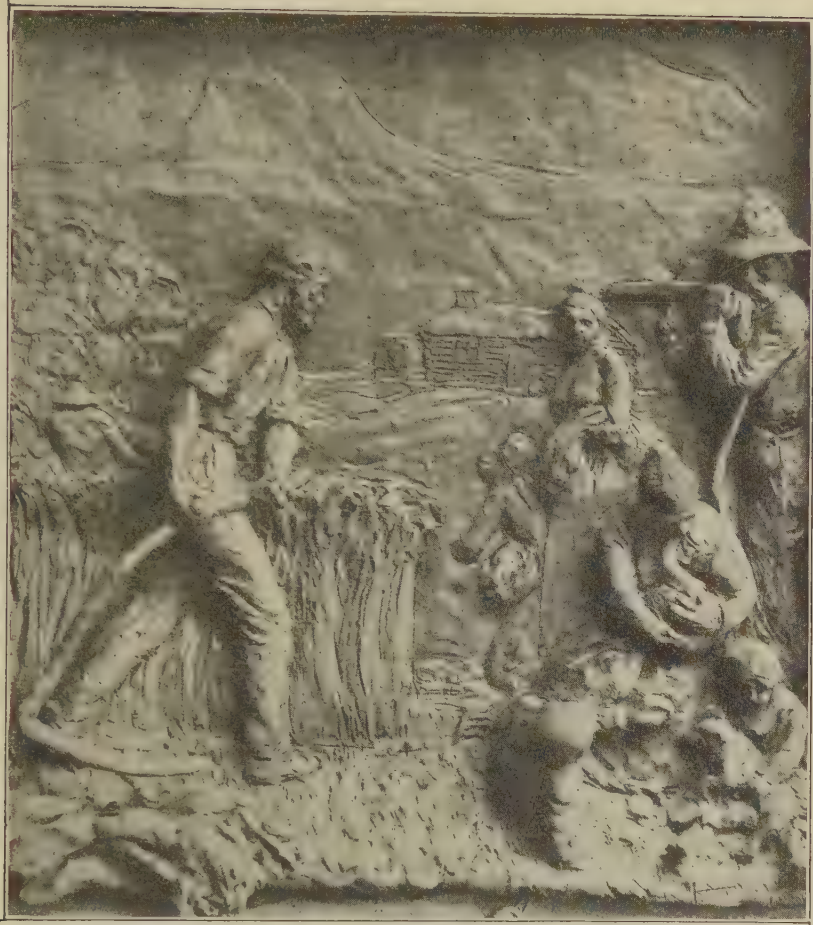
The third tablet commemorates the pioneers' first harvest—worthily too! In the background rises Ensign Peak. In the middle background the log-house home stands finished; in the foreground harvesting the golden grain is in progress, both men and women take joyous part. To the right a mother half kneeling holds to her breast a babe, who "on the heart and from the heart" receives his nourishment, and about her knees two other children play in happy, childish oblivion of toil or care. O, happy scene, of life and joy, "where Plenty leaps to laughing life with her redundant horn!"

The fourth tablet is reserved for the name or title of the monument. Let us hope it will be simple and not explanatory—the work of the sculptor tells the story—tells it well, and eloquently. Too much narration would mar it. Something like this would be sufficient:

SEA GULL MONUMENT  
ERECTED IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE  
OF  
GOD'S MERCY TO UTAH'S PIONEERS.  
Hon. Young, Sculptor.

Yes, let us own it. The salvation wrought out in that year of grace, 1848, for the Utah pioneers was Thy work, Helper of the helpless, and Supplementor of man's endeavor; giving him of Thy bounteous strength when his strength fails. How shall we honor Thee for Thy tender mercies to menward, but by acknowledgement of them, by holding them in memory, and speaking of them to our children, and our children's children, to the remotest generation?

Though from afar the Sea Gulls came and destroyed the destroyer,



it was Thy voice, O, Lord, that called them—they did but do Thy bidding—the deliverance was of Thee and by Thee. And though in these grouped symbols of the monument to be the beautiful agency of Thy merciful act is chiefly present, still beyond and above these to our consciousness the Eternal Cause of such events stands smiling.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of the excellence of Mr. Young's work I may not speak with authority. I am not a connoisseur in art, especially in the sculptor's art; but of the general conception—the

character and grouping of the symbols employed to tell the story and express the sculptor's thought—these are beautiful, and delicate and adequate.

Shall we not have this monument erected, and have it soon? Shall we have it before all those who witnessed the miracle have crossed the great divide that marks off Time from Eternity? Let those who unveil this monument and dedicate it be able to say—"Of those who witnessed this deliverance, so many remain unto this day."



# The "Glorious Fourth."

*By Lon J. Haddock.*

In a short time patriotic Americans throughout the length and breadth of our land will unite to again do honor to the birthday of our National Independence. What shall be the manner of our celebration? Shall it be a day devoted to the purpose of instilling into the hearts and minds of the children a deeper reverence for the noble men and women who, at the cost of untold privation and sacrifice, laid deep and broad and firm the foundation of liberty upon which the glorious superstructure of our American institutions now stands; a day when men and women of every creed and station in life shall unite to proclaim anew their thanks and gratitude to the "Power that has made and preserved us a Nation," and that in a manner becoming the grace and dignity of the citizenship of the greatest nation on earth? Or, shall it be a day when privilege defers to license; a day—as so many "Fourths" of the past have been—of noise and hoodlumism, of destructive fires and heart-breaking fatalities; a day of carnage and suffering and death?

Two hundred fifteen healthy, happy American boys and girls slaughtered in cold blood! So runs the record for last Fourth of July.

Over five thousand bright-faced, happy-hearted American boys and girls, the pride and joy of fifty hundred happy homes, went forth with toy pistol and rocket, with cracker and bomb to celebrate the "glorious Fourth" of 1909, to return—blinded, mutilated, crippled for life!

In the face of such a record it would seem presumptuous to call attention to the necessity of a radical change in the manner of our nation-

al celebration. Think of the sufferings of the children who fell victims of their own childish folly; of the heartburnings and sorrow, the consuming grief of the repentant, remorseful parents: the parents who should have known better, and, knowing better should have taken the necessary precautions to protect their offspring. Think of the fond hopes, the bright day dreams that so often have made light the heart of the father at his work, fallen and shattered. How often in those happy dreams has he seen his boy grow and develop into man's estate and take his place among the strong ones of earth; how eagerly at close of day has he turned his face homeward in joyous anticipation of the chattering, clamorous greeting of his boy awaiting him there, the bright eyed recital of the day's pleasures, and the jolly good fellowship, in that after-supper romp; but alas—note now how the strong manly frame shakes, mark the awful look of despair in the pale, drawn face as the doctor informs him that his boy will be blind for life or, that "there is no hope," while over and over his sad heart keeps crying out that he, himself, is not blameless in the matter.

Consider yonder sorrowing mother as she follows with grief bowed heart and tear-blinded eyes, the lone trail that leads to where her precious one shall be laid away forever in its last, long sleep! Her beautiful child, so healthy and happy in the morning and now—think of the long, weary years to follow during which she will listen in vain for the music of its voice.

Think of the long, dreary stretch of years down which these five thou-



sand little ones will go handicapped, crippled, and altogether disqualified to meet the fierce requirements of this strenuous commercial age! Again, viewed in its purely commercial aspect; think of the loss to the state when over five thousand of its future citizens are thus crippled and their usefulness so sadly and so seriously impaired! A nation's chief asset is its citizenship, and, viewed in this broad light, it would seem that the proper safeguarding of the young is a matter of more than passing concern to every one of us.

With such an appalling record as the past 'Fourths' have spread out before us shall we again, heathen-like, cast our children beneath the wheels of Juggernaut? Shall this negative *murder*, which one writer so aptly has termed the "slaughter of the innocents," again trace its bloody record over the white pages of our nation's history?

Has childhood, in America, so little value that hundreds, aye, thousands of promising young lives can be thus rudely frittered away upon the shambles of misplaced patriotism? God forbid! It is not that we as parents fail to appreciate our children, but we fail rather, to appreciate the gravity of the situation when we place in their hands the red engines of destruction which already are beginning to make their appearance in the shop windows down town.

The little, harmless appearing, toy pistol with its complement of red paper caps—how many cases of dread tetanus with its soul-terrifying climax of lockjaw and death, can be traced to this one small agent, so "indispensable" to our Independence Day celebration.

The infernal bomb, and the "giant cracker," have written their history in little fingerless hands and marred faces.

But, says one, shall we do away entirely with the celebration of the Fourth of July? Not at all. Let us have our fun. Let us give vent to the pent-up enthusiasm which since last Fourth has been steadily growing within us, but, let us do it in a manner becoming Christian men and women, under proper regulation. Let us have fireworks, but let us have them discharged under the direction of responsible adults, not given promiscuously into the keeping of innocent children. But, says the objector again, when I was a boy I had fireworks and I was never injured by them." For that, give thanks to a beneficent Providence that had you in its keeping. During the dread "black small pox" scourge that at one time swept over Great Britain well people at times, occupied the same bed with victims of the disease, in *some cases* they escaped taking the plague. Would you care to take such a chance today? No, men and women of America, this is an age of learning, of education, and experience, hard, soul-racking *experience* has taught us that "discretion is the better part of valor," and "prevention is better than cure." So with the man who escaped injury when blind custom placed in his hands the engines of destruction and death known as fireworks.

Facts are facts! And no amount of specious reasoning with ourselves can ever change them, and *facts* tell us that over five thousand children annually are being sacrificed to our insane observance of our national holiday. The leading men and women of our nation are awakening to a realization of the necessity of a change in the manner of our Independence Day celebration. In Washington, Toledo, Chicago, and other cities the display of fireworks was conducted last year, under the direction of the municipal authorities. In

Greater New York an ordinance has been passed recently forbidding the sale of fireworks to minors and prohibiting the discharge of the same within the corporate limits of the city, except in such places as shall be designated by the mayor. What stronger argument against the promiscuous use of fireworks is needed than that? If we must have noise, and, being Americans, noise we will have, why not have it of the "harmless variety," regulated and governed by the wiser judgment of mature minds? Do you believe in a safe and sane Fourth, in contradistinction to the insane and unsafe

Fourths of the past? If so, lend your individual effort to the securing of the same. Being converted, labor to convert your neighbor. Discourage the promiscuous use of fireworks. Persuade your town board or city council, if possible, to adopt proper measures looking to the protection of life and property. Encourage the idea of a day of recreation and wholesome fun. The time is limited, action must be immediate. Ten thousand innocent little hands are stretched out to you, five thousand little ones are calling for protection. Will you heed the call?

## The Songs of Life.

*By Josephine Spencer.*

I heard a lark sing when the day was young,  
 A clear, strong chanson rippling through the blue;  
 And in its notes a thousand dreams had tongue  
 Of high emprise and romance that I knew;  
 Fame, love, adventure in its cadence hung,  
 And Life's long reach to make their vision true.

I heard a robin in the noon's full time,  
 Its low, deep notes athrob with regnant fire,  
 Breathing the measure of a satiate prime  
 Rich with complete fulfilment of desire;  
 Its fretted bar no single note might climb  
 To wake a newer echo from Life's lyre.

I heard at eve a nested nightingale  
 Pipe through the silver watches of the moon,  
 And felt the aching sorrow of its tale  
 Filter through pulses of the perfect tune.  
 It sang of fame, love, venture's flames grown pale,  
 With death the only good held yet in boon.

Then at dark midnight, when the birds were still,  
 And stars were vibrant in the listening skies,  
 From some far space beyond earth's topmost hill  
 A thread of song rifted the drifting sighs.  
 It breathed of hopes beyond earth's tired will,  
 And some, high, breathless aim for soul's emprise.

# With the Younger "Bunch."

*Jennie Roberts Mabey.*

## II.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Verona Denning, "here comes Bee Mason. She's talking there at the gate with that Burns girl and will come in here any moment."

"Oh!" said five or six girls at once, and dropping scissors, thimbles and sewing, they began fluffing up their hair, straightening collars, and some ran to the looking glass.

"Pooh!" said blunt Erma Kelly, crossing her ankles complacently, "I live just across from her."

The girls laughed. Usually they did, at whatever Erma said.

"She looks like she'd just come out of a band box," Verona went on, covertly applying her chamois skin.

"Huh!" ejaculated Erma. "So could you if your mother ironed all your clothes and mended 'em and sewed on every button—pity if you couldn't put 'em on straight."

"You don't say—"

"Sh!"

The knob turned and Beatrice Mason pushed open the door and stepped into the shop, dressed in a crisp, blue sailor suit and a chic, little, white hat; her big eyes like velvet, her cheeks glowing.

"Hello, girls!" she said, "you have your nerve to sit and sew in this stuffy shop on such a day," and then she sank languidly into a seat near the window.

Verona moved her chair up close, her face beaming with admiration.

"You pretty thing!" she said, impulsively, "how do you manage to always look so fresh?"

Beatrice laughed; she is used to praise.

"School out?" asked Erma, dryly.

Beatrice shrugged her shoulders.

"I wish I hadn't anything to do but go to school," said another girl half wistfully.

Beatrice frowned impatiently and then turned to me.

"Mamma's terribly rushed with her work," she said, "and wants to know if you'll come up to the house and sew for a few days?"

But she didn't wait for my answer. At the same instant she happened to catch sight of herself in the tall glass beside me and began turning her hat to a more becoming angle, and thrust one new, shining oxford out far enough for us to see that she wore a number three, width A.

"Are you going to have something new, Bee?" ventured Lina Marshall.

Beatrice brightened.

"Oh, yes," she said, "such a love of a dress! I caught father in his most generous mood, and we sent for Aunt Lisa to select it. She's in New York, you know. It came yesterday, but I shan't tell you a thing about it. Wait and see! Then mother got stuff for such a pretty, frilly, white dress and heaps of pretty lingerie for summer."

We were hurrying to put a gown out that day, and just then one of the girls came over to me with a sleeve for instructions, and the talk drifted along that line for a few moments.

Our visitor sat gazing absently out of the window. She was abso-

lutely at a loss among that group of busy girls.

"I've never made a sleeve in my life," she said finally, stifling a yawn. "You girls can make the pretty things, if you like, and I'll wear them."

"We'll wear them ourselves," said Erma sharply. "Won't we, Shirley?"

"Why Shirley Kenwood!" Beatrice interrupted quickly, and turning about: "You little mouse, I didn't see you. Is this another freak of yours? Why in the world did you stop school?"

"I had to," said Shirley simply.

Beatrice stared at her a moment in surprise, but asked no more questions, and then turned towards the window again.

Suddenly she sprang up with a little exclamation, and rushed to the door, every vestige of ennui gone.

"Good-bye, girls," she said briskly. "Here comes a boy I know, in a buggy. By mere chance I'll be at the corner by the time he reaches there. I've been wanting to go for a drive. Oh, yes, turning hastily to me. "You'll help mamma out then?"

I nodded.

"Well, good luck to the industrious," she added, and closed the door with a merry laugh.

Most of the girls dropped their work and ran curiously to the window.

"Well," said one, laughing heartily, "Isn't she the limit! There she goes poking along as carelessly as if no such thing as boy and buggy existed. Just for fun, I wish he'd turn and go back.

"Oh, there's no escaping Bee," laughed another, "she'd run after him or try some other scheme."

"Dear!" wailed another in mock

distress. "I do hope he isn't my bean. She hasn't a bit of respect for anyboy's feelings. He'd be obliged to take her whether he would or no."

"Why—why, it's Leon Sommers! Is he home again, and simultaneously all eyes were turned towards Shirley Kenwood.

Taken by surprise she looked up for one brief instant, her eyes big, indignant, and questioning, then down again in rosy confusion.

The girls gazed out speechlessly for a few moments, then Erma announced in doleful tones:

"She's nailed him!" and sank back, fanning herself vigorously.

The girls were nearly convulsed with mirth over her terrible slang, but just then horses' hoofs rang out upon the hard road outside, and they fled precipitately from the window while Beatrice and Leon whirled past in a shining run-about.

Erma arose and shook her fist after the swiftly departing pair.

"Now, wouldn't you call her the—the pursuing sort? Do you believe boys ever like that kind long? And do you know, somehow I'm under the disagreeable impression that—that he'll find out he could hold hands—Wait a minute, Shirley! You never will let me express myself. I'd like to state, merely for an object lesson—"

"Verona," said Shirley, with a great show of perplexity, "I do wish you'd show me how to fix this fold. I've basted it on three times, but it still draws. Yours is so smooth and even."

"Why, Shirley Kenwood," began Verona, but was quickly silenced.

"I looked up in time to catch a glance of meaning between the two. Shirley is our very best needlewoman.

"Erma threw aside her sewing to give the girl an impulsive, bear-like hug.



'You're such a hopelessly well-bred little lady, Shirley! You know it's true about Bee; but all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't make you admit it.'

Two days later, I left the girls to Miss Redford, and found myself installed in the Mason's cosy sitting-room, with piles of dainty materials before me.

Mrs. Mason is as different from her daughter as you can imagine. Such a neat, quiet, thrifty, little woman who spends almost every moment of her time at home working for an unappreciative family.

Mr. Mason is a large, handsome man, prosperous, ostentatious, and boastful. However, I didn't see much of him at this time.

Well, we sewed briskly, for two days, Beatrice's mother and I, upon small things, and Saturday morning began the beautiful gown of mauve colored silk voile from New York for Beatrice. There was to be a gorgeous white hat with tinted plumes to match, the girl informed me that morning as she sat in a lacey negligee, indolently turning the leaves of the fashion book.

Finally she came and bent over me as I was tucking a strip that formed part of the yoke of her dress.

"Wherever do you get patience enough to make such tiny, tiny tucks?" she questioned.

"There'd never be any tucks, I'm afraid, if Beatrice were obliged to make them," said her mother regretfully.

"What's the use?" said the young lady, composedly, and then patting her mother's shoulder, "when you'll do them for me so lovely, mummer dear."

The little woman sat silent and thoughtful, and I wondered how this spoiled, helpless girl would manage if necessity compelled her to do things for herself.

"Beatrice," entreated Mrs. Mason, after a few moments, "I do wish you'd help Susie for awhile. There's so much to do this morning."

"Oh," said Beatrice impatiently. "she'll get along alright. She's paid well, isn't she?" Then she sauntered carelessly out of the room and in a few moments we heard her drumming inconsequentially upon the piano.

By sundown we had not accomplished as much as we had expected and Mrs. Mason asked me to remain over night and sew until late in the evening.

Beatrice was going to a dance, and had trifled away the whole afternoon in preparing for it.

I was very, very tired that night when I got into bed, and slept so late the next morning that I felt ashamed, and was dressing hastily when I heard:

"Caesar's ghost, sis!" I should think you'd get up and help. Susie's got the toothache and mother's nearly fagged out."

The voice belonged to Beatrice's brother just younger than herself. Her room joined the one where I was and I heard a sleepy:

"Oh, go on and mind your business."

"I don't believe you get breakfast once a year," the boy went on grumblingly.

Then I heard something, which sounded very much like a shoe, thrown with a bang out into the hall.

"Never touched me," exulted the boy.

Something else followed the shoe and this time struck the door-post. "I shot an arrow into the air, It flew and fell I know not where," sang the boy as he ran down the stairs.

About a half hour later, as we were about to sit down to breakfast, Mrs. Mason stepped into the hall.

"Beatrice!" she called, "breakfast is ready and if you're going to Sunday School you'll have to hurry. \* \* \* You're not going? Oh, I would if I were you."

We were clearing the table when Beatrice put in an appearance.

"I forgot," she said, with a faint flush, "I'm supposed to give the lesson this morning."

"Well," said her mother, "you'd better hurry and go then. I'd do anything to get my children to Sunday School," she explained to me on the side.

"Was that little dimity waist finished, mother?" Beatrice asked, hurriedly, as she stood at the table arranging a bread and meat sandwich.

"All but the buttons and button-holes."

"Oh dear, now," frowned the girl, "and I haven't anything, really, that's fit to wear. Why don't you finish things up as you go along?"

Mrs. Mason sighed wearily.

"You didn't say anything about it yesterday, Beatrice. You ought to get your things ready the day before you need them, yourself. It seems like you depend on me for everything."

Feeling very much out of place, I walked into the next room, but I heard the girl retort in a low tone:

"It seems like you're awful cross this morning. I expect I'll have to stay home."

Then I went out again.

"Beatrice," I offered, "I'll finish your waist, if you wish, while you're combing your hair."

Some twenty minutes later the girl came down from up-stairs and stood in the doorway, her hair down over her shoulders and two or three locks curled.

"Why, Beatrice," exclaimed her mother, "I thought you were nearly ready! Do hurry, I'm afraid you'll be late."

"Just see this," said the girl, hold-

ing out a white linen skirt. "It fell down somehow and got crushed. Will you press it out for me, mother dear? It will only take you a minute."

"Why don't you wear some other skirt—your blue or—"

"Mother!"

"Well," said her mother in despair, "you know the electric iron is out for repairs, and it will take a half hour to heat the others. The fire has gone down low."

"Susie!" called Beatrice, through into the kitchen, "will you put the flat-irons on and make up a quick fire?" Then, after a scornful, withering glance at her mother, she flew up-stairs again.

Mrs. Mason followed after her and in a few moments returned with the skirt over her arm. Then getting out the big, heavy board, she dampened and smoothed and pressed that skirt until her arm must have ached. The irons were not hot enough to even—sizz!

I walked restlessly about for fear of being late, and in due time Beatrice rustled down, as trim and immaculate as usual, and as unruffled as the peaceful morning air outside.

"Don't you ever go?" I asked of the little woman as we started out.

"Goodness, no," she said. "It about wears me out to get the others off."

As we hurried along I found myself barely able to tolerate the girl at my side. She seemed to be particularly gay just then and chatted happily away of her good time at the dance the night before.

"Mercy me," she said, suddenly, "here we come to Shirley Kenwood's. I hope she's gone. I daren't risk an encounter with her this morning."

I looked my surprise.

"Leon Sommers and I had such a perfectly splendid time together last night," she explained. "We sat out

a dance together in the cosy corner and Leon kept trying to hold my hand. Fancy how furious she'd be if she knew."

There's a thick hedge in front of the Kenwood place, and we were walking along beside it when something rustled over on the other side and suddenly Shirley Kenwood raised up, in a big gingham apron.

"Oh," she laughed, with an embarrassed flush, "I thought everybody had gone. I've been trying to get enough parsley for dinner—remembered seeing a little bunch here the other day.

"Didn't we have a fine time last night," she went on, turning to Beatrice with sparkling eyes.

"Yes," said Beatrice, "and you remained abed so long thinking about it, that you couldn't get ready for Sunday School."

Shirley smiled. It's the rarest, sweetest thing about Shirley—her smile.

"No," she said, shaking her head. "Some of the Union people will be here to lunch and I hurried mother

off to church, so she wouldn't worry about it. She was tired out. There's so much to do Saturdays, now that I sew.

"Shirley's nice," said Beatrice, in a low tone as we passed on. "But she's a plain, unattractive little thing, isn't she?"

"Unattractive," I exclaimed, looking at this girl in amazement. Shirley's kitchen apron and sweet, gracious womanhood suggested an ideal that held in contempt all the other's elegant clothes, stylishness, and pretty face.

"I think she is quite the most beautiful lady I know," I said.

Just then we heard the sound of a buggy coming.

"Oh, it's Leon Sommers," Beatrice said, breathlessly.

He drew close, closer, but his eyes were so interestingly intent upon a little figure in a big, blue apron, just vanishing in at a door of the house we had just left, that he didn't even see us, and we seemed perilously near his large, prancing horse, I thought, as he whirled past.

## Disappointment.

*By Martha B. Cooley.*

How often our hopes and heart longings  
Appear to us all but fulfilled,  
When suddenly all without warning,  
They vanish and leave warm hearts chilled.

God's ways and weak man's are so diff'rent;  
We see but the journey begun,  
While God, in His infinite wisdom,  
Knows results when the journey is done.

Give hope and a mantle of patience  
When our hearts are sad and oppressed,  
To e'er bow our heads in submission  
And know that God's ways are the best.

# Margaret's "Chance."

*By Elsie C. Carroll.*

"O, mamma, have you heard about the prize? Just think, the school board is going to give a scholarship for the best oration on the Fourth. Dear if I was only a boy I'd try for it. Think of it, mamma, a scholarship to the Union High School!"

Margaret sank on the stool at her mother's feet quite out of breath. Her face was flushed and her eyes were bright with excitement.

Mrs. Ellison laid down the dainty dress on which she had been sewing. For a moment she looked at Margaret in silence. There was love and sympathy and understanding in her look, and also a heart-ache which she would not have her daughter see. Presently a new light flashed into her eyes.

"Is the contest open only to boys?" Mrs. Ellison spoke in her usual gentle voice and Margaret did not guess that her mother's heart was beating almost as excitedly as her own.

"No, of course not. But it might just as well be. Who ever heard of a girl orating?"

"I have." Mrs. Ellison's tone was still low, but Margaret caught something in it which made her look up and ask, with her old childish eagerness,

"There's a story about it, isn't there, mamma? Please tell it."

"It was at college," Mrs. Ellison began, "A prize of one hundred dollars and an honor pin were offered for the best speech on some reformer. Then, as now, it was customary for only boys to contest for such things. There was a girl who needed money, in fact she had to have some money or leave college.

This contest seemed to come as a special opportunity for her. A number of boys entered and this one girl. How she disliked making herself conspicuous only a modest girl can understand. She was not over confident and shrank from the humiliation of defeat. She dreaded, too, what her friends might think and say of her. But she kept saying to herself, 'It is my only chance. I must not let it pass.' When her mind was fully made up she entered into it with her whole heart and soul.

"At last the day of the contest came. Even then her courage almost failed. When her turn came she could scarcely walk to the rostrum, but the second her eyes rested on the audience she was reassured. She read sympathy and admiration in the faces before her. She gave her speech better than she had even dreamed—and—well, she was awarded the prize. Perhaps because she *was* a girl, there was a little biased sympathy in her favor, but she was proud and thankful nevertheless. The hundred dollars made it possible for her to stay at school, but what she prizes still more and always shall, is the tiny pin. It stands not only for her chance to prove real worth, but also is the honor symbol of her alma mater."

"Mamma!" Margaret's eyes had grown big with interest. She could hardly wait until the story was finished. "Is it that little pin in the glass box on your dresser? Was it really, truly you?" She ran into the bed-room and returned with the little souvenir.

"Mamma, why didn't you tell me



before? You dear wonderful mamma. I can't half tell you how proud I am of you," and Margaret threw her arms about her mother's neck in girlish impulsiveness.

"I did not need to tell you before but perhaps it may help you now."

"You mean—mamma!—the prize—it's 'my chance'—O, do you really think—I will—I'll try. Even if I don't get it. I'll be brave enough to try and you'll help me, won't you, mamma? O, to think that maybe I'm really going to High School with Mayme and the rest of the girls." Margaret danced about the room in her ecstasy.

"May I run over and tell Mayme? She will be most as tickled as I am."

"Yes, but do not stay long for it is almost supper time. You may take this dress to Mrs. Homer on your way."

Margaret ran for her hat while her mother made a parcel of the dress and she was soon skipping down the path. The girl's face was glowing with hope and happy excitement. Mrs. Ellison watched her out of sight, and as she turned from the window a tear glistened a moment in her eye and fell on her pale cheek.

Ever since Margaret was old enough to know anything about school she had been helped by two doting parents to look forward to High School and afterwards College. It had seemed in those happy days of her early childhood the only natural way. But now things were changed.

Three years before, the Ellisons had moved west in the hope of improving the father's health. One adversity seemed to follow another however. Mr. Ellison had died a year previous, and now the mother found herself in a comparatively strange place with no property but their small home.

Soon after her husband's death she had advertised for fine sewing, and since that time had been able to keep herself and daughter from want, but as for laying up money for Margaret's education,—as yet that was out of the question.

The girl had graduated from the district school a couple of months before. All of her class expected to enter the new county high school in the fall. Margaret knew her going was not to be thought of, but that did not lessen her desire. She knew her mother was just as anxious as she, but she did not know of the nights that mother lay awake trying in vain to think of some plan to make their ambitions possible.

When they talked of it Mrs. Ellison was always hopeful. "Something will turn up, dear," she would say. "You will have your chance. It may be a year or so, but you will appreciate it all the more when it comes."

"If I could only earn the money myself," Margaret would say at such times. "But there is so little a girl can do and it takes so long for the cents to count up to dollars."

"Never mind," her mother would say. "Be my cheerful, helpful little girl and things will come our way."

And now as Margaret walked toward Mrs. Homer's she thought that things really were coming her way, and that sooner than she had expected. She kept thinking of her mother's story.

"This is *my* 'chance,'" she kept saying to herself. "I must not let it pass."

\* \* \* \* \*

The morning of the Fourth dawned clear and bright. As the echo of the first celebrating cannon rumbled through the little village, Margaret opened her eyes. In a moment she was out of bed and in her mother's room.

"Why, mamma, you up already. I was—O, what's that?—a sash—a beautiful sash just like Mayme's. You dearest mother. But you shouldn't have got it, really. I didn't dream of such a thing."

"I know you didn't dear," said Mrs. Ellison as she went on fixing the dainty bows on the freshly laundered white dress. But you wanted it, didn't you? Mother can understand how much."

"My mother understands everything," said Margaret, with a warm little hug. "But really you shouldn't have done it. I know it means a sacrifice of something else."

"Don't worry, dear. You must look your prettiest as well as do your best today."

"O, mamma, if only I can win the prize! When I get to be a school teacher I shall take care of you and buy you—sashes and everything." They both laughed as a couple of girls would do.

"Come and have a glass of hot milk and some toast, then you must get ready and try your speech again."

"I'm beginning to tremble already. You'll pray for me in your heart, won't you, mamma?"

"Of course. Mamma is always praying for you in her heart; you must make up your mind that you will not be frightened. You must have some of the same courage you picture in your speech."

Margaret had chosen, "The Mother's of Our Country," for her subject. Mrs. Ellison had been a brilliant student, so with her help the article was well prepared. Margaret possessed some dramatic ability and even the cautious mother looked forward to the event with expectant pride.

At last it was time for the celebration to commence. There was the stirring music of the brass and

martial bands; the continuous firing of guns and cannons; shouts and cheers from the small boys interspersing the constant popping of firecrackers. Everywhere were fluttering flags and high on the liberty pole in the public square where the people first assembled. Old Glory was waving in the morning sunshine. All this helped to make up a genuine Independence Day spirit in the little country town.

The marshal of the day gave his first order and the parade began its march. The music and cheers and noisy excitement continued until the parade was finished and the people all assembled in the town hall to hear the program.

Margaret's heart was beating high. She held her mother's arm nervously. At last the first number was called. The congregation sang "The Star Spangled Banner." Then came a speech by the Goddess of Liberty, and the customary reading of the Declaration of Independence. The martial band played a national medley. Then the contest was announced. Margaret's hold tightened on her mother's hand.

There were three other contestants—Frank Roberts, Jean Benson, and Edward Knowlton. Frank treated his subject in his usual light, jocular way which kept the audience laughing, but amounted to little else.

Jean's speech showed thought but he was too much embarrassed to deliver it with any ease. Edward, who was a good student and of emotional temperament, elicited hearty applause. Margaret felt her hopes sinking. She heard her own name called by a voice which sounded strange and far away. It seemed as if she could not move. There was an expectant hush. The faces in the audience faded into a blur.

"Go on, dear," her mother whis-

pered. "Remember this is your chance."

With those words and the pressure of her mother's hand her mind cleared. She rose and walked to the platform. "This is your chance" her heart seemed beating, and courage and hope returned.

It happened, perhaps, luckily for Margaret, that Edward Knowlton's subject had been "The Fathers of our Nation," so her's fitted on and received force from his. She hardly knew how she was going through it herself, but she knew that the earnestness of her soul was in the desire to be worthy of her mother and "her chance." At last it was over. Again her vision blurred. She heard the clapping of hands as if from a distance. Somehow she reached her seat and felt her mother's hands tremblingly take her own. She wondered vaguely if she had failed. She looked at her mother's face and saw tears glistening in her eyes. She could not understand that they were tears of pride and joy.

Then followed the moments of suspense while the judges made their decision. At length, the chairman stood up. There was breathless silence.

"The judges," he said, "are unanimous in awarding the prize to a young person who has shown, not only unusual talent but determination and courage as well. We extend our hearty congratulations and best wishes for continued success, to Miss Margaret Ellison."

Margaret could never quite tell

just what happened next. All she could remember was that presently she found herself crying on her mother's shoulder, and her friends were gathering around giving praise and congratulations.

She had scarcely dried her happy tears when the president of the board approached and handed her a large envelope.

"I take pleasure in giving the vouchers for the scholarship, Miss Margaret. You are certainly to be commended, not only upon your subject but its delivery as well."

Then he turned to her mother. "Excuse me, Mrs. Ellison, for interrupting the spirit of the occasion, but I have a little business proposition to make to you, and as I shall be leaving town this afternoon this is my only chance. The board has delegated me to see if I can persuade you to accept a position in the language department of our new high school.

A half hour later when Mrs. Ellison walked home with Margaret she had accepted a good position at a liberal salary in the work she loved best. Her own future and that of her daughter seemed to smile radiantly out from its former shadows. It would be hard to tell whose heart was fullest, the mother's or her girl's.

"Isn't it all glorious, mamma?" said Margaret after a long silence. "There are chances for girls aren't there?"

"Yes, dear, there are chances for every one, but they have to be met with work and courage."

**If there were no mountains to climb we should never  
behold the beauty of the valley.**    ♀    ♀    ♀    ♀



## A Mountain Lake at Dawn

“Here silence reigns, and naught there is to mock,  
The far-off murmur of the mountain rill,  
As if a voice in solemn accents breathed  
O’er the lone lake, and scathed rock, Be still”

It is hard to describe—this lake in the Wasatch. Its beauty works a spell upon the beholder. It is a sort of romance told by nature in water and granite—lovely as the lake of a dream. With ledge above ledge, tier above tier, the mountain encircles the water, bearing aloft the cloud-like groves of pine and aspen; until far above they fail for nourishment among the wilderness of the violet-gray crags—the last green waves of granite leaping upward to the skies. Over the ledges a stream from the heights comes falling, its plaintive voice half smothered on cushions of moss. From the



clear, deep lake a rocky island emerges and from its every fissure, fantastic spruce and cedars grow and fling their arms abroad. Sheltered by an overhanging wall of granite and strewn with wreckage from the pines above lies a pallid snow bank, fading in the summer's heated glow, weeping drop by drop into the lake's translucent depths.

Over the riven peaks the wandering clouds have passed, and in the darkness of night poured down their stored floods. Now nature wears a peaceful smile; in tranced quiet within its mighty basin sleeps the lake, seeming at rest forever. No rude breath of wind to mar the pictured image of the shore. Among the trees the light of pearly dawn begins to steal, inlaying the grassy forest floor with delicate mosaic and checkering the thick-crowded pillars with



alternate light  
and shade. Grace-  
ful on slender  
stems the stately  
columbines press  
their satin flowers close to  
the rough-barked trunks and  
scented branches of the pines.

Alfred Lambourne

# The Call of the Mormon Battalion.

*By May Belle Thurman Davis.*

In the enlistment of the Mormon Battalion is afforded a splendid patriotic incident. Nothing less than the strongest sense of duty and love of country could have inspired the ready response of the persecuted, mob-driven Mormons to the nation's call for five hundred soldiers to march from the Missouri river to the Pacific Coast.

This call did not come to a settled community, secure in the protection of the law and the pursuit of the ordinary avocations of life. It did not ask for strong men to leave their comfortable homes and happy families. It came to the homeless, ague-stricken Mormons in the midst of their journey westward, and was a call for the strong and able-bodied to leave the frail and infirm, the sick and aged, sheltered by tents and wagons upon an open prairie, the home of savages and wild animals.

It was June, 1846. Since February the long miles that stretched from the Mississippi to the Missouri river had been traversed by thousands of white covered wagons, occupied by Mormon emigrants. Gradually the main camp at Council Bluffs was being augmented. Each day brought new arrivals happy in the thought that another mile-stone in their journey had been reached. In spite of the fact that there was much sickness and infirmity among them, joy and good nature reigned throughout the camp. The warmth and comfort of summer were most welcome after the piercing cold of winter and the drenching rains of spring. All were busy with preparations for the continuance of their journey. The

valleys of the distant Rockies beckoned them on to the West. In that new land free from mob violence and injustice their wounds would be healed, and their woes forgotten. They would build up a commonwealth, where they could dwell in peace and brotherly love, and worship God as they believed they should.

They had been loyal American citizens. They were now Mormon emigrants, outcasts from their own country, persecuted and mob-driven by their own countrymen. They had appealed in vain for protection to the officers of the different counties and states in which they had resided. As a last resort they had presented their case to the president of the United States. "Your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you" was President Van Buren's answer. To many this was the reply of a prejudiced and incompetent administrator. Some appreciated Mr. Van Buren's view-point that as president of the United States it was not for him to interfere in an affair pertaining especially to a state. The fact remained, however, that the Mormons failed to receive protection or redress for past grievances. Would they enjoy "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," there was but one course for them to take. They must leave their fair city with its comfortable homes, prosperous industries and sacred churches, and temple. They must leave their country, dear to them as the land for which their fathers had fought and bled.

Inspired by that same zeal and love of religious liberty that had

brought the Pilgrim fathers across the deep to a new land, these enthusiasts commenced in the depth of winter the journey across the American prairie. The place selected for their destination was at that time part of Mexico, but as preparations for the emigration continued, war was declared between the United States and Mexico, the point of contest being the entire country west to the Pacific Coast.

It was decided to again petition the government for aid. Jesse C. Little was appointed by President Young to call upon the president of the United States, and ask for the Mormons the privilege of doing stockade work along their way, and of freighting provisions and ammunition to the coast. Should this request be granted the travelers would be entitled to the protection of the government. It would also be the means of giving them much needed material assistance. The request was not granted. Instead came something entirely different and unexpected—a call that would deprive many weak, dependent ones of the natural support and protection so necessary to their welfare in their present homeless condition.

It was with feelings of curiosity and anxiety that the Saints saw in their city of tents upon the banks of the Missouri river the distinguished figure of an officer of the United States army. His coming might mean their weal. Many of them, judging by their experience with civil officers, feared that it meant their woe. They were shocked and almost panic stricken upon learning that Captain Allen carried dispatches asking for five hundred volunteers from their ranks to make the overland march to the Pacific Coast. Brigham Young, their brave and dauntless leader,

assured Captain Allen that he should have his Battalion.

But where were five hundred "strong able-bodied" men to be found? There was not that number at Council Bluffs. In almost every camp were more sick than well ones. For days recruiting officers rode back and forth among the advancing wagons. In many wagons there were no "able-bodied" ones. The men lay ill with the ague while frail women and young boys acted as teamsters. In those instances where the men had resisted the disease, even though the women and children were sick, the government secured its soldiers. In a short time four companies were formed, and on the 16th of July, 1846, under the "stars and stripes" that floated from a tree, the Mormon Battalion was mustered in. A few days later, the fifth company, having been completed, joined the others and the long march across the continent was begun.

Had this march been assigned to another battalion it would probably have been performed with equal zeal and efficiency, but from what community could the call for five hundred soldiers have been met with so great a sacrifice? At no time during the move was the Church in so much need of its strong vigorous ones. Yet at the first intimation of her country's need how willingly she faced the hardships that this call imposed upon her.

There was, no doubt, at this time feelings of estrangement on the part of some members of the Church toward the United States. Their persecutions had been so severe that they had been forced to conclude that for them was neither peace nor freedom in their native land. The enlistment of the Mormon Battalion settled all feelings upon this question. Come weal or

woe their country was theirs, and they were hers. They would bear her standard to their homes in that new land to which they were going. The peaks of the Rockies would be the flag-staffs for her "stars and stripes."

The enlistment of the Mormon Battalion is one of the great patriotic demonstrations in the history of the Mormon Church, and yet we frequently hear the remark "what was the Mormon Battalion, any way?" To many it was merely a passing event of those early days. To them the sacrifice did not come home. It is quite different among the families and descendants of the brave men who made the march. With them the Mormon Battalion is a household word. They have heard from lips now silent the thrilling incidents of that toilsome journey. The story of the encounter with a herd of wild bulls—was ever one of great interest. How their youthful imaginations beheld that ferocious onslaught, and how glad they were that the life of the gallant colonel was saved by the ready rifle of a "Battalion boy."

They have wept over the sad tales of parting and long separation of loved ones. What more touching story could be told than this one to a little girl by her grandmother.

"Yes, dear, I was very sick in my wagon bed when your grandfather marched away. A few weeks later my little Anne died. Your Uncle John, only twelve years old then, nailed some rough boards together for a coffin, and with the assistance of some kind friends, buried my baby. For a long time I was so sick that I could not visit the little grave. Those were very sad times. My dear husband was far away. Perhaps he too was dead, and his bones bleaching on the desert sands. I had heard of a great desert they would have to cross, and I thought perhaps they had all died of thirst."

There are tales of terrible thirst,

of how, for ninety days they marched through the scorching sands of the American desert without seeing one drop of water, save in the deep wells which they dug. Could a boy ever forget a story like this one told him by his grandfather:

"You say you are thirsty, my boy. Why you do not know what it means to be really thirsty. I was so nearly famished for water on one occasion when I was on the march, that my lips were parched and my tongue protruded from my mouth—I could not speak. When we saw water I fell to the ground too weak to get a drink for myself. Had my companions not carried one to me I should have died there of thirst with the sound of rushing waters singing in my ears."

General Kearney has said that to the Mormon Battalion belongs the distinction of having performed the "longest march of infantry in history. Napoleon crossed the Alps, but these men crossed a continent." This fact places the march in the front ranks of the military achievements of our country.

The members of the Battalion ever enlisted on the side of loyalty and right. As a mark of the confidence in which they were held by their superiors, ten men—two from each company—were selected as a body-guard for Colonel Fremont, upon his return to Washington.

Colonel Cooke, their commanding officer, said that "The conduct of these men had been unmarked by a single act of injustice."

Conditions have greatly changed since that early day. There may never be another Mormon Battalion. We are proud that there was one such, and that it rendered a worthy service in our country's cause. We are glad that now, after a lapse of sixty-four years, a memorial is to be erected.



# Bits From My Mail.

*By Harold Goff.*

Of the two thousand Mormon missionaries scattered over the earth, there are indeed few, if any, who do not write letters home to relatives or friends. And these letters, in addition to their contents of a personal nature, usually convey bits of interesting information concerning the experiences of the Elders, the countries over which they travel, and the various peoples with whom they meet. What a wealth of entertaining and valuable data might be gleaned from the thousands of missionary letters written every month, were such a gleaning possible!

It is to be regretted that so much of this information reaches no further than to the recipient of the letter or the narrow circle of his close associates. Often have I thought to share with those I might some parts of missionary letters that have come to me—especially those accounts of unique conditions and customs among people in foreign lands. Through the medium of the JOURNAL it now becomes possible to present a few of these items. They are given informally and with the full consciousness that into many homes are coming, weekly, letters containing bits equally interesting and instructive. In passing, the hope is expressed that more of these may be presented for the enjoyment of a wider circle of readers than they have thus far been intended.

With far-away Japan I am kept in touch through letters from my good friends, Elder Elbert D. Thomas, and his wife, Edna Harker Thomas, of Salt Lake City. These

letters are replete with interesting observations concerning the land of the "Little Brown Brother," and from these observations the material for the present article has been culled.

It will be remembered that last October the news was flashed around the world that Hirobumi Ito, president of the Privy Council of Japan, and former governor-general of Korea, had been assassinated by a Korean at Harbin. Naturally this tragic event affected the Japanese more than any other people, and their newspapers were at once alive to give account of the assassination. Of unusual interest is the special edition issued by the "Iwate Koron," a daily newspaper of Morioka. It gives us a new idea in journalism. The complete newspaper consisted of one sheet, five by eight inches. From Morioka Elder Thomas says:

"The enclosed newspaper clipping is an extra of the "Iwate Koron," one of the dailies of this town. It says, 'Prince Ito is reported to have been assassinated at Harbin. Details will be reported later.' That is the complete edition, excepting the name of the paper, date, and address. The extra sold for the same price as the regular daily, one sen (one-half cent)."

In the same letter came another clipping. Concerning it is the following account:

"The other clipping is a sample

of Prince Ito's penmanship, or I had better say brushmanship. The clipping is undoubtedly copied from a 'Kakemono' for which the late prince is responsible both from a literary and penmanship standpoint.

and when they meet a person they tell him they are pleased 'to be hanging before his honorable eyes')—the 'Kakemono' is the chief, and often the only, wall decoration in a room. Of course, like our pictures

# 巖手公論號外

(明治卅九年十月卅一日)  
第三種郵便物認可

明治四十二年十月二十六日發行

## ●伊藤公暗殺さる●

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發行兼編輯人  
印刷人

下村恒彌  
熊谷春治

發行所  
盛岡市紺屋町貳拾番戸  
岩手公論社

### EXTRACT FROM THE "IWATE KORON."

A 'Kakemono' (meaning a hanging thing—the Japanese use part of the same word in many ways quite funny to us; as, for example, when they ask one to sit down in a chair, they say: 'Please hang your hips;'

at home, some are very good, and others very bad, according to the taste of the hanger. There are all kinds of paintings, quotations, poems and prints. The kind like this one by the prince, fits into the home

about as our little green needle-worked, 'What is home without a mother?' or 'God bless our home,' etc. It is hard to give in English the exact meaning of this 'Kakemono' by Prince Ito; perhaps, 'Through the help of God I hope to be led to the truth' is a fair translation. The formation of the characters and the tone in the blackness of the ink—you see, each writer mixes his own ink—are the two big points in the excellence of the copy. I am, of course, not an expert judge, but this 'Kakemono' must be good or it wouldn't be printed at this time; and besides when I showed it to our cook, she said, 'Oh!' in about the same way that a girl does when she sees a dandy new hat. So I suppose it is very fine."

Not wholly pleasant, but interesting, are some of the experiences which Elder Thomas has met in his missionary work:

"I've had had an experience or two where I've found only an idiot at home to receive me when I have been out tracting. These unfortunates are harmless. But near our home is a case of insanity which is somewhat dangerous as well as pathetic. The insane man is kept in a box-like cage made of three-inch logs, under orders of the police, who come around once a week to give him a bath. The poor fellow has no protection from the cold, and, of course, he is allowed no fire. The man's pleas for freedom are pitiful, and his poor mother and children have to witness his suffering without being able to help him. They say that his mother is showing signs of insanity, and after seeing the patient for whom she has to care, I can easily believe that is so. The insane man's wife was 'called' home

by her parents. For once this element of the Japanese divorce law has freed a woman from an awful life, but the injustice of it all is evident when it is known that in such a case the children have to remain with the father, and his family must provide for them as well as for the insane patient. In this particular case the man's sole relative is his aged mother."

Another experience, though unpleasant, is worth recording:

"Some time ago I met the worst case of leprosy that I have yet seen, and some pretty bad ones have come under my observation. The leper in question was a man, and as he was alone when I called at his house, I was obliged to talk to him. I told him who I was and offered him a tract, the Life of Jesus. He gave me one of the pleasantest smiles I have received over here, and then got up to come and get the tract. Oh, what a sight when he came close to me! His legs, arms, and face were swollen and covered with big black, partly decayed lumps; his toes were entirely gone; and when he reached out his hand for the tract I was met with an illformed thing, with stubs resembling fingers whose ends were entirely eaten away, leaving the bone bare for perhaps three-quarters of an inch."

But now for pleasanter things:

"Since coming to Morioka we have learned of a very interesting myth and observed a celebration in honor of it. The story goes that on a certain night annually—(the celebration is held on this particular night, of course)—two stars meet. These stars are sweethearts. They

can come together only once a year, and, even then, certain conditions must be favorable. One condition is that there must be no rain—(naturally if there were clouds the stars could not be seen). The other condition is that a special bridge must be constructed for the meeting. The children construct this bridge in the following fashion: Each child in the town gets a small bamboo tree about five or six feet long and decorates it with all kinds and shapes of cut paper. For two days the decorated trees are displayed in front of the homes where the children live. On the day of the celebration the children all get up at four o'clock in the morning and go to some appointed place on the river. Then at a given signal they throw all their trees into the water. If there are enough trees to bridge the stream and allow the two sweet-hearts to pass over dry-shod, the meeting is a successful one, and all of the children are happy. And in this happiness an observer can see that the love idea is natural to Japanese children, even if it isn't allowed to assert itself much in after life.

"The Japanese people are said to be loveless. That, like many another unhuman description of a human branch of humanity, is not true. Be that as it may, however, the Japanese are not much for love from a literary point of view. Love stories, at best, would be considered weak things, and a goddess of love would be given a reception about as chilly as, I imagine, Venus herself would feel at the newly-discovered North Pole."

Again, from Morioka comes the following:

"The people up here have been having some gala times lately. Some of the celebrations are quite pretty

in their ideas; others are entirely non-understandable to us. But all are interesting. The little feasts and ceremonials for the children are especially unique, and, to my mind, the best of the festivities. Last night, for instance, was the October full moon, and from each house a certain kind of food was placed out in the moonlight for 'the honorable Mr. Moon.' The customs of the Japanese are to a great extent local. Those we see here we did not see down in Tokyo."

The following incident from Tokyo speaks for itself:

"You will see from the above address that we are moving again. \* \* \* Everything we do over here gives a fellow a slight eyep opener about things human. For example, a company has promised to move us completely for nine yen (\$4.50.) They will use five horse-wagons and several man-pulled carts. They have to move us four and a half miles, and they promise to do it all in half a day. \* \* President Taylor decided not to risk the piano with the ordinary movers, so he hired special movers for that task. Two men, with a two-wheeled cart, showed up to do the job. And they did it, too, in a way that beats any American van and piano-roller arrangement I have ever seen. Each fellow took an end of the piano, and off they walked with it to their cart. It was loaded and they were on their way in less than five minutes. \* \* One man takes a telephone pole on his shoulder and carries it through crowded streets, even where he has to wind between carts, wait for passing cars, etc. I have seen one man hauling a grand piano.

Contrast the above with this:

"Yesterday the electric light com-



pany put a meter in our house. The job took three bosses, three workmen, and a wagon-load of useless tools. \* \* One laborer will put a 200-pound trunk on his shoulders and carry it up the gang-plank of the largest steamer on the Pacific, but it takes four men to cash a five yen check for you at the bank."

These items, although chosen at random and reproduced in rather a desultory fashion, give a new in-

sight into some of the customs and conditions which prevail among the people of our sister nation. They are the observations of one who is living and working among that people, and so may be counted as authentic additions to our knowledge of Japan. What a budget might be compiled from the thousands of letters which reach Zion yearly from the many countries of the earth!

## Utah.

*By Bertha A. Kleinman.*

Hail! O hail immortal ensign!  
Truth enthemed and Utah's Song,  
Guarding o'er her fields of Statehood,  
'Mid the hills a thousand strong!

Hail! O hail her mountain towers,  
Vestal keepers of the plain,  
Watchers of the harvest acres,  
Armied deep with hosts of grain!

Dawn, above her summit monarchs,  
Hail! O hail pre-emial year!  
Thou hast flamed her forest chapels  
For the sainted pioneer!

Thou has beaconed on her cities,  
And, afloat thy tented zone,  
Lo! the pagent of her triumph  
Heralds Utah to her own!

'Mid her colonaes and steeples,  
Lo! is strewn eternal calm,  
And her flexible groves and timbers,  
Are atuned with Freedom's Psalm.

For His hand hath planted Eden  
In her solemn wilderness,  
And the glory of her promise  
Is the load-star of the west!

Hail! O hail and adoration!  
Long the orison prolong,  
Thou enthemed of all Creation—  
Thou, O thou of Utah's Song—

Blend the Justice of her powers  
With inspired Liberty,  
Till the praises of the kingdoms  
Sound for Utah and for thee!

# An Address.

*By Joseph E. Taylor.*

An address to the graduates of the Latter-day Saints' University of Salt Lake, by Elder Joseph E. Taylor.

We publish, by request, in this number of our magazine, the following address delivered by Joseph E. Taylor to the eighty graduates of the Latter-day Saints' University, on Thursday evening, May 26th, in Barratt Hall; quite a large portion of which is well suited to the members of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations. It has not appeared in full in any other periodical.—Ed.

*Mr. President and graduates, as well as students:*

It has fallen to my lot to address you upon this auspicious occasion. I feel honored in the privilege thus afforded me for I freely acknowledge that the Latter-day Saints' University in Salt Lake is one of my pets. I was present at its birth and at various times nursed it during its swaddling clothes period. As is quite common during childhood, it had its several periods of sickness, to speak figuratively. It was first stricken with the measles. Afterwards it passed through a siege of whooping cough; this was followed by an attack of scarlet fever; these, with other ailments at various times, gave us much concern, but from all of them in their turn, one by one it rallied successfully; and resumed its normal condition, none the worse for its many painful experiences.

But in its fourteenth year its vitality was tested to the utmost limit by a malady which brought it down to death's door.

Few, indeed, when viewing it in its enfeebled condition expressed any hope whatever of its survival. But all at once, as if by some touch of magic, it arose without assistance, and standing upon its feet, young as it was, spoke in a manly, firm, and determined tone of voice,

and said: "I am going to live until the work assigned me has been fully accomplished."

All doubt was quickly dispelled, as almost immediately following this announcement the signs of a hidden vitality became apparent, speedily resulting in a recuperation so complete as not to leave one solitary vestige of the ailment. Its subsequent history is too well and favorably known to need any further comment. Asking your pardon—which I feel assured you will readily grant—for this digression and now addressing you more particularly I wish to congratulate you—as we have already said—upon this—to you especially—auspicious occasion. This is one of the all important periods in your lives; one that will be remembered by you and that you will speak of with pride and pleasure as long as you live; because you will always feel that you have reached a goal, to attain which you have labored with unceasing diligence and determination, and which your instructors and the heads of this institution recognize as having been honestly earned. In evidence of which there has been presented to you this evening the much coveted diploma; and thus has been conferred upon you the honor of well merited efficiency.

This day is truly a commencement day with you, simply a beginning by comparison. That is if your ambition lies in the direction of further scholastic attainments for the word scholar in its more extended sense, means a learned person, one versed in any one or more branches of knowledge.

To become one of these will require such close and constant application to study that your past experience along this line will pale into a comparative insignificance.

At this point, we might ask: of what value is acquired knowledge be it more or less? The answer is obvious. None whatever, unless it is utilized—employed—along some line that is profitable.

The term theory in its full sense means the opposite to practice. Of what advantage is a mere philosophical explanation of any phenomenon? None whatever; unless it is demonstrated by some action. The artist, the mechanic, the workman must follow the learned scholar and apply his methods, or the world, the community, or the individual is not benefitted.

What I wish to impress upon you, my young friends, is, whatever may be your scholastic attainments, let your aim in life be to learn in what way to apply them for the benefit of humanity. We readily admit that our heavenly Parent is vastly further advanced in knowledge than the most eminent savant. Yet He always was and still is utilizing that knowledge for the benefit of His children. According to Biblical history He prepared for the coming to earth of our first parents, by planting for them a garden. He afterwards made coats of skins for them. He told Noah to follow His directions in the building of an ark for his own and his family's safety. He gave the minutest instructions to Moses in regard to the building of a portable tabernacle or temple which the people of Israel carried with them through the wilderness. The world-renowned "Temple of Solomon" was built according to the plan furnished even to the smallest detail by the great Architect, our Father.

Our female students and graduates might peruse with much pleasure and profit to themselves the account given in such minute detail of the robe and garments in which

the High Priest Aaron and his sons were to be clad when officiating in their priestly office; they being made—according to the record—especially for beauty as well as glory.

Unquestionably our great head could, if necessary, have given a practical demonstration by his own handiwork along all these lines that we have named as well as all others that relate to the supply of our many needs and requirements, thus setting us the example. To follow which, we find ourselves endowed with gifts and qualifications necessary, first to learn, then to become the creators of all that tend to comfort, pleasure, and happiness, for out of the material that earth so plentifully supplies the gift to create is ours.

I am gratified to note that our modern educators are more alive than their predecessors to the necessity of an education along practical lines, the Latter-day Saints' University not excepted.

The dead language and other measurably non-productive studies have given place largely to the artisan and mechanical training for male students, while our female scholars are receiving practical education along the lines of domestic science to qualify them—not particularly for wage earners—but for those labors and responsibilities that will especially belong to them as wives and mothers.

This education is most essential and when properly applied gives to woman her legitimate place as mistress of her home, an intelligent dictator to those who serve her. According to ancient history, the women of early times and subsequent thereto, when entering upon married life, each one of them was relieved from common house drudgery in proportion to the number of female servants of which she was

possessed in her own right. Sarah, the wife of Abraham, had her Hagar; Rebekah, her handmaiden, Deborah; Leah, her Zilpah; and Rachel her Bilhah, and each one of these were servants for life. While thus relieved, one duty was still incumbent upon her, which was to personally prepare the garments for her husband and her household. King Solomon speaks of the garments his mother made him. For a lucid description of a model housewife and mistress, read the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs.

We have already remarked that the creative power is ours. Let me say in this connection that the acme of a pardonable pride is reached when the tiller of the soil, the artisan, and mechanic can exhibit the product of his own skill or the wife and mother can place before the gaze of her admiring sisters the products of her own handiwork. All other pleasures are insignificant in comparison. Herein are shown the beneficial results of a well-directed and properly applied education. From this—to me—the only correct view-point, I therefore earnestly appeal to all graduates here present that you see to it that the aim of your life shall be—no matter what the height of your scholastic attainments—that these attainments be reduced to a beneficial, practical basis, either by yourselves or the employment of others whom you may intelligently instruct.

There are other very important considerations upon which your success in the future largely depends. Probably the most important one being that of personal chastity and purity. A blot or stain of this character may be partially effaced; but never—in this life at least—be entirely eradicated. The constant reminder by that silent monitor—con-

science—of a cardinal wrong committed will often act as a deterrent; and perhaps in some supreme moment of your lives hinder you in the accomplishment of a most laudable and praiseworthy object. Let me beg of you that you see to it that you do not in any degree thus handicap yourselves. What may be termed the religious element in every human being you should constantly cultivate. To the extent that you do this you will place around yourselves a safeguard so protective as no other element can furnish.

This institution—unlike most places of learning—has, in its curriculum, a course in theology of which, I presume, you have taken due advantage. Let me say in passing that while the educational world in general scorn the idea of uniting secular education with religion in any degree whatever, and while our public schools, academies, colleges, and universities have eliminated all theological studies; leaving it to denomination schools exclusively, it will yet be demonstrated that theology as a science lies at the base of all other sciences. In short, the one from which they all emanate. There is a beautiful harmony, when understood, existing between what are termed science and religion. Separate the one from the other and you have destroyed the lusture which belongs to both. Then, while you seek to advance yourselves along secular lines, I strongly urge that you cherish and continue to pursue your theological studies.

My address to you today may be summed up in three words or sentiments to follow either a partial or a complete course of education, viz: practicability, the highest morality and religion; which I earnestly desire, hope—yes—pray may be your guiding stars through life.



# The Fir-clad Hill

By Valeria DeMude Kelsey

The road winds up and over, curve on curve;  
On either side a thousand fir trees stand,  
Each one as straight as though it stood alone,  
The only tree thus far in all the land.

\* \* \* \*

How rich the silence! All the restful wood  
Seems scarce to breathe, now that the wind is still;  
And all I hear is a delicious note  
From some lone bird that waits beside the rill.

What is that whisper in the tree tops high?  
It is the wind just stirring from its sleep.  
How motionless the trees! Yet everywhere  
Its waking fingers tremulously creep.

What is that long-drawn, sobbing moan I hear?  
The world-old grief from needless pain and wrong?  
'Tis but the sound the swaying fir trees make,  
The swelling rhythm of their even song.

Not echoing horn, nor bugle's far-off cry,  
Nor yet the cataract thundering as it falls,  
Hath music such as this to move my heart,  
Which stirs so oft 'neath lesser deeds and calls.

Then sweep and bow to every wind that blows,  
O fir trees, crowning all the gracious hill!  
Renew me as I walk your winding paths,  
And with your fragrance all my being fill!

## Utah Nurses at the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

One June 2nd, 1910, forty-two nurses were graduated from the Battle Creek Sanitarium, Michigan. There were representatives from nearly every state in the union, and our own state, Utah, came triumphantly to the front with her portion.

Could Dr. Margaret C. Roberts have been present when the roll was called that evening, it would have filled her heart with joy and satisfaction to have seen four of her trained nurses from the nurses Relief Society Training class now graduating and receiving their diplomas from the world renowned Battle Creek Sanitarium.

These nurses, Mrs. J. R. Lambert, Katie A. Grover, Gertrude Tobiason, and Mary A. Powell, have the honor of being the first Utah graduates from the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and have succeeded in completing the three years course of studies in less than two years, owing to their previous training under that most able instructor Dr. Margaret C. Roberts, also to the experience and knowledge gained in their home hospitals.

These four nurses now not only have the usual instruction as given in the ordinary training school, but are also proficient in hydrotherapy, phototherapy, massage, medical gymnastics, and medical dietics, the last mentioned subject holding a very important place in the Sanitarium, it being emphatically im-

pressed upon the students from the beginning, and upon all occasions, that upon proper diet more than anything else depends health.

Commencement week of 1910, at the Sanitarium has been one long to be remembered, and will be looked back upon with mingled feelings of tenderness and satisfaction by these forty-two nurses. They have been feasted and toasted with an evening banquet by the post graduating class; entertained at dinner by Mrs. Foy, the superintendent, and Miss Dancy, the head nurse; invited to a picnic out at Lake Goguwac; showered with letters, cards, flowers, and presents accompanied with congratulations from grateful patients, kind friends, and loving relatives, and received such honor and attention by everybody that it can never be forgotten so long as memory lives.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, the founder and head physician and surgeon of the sanitarium, presented each member of the graduating class with a very fine photograph of himself, and Mrs. Foy gave each one, her picture, and one of Florence Nightingale, the founder of the first nurses' training school, which was organized just fifty years ago in England.

The Utah nurses will remain at the Sanitarium during the summer, but in the fall expect to return home where they will be glad to meet old friends.



## GIRL · QUERIES

*Conducted by Catherine Hurst.*

*Address all communications in this department to Question Box,  
Bishop's Building, 40 N. Main St.*

I would like a good recipe for cleaning and polishing a piano.—A Subscriber.

"Zol," put up by Lion & Healy of Chicago, is the best polisher. Can be obtained at any music store. "Liquid Veneer" is a good cleanser. This can be gotten at paint shops.

Is nineteen too young for a girl to become engaged?—Ray.

Capability, health, development, possibilities, length of engagement, and your mother's own good judgment would all have to be considered. Generally, however, nineteen is too young to become engaged.

Is it proper for a young lady to go to a dance without a partner?—Marguerite.

If the dance is in your own ward, conducted by respectable people, and some other girl or girls are going with you, your mother being willing, there would be no harm. Do not go to public dances without an escort or chaperone.

Please tell me how to mail manuscript of small volume.—Vera.

If too large for an envelope, rolling is the best way, having for outside cover the same sort of paper as manuscript.

In reply to "Nell" I would advise you to visit a hair-dresser once, and let her arrange your hair in a becoming manner, you noting carefully how she does it. The style that would suit one girl would be very unbecoming to another. To your second query: Lemon juice, when applied occasionally, will not injure the skin. It is generally mixed with some other ingredient, however. There have been a number of formulas given in the

Journal for the complexion. The best complexion aid is plenty of outdoor sports and exercise, which will insure you a perfect, wholesome body. Complexion lotions and massage will not do for you what gardening and hill-climbing will.

"Lucy" will find an answer to her query in the September, 1909, Journal. However, here is another equally good: Add three drams tincture of cantharides to six ounces of castor oil; shake well. Add two drams oil of bergamot and shake again. Next add eight ounces of castor oil, with more shaking until the mixture is complete. Rub a few drops into the roots of the hair three or four times a day. The common garden or wild sage is an old, simple remedy seldom used because easy to obtain. Take a handful of sage, pour one quart boiling water on it, and let steep, tightly covered, for one-half hour, strain through a cloth and add four ounces of bay rum. Shake well, and it is ready for use. Rub in roots of hair once or twice daily. An excellent tonic.

"Far Away"—(1) There is no rule governing this custom. It depends entirely on those concerned. Cards are usually sent to intimate relatives and friends. (2) If no wedding dinner, or reception is to be given, announcement cards, usually with an "at home" on, are mailed the day following the wedding. (3) If her repentance is sincere, yes. (4) From the place you call temporary.

Where can I obtain artists' material?—Edna.

At Fairbanks Art and Decorating Co., 113 W. So. Temple, Salt Lake City; or C. R. Savage Co., 12 So. Main.

# OUR GIRLS.

## Chums.

*Leaves from the Diary of Eva Oliver.*

### II.

July 11. Tonight Tom and Crystal are going to attend a party given by Fred and Harriet Trenton.

When Crystal told me about it she said she wished I could go. She had wanted to bring Harriet over ever since she first knew me, but didn't know whether I would like much company.

Tom acts as if I had never been cross to him. He and Crystal are so good, but I still think it is because they feel sorry for me and not that I am their chum.

When I told mamma what happened in Tom's grape vine arbor she drew her lips together tight and straight and said little girls that are alone and live in their own minds a great deal are apt to get queer, and sometimes wrong ideas.

I hope what mamma meant is right, and that they really do like me. I shall do my very best all the time so they will, though mamma says we must be good because it is right to be, and not just to gain the approval or love of others. She says that it takes greater courage to drive away envious feelings and keep down the groans that rise to our lips when we are in terrible pain than it does to be soldiers and win battles, and that we are greater heroes than they. Mamma gives me so much comfort.

July 12. Tom came here last night about seven o'clock, dressed in his nicest suit. We were all surprised to see him. Mamma said: "Aren't you going to the party?"

He answered, he had taken Crystal there, seen Fred, made some kind of excuse and then came straight to our place. I told him that was not very polite, but when I laughed he knew I didn't care whether it was or not, I was so glad he was here.

Then he made a confession: Although he loves parties, especially those at Trenton's, he enjoyed himself in our society more. Mr. Howard had told him the reason of my outburst I believe, for he seemed to understand me much better.

He was so serious and sincere that I can never again accuse him of being good to me just because he pities me. I know now I am really and truly his chum.

We spent a lovely evening together. He chatted about Fred Trenton and the other boys in town, what they have done on Valentine nights and what funny tricks they played on each other April Fool's day, at which I laughed till I was weak. He told what goblin like things they did on Hallowe'en, and how they serenaded the whole town last Christmas morning, and how they had taken wood and supplies to all the poor in town New Year's Eve, without them knowing about it, which I thought was the nicest of all.

Tom was very modest in his talk, but I believe he suggested that last to the boys for I'm quite sure he is their leader.

Mamma, who had been in the



kitchen a little while, came back and served us chocolate and fruit cake. Mamma told Tom that I helped make the cake. "My! it is good," he said.

When my Rogers boy left I said the evening had been too short. I asked if he was sure he hadn't missed the party. "Sure not," he answered as he looked down at me in his confidential smiling way.

Aug. 30. Such a wonderful thing has happened since I last wrote! I can move myself. With the help of my crutches I can actually walk. About one month ago mamma came in as usual, early in the morning to get me ready for the day. She brushed my hair until it was all shiny and full of waves, then tied it with a blue satin bow and put on my white dotted swiss that I like best of my kimonas.

Mamma kissed each cheek, saying they were as pink as Crystal's tea roses. I was more help to mamma in dressing, which made her exclaim: "Eva, you are getting stronger! You can soon be using crutches."

I think she did not really mean it. "Mamma," I said, "I have a big, big surprise for you. Don't call Jinny but kind of help me upon my feet, and I shall show you something."

Mamma started as if she had lost her senses, her face was as white as my dress. But I knew I could do it. So with mamma helping me, though she was trembling all over, and my hip hurting but very little, we slowly walked the length of the bed room. "Now mamma let's finish our trip and walk to my couch," I said.

Mamma was scared and wanted to carry me, but as I kept coaxing she saw I was determined, so thought it better for me to limp on than to stand there begging.

At noon Jinny brought home a pair of crutches just my size. After I had gone across the room and back, I sat down and kissed my crutches, and cried with joy, "No girl with the most beautiful dress or costly present was ever more glad and grateful than I."

I wanted to go right over to Rogers', but mamma thought it best to gradually prepare for that by making little short trips at first, but she promised me she would keep it a secret. A week later, mamma gave her consent. I wanted to go over alone, which I did with mamma watching me from the door. It was dusk and I didn't want them to see me coming. Though the Rogers had come to see us every day, they knew nothing about it. I opened the back door softly the one where I had first seen Crystal. She and Tom were now washing dishes on the table in the corner. The door was in the shadow so they couldn't see me. I could have surprised them if Mr. Howard had not spoiled it all. He had been taking a drink from the bucket by the door and his face was towards me. "Eva," he gasped, "are you really alive or is this your spirit?"

Tom and Crystal both turned abruptly, they went pale when they saw me.

"Mr. Howard! Tom! Crystal! can't you tell it's really I? I can use crutches now—I kept it a secret—I wanted to surprise you."

Then I seemed to spin round and Mr. Howard caught me, and as he laid me on that big couch in their lovely parlor, I think I saw tears in his serious eyes. "I am so glad, so glad, isn't God good?" he whispered.

"He is, indeed!" I whispered back.

Every one of the Rogers gathered round me, each wanting to

know how it all happened. Mr. Howard asked them to wait until I got my bearings. Then I told them that their climate was the cause of my being strong enough to use crutches. I loved their mountains now almost as much as they did, which is a whole lot, and mamma, Jinny, and I were going to live here. As soon as we could afford an operation to make me straight and well, then there would be nothing to keep us from being perfectly happy.

Soon mamma came over. That Tom kept near me all the evening as if he were afraid of losing me. He and Dan and Mr. Howard and Mr. Rogers, himself have carried me about a great many times, so I knew what Tom meant when he said close to my ear, "We can't be Tom and little Eva any more, can we?"

"No," I answered, "we can't, but I shall be so glad not to be a bother to every one, besides, it would have been as awkward as could be when I grew older and larger."

"Never a bother to me, but for your sake I am very glad," declared my chum Tom.

Sept. 20. Wonderful, beautiful things are always happening. I've a real party dress. It is pale blue, Crepe De Chine and most beautifully made, with a lace yoke, full tucked skirt and two folds above a wide hem. At first I thought mamma was making it just to please me. I've wanted one so long; not that I would have any use for it, but mamma said wait and see.

A week ago last Thursday was my birthday. I was fourteen. Mamma seemed to be in a flutter all day long. About six o'clock she said: "Eva, wouldn't you like to don your new dress and go over to show Tom and Crystal?"

Just what I had wanted to do

ever since it was finished, only it seemed so foolish and vain I hadn't dared mention it. Mamma was unusually particular in tying the blue bow on my hair, arranging the folds of my frock, and giving extra touches generally. I told her she would have me silly and proud like a girl back home. She said there was no danger. I just kissed mamma for that. In about half an hour I was dressed, and crossed the yard. Tom and Crystal gave wild exclamations of admiration over my appearance, and seated me in state in the parlor. Crystal said she had a new dress, too, and if I didn't mind being left alone she would go upstairs and get it.

When she went out Tom went with her, saying he had to help with the chores. Leaving me quite alone was rather strange I thought, but soon Mr. Howard sauntered in and bowing politely, seated himself at a distance. He acted as if I were a stylish young lady and I would have laughed if he had not teased me. When I begged him to stop he came and sat beside me, saying I was too sincere a little girl to be pleased with flattery, but he knew some girls whose highest aim was just to gain the empty praise of others. He hoped I would always remain natural and unspoiled. Just then the front door burst open and Tom and Crystal appeared, followed by two dozen boys and girls.

"Surprise, Eva," Tom and Crystal shouted, and "surprise" was echoed by the whole company. I just went weak with astonishment. While they were being seated, laughing and joking all the time, I became more like myself, and soon felt at ease with them all. It was not long before I was joining in the games and even suggesting favorites I knew at home.

Mrs. Rogers, mamma, and Jinny,

served the refreshments to us in the parlor. Mamma said afterward she thought it best to do that way as she knew it would embarrass me to hobble out to the dining room table among the other straight boys and girls. After that they were going on with more games, but I begged them to dance; I should just love to sit and watch them. Earlier in the evening some one had asked Tom if they weren't going to dance and Fred Trenton had whispered, "Hush! Miss Hicks, you know, couldn't enjoy that." So I knew they were not dancing just on my account.

The sliding doors between the parlor and sitting room were pushed back; rugs taken up and tables and chairs set against the wall.

Mamma was seated at the piano and Tom brought his guitar, but after many entreaties from us all he surrendered it to Mr. Howard, who told him to dance and enjoy himself. He answered he couldn't when Eva wasn't dancing, and he would much rather sit beside me, but we urged him to go. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers led the grand march. Tom's partner was Crystal. Dan was accompanied by a beautiful lady in pink. They have been much together all summer, as she was the only young lady there I think she must have been specially invited.

As I couldn't dance, every boy took his turn sitting on the couch, and each was so jolly and interesting that I thought it almost as pleasant as dancing, and they said they thought so, too. The girls gathered round me and were very nice, although some of them were two "effusive," as mamma calls it, to be truly polite. "Isn't Tom swell!" asked one. "Crystal's dress is just grand!" said another. I resented this, but shall not speak about it to anyone as it is very bad manners

to criticise, and I do want to be a lady.

Then Dan and the beautiful girl took the places at the guitar and piano and Mr. Howard led mamma on the floor for a waltz.

Mamma was so very lovely I could not stop looking at her. She had on that black dress with the spangles which made her pale face and yellow hair look like a lily in a dark place, with a halo of sunlight round its head, and she was like a lily in the breeze as she swayed to the music. Mr. Howard is a head taller than mamma and broad and straight like a tree.

"Aren't they both splendid looking?" ejaculated Tom, who was sitting beside me.

After a while the guests began leaving. Each came and bade me goodnight, saying they had had a fine time. I answered, I had too, and they said they hoped it would not be long before I was well; for which I gratefully thanked them. Tom's and Crystal's friends are splendid.

After they were gone, Mr. Howard, seeing I was tired, lifted me in his arms to carry me home, and mamma took my crutches. My Rogers' boy stood back a little sadly. For the great enjoyment I had that evening, I owe the Rogers a debt of gratitude which many acts of kindness cannot repay. So with my heart full I kissed Mrs. Rogers and Crystal and Norry, and shook hands with Mr. Rogers who pressed my hand warmly. Then because Tom still stood back I slid from Mr. Howard's arms, claimed my supports from mamma, and went over to thank him and say good-night. I don't know why, maybe because I'm so odd and serious, but I took his hands and kissed them, then threw my arms about

his neck, crying because I was so full of many feelings.

"Eva," he said bending over, "here is my birthday present to you," as he handed me a large package. "Don't open it until you get home, and promise me you will not return it, but use it. Promise me now upon your word of honor."

I promised and thanked him for all he had done for me, and told him he was the best friend I had ever had except mamma. How could I ever repay him. He answered I was paying him all the time, and he wanted to be good to me, not for pay, but because I am his chum. I went home very happy.

After Mr. Howard left, I untied the package and found it to contain inside many wrappings, a letter. I quickly opened it. Out fell bank notes which represented Tom's savings and school money, as I afterwards learned. There was also this note:

"Eva, accept this as a birthday present and a token of friendship. Father says it will cover the expenses of your operation. Don't try to return it if you desire to please me, as you could do me no greater favor than to see you strong and able to run and dance.—Tom."

I can't begin to tell how surprised and overcome we were. We were so undecided as to which was the best way to act. It was too great a sacrifice to accept from my noble Tom. But we soon found to accept it was the only way and the nicest thing to do, as they were all so set on it so mamma and I are here at the hospital. The operation takes place tomorrow. The doctors assure us a successful outcome is certain.

Though I'm afraid, still, I know whose watch-care is ever over us, who doeth all things well. Especially will He listen to the petition of the Rogers. Someday, somehow, I mean to repay my chum, Tom.

## My Baby.

*By R. J. K.*

In my baby's eyes of deep, deep blue

I read a love divine,

And in her sweet face, so trusting, true,

A light from heaven doth shine.

A thousand joys of life she brings

And to Him who sent her here

A song of thankfulness I'll sing

For my life so full of cheer.

Her love inspires me to do

The work that now seems best.

I pray to be a mother true

To this babe sent to our nest.

The crowning glory of woman is

Motherhood, noble, sublime;

For in the eyes of a little child

The light of heaven doth shine.



# Domestic Science.

By *Blanche Caine.*

## CARBOHYDRATE FOODS.

### VEGETABLES.

#### *General directions for cooking vegetables.*

Select vegetables carefully, choosing each in the season when it is at its best.

All vegetables must be well cleaned before cooking; a small vegetable brush and a sharp-pointed knife are great helps.

Wilted vegetables sometimes may be freshened by soaking or sprinkling with water before cooking.

The water in which strong flavored vegetables are cooked should be changed several times. All others should be cooked in little water, that sugary juices may be retained. On this account steaming or baking is sometimes better. Color is retained best when vegetables are boiled in an uncovered kettle, and the odor of onions and cabbage is less disagreeable in the house. Vegetables should be put in boiling water, which is usually salted at first. If the water is hard a very little soda may be added. Any vegetable may be served in many different forms, plain, with various sauces, in a soup or a salad or croquettes.

#### *Onions.*

Much depends upon the variety of onion. The spanish onion may be fried or stewed in a little butter. Small, white onions are better than those with a greenish tinge. After peeling, scald with water in which a little soda is dissolved. After leaving for half an hour, drain and cook in fresh water. Change the water often if the onions are strong.

Serve in a cream sauce, or plain with butter, salt, and pepper.

#### *Scalloped Onions.*

Peel and boil 1 quart small onions. Make 1 cup white sauce and mix with the onions, after they are well drained. Put into a deep plate or shallow pudding dish; cover with buttered crumbs, and bake until brown.

#### *Green Corn.*

After removing husks and silk, the

ears of corn may be roasted over coals or under the gas flame, or steamed or boiled. Tender corn will be ready to serve in 10 minutes.

#### *Corn Fritters.*

To each cup of corn pulp cut from the cob (may use canned corn), add 1 beaten egg, 1 tablespoon milk (omit the milk if the corn is young and juicy), and flour to make a stiff batter, about  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup. If cooked corn is used a little more milk may be added. Season highly with salt and pepper, and fry in small portions on a griddle or in deep fat. Serve as a border for a platter of meat.

#### *Succotash.*

Cut hot boiled corn from the cob; add equal quantity of hot boiled shelled beans; season with butter and salt; reheat before serving.

#### *Carrots.*

Young ones, even if whole, will cook in half an hour or less. Old ones should be scraped, cut in strips or cubes, and soaked, then cooked until tender. Let the water evaporate at the last. Season with salt, pepper, and butter, or use white sauce and sprinkle with parsley. For variety season with sugar and lemon juice.

#### *Beets.*

Wash, but do not cut them, as that destroys the sweetness and color. Cook in boiling water until tender. Young beets will cook in 1 hour or less, old beets require a longer time, and if tough, wilted, or stringy, they will never boil tender. When cooked, put them in cold water, and rub off the skin.

Young beets are cut in slices, and served hot with butter, salt, and pepper, or cut in small cubes and served in a white sauce. They are often pickled in vinegar, spiced or plain, and served cold, or they may be cut into dice, and mixed with other vegetables for a salad.

Beet greens may have roots as large as a radish. Wash, boil till tender, drain, and mold, but keep hot.

# OFFICERS' NOTES.

## REPORT OF THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A.

### YOUNG LADIES' OFFICERS' MEETING.

Assembly Hall, Sat., June 4th, 10 a. m.

Singing, "All Hail the Glorious Day"—Congregation.

Prayer.—Ruth M. Fox.

Solo, "I Know that My Redeemer Lives"—Sylvia Ball.

#### GREETING:

*By President Martha H. Tingey:*

We are very happy this morning to meet so many of our live, active Mutual Improvement workers, and especially to see such a good report from our far away stakes, who I know have had to make a great effort, and travel many miles by team in order to be present here this morning. We thank you sincerely for the efforts you have all put forth to be here, and trust that we will have such a good conference, you will all feel amply repaid for your trouble.

I do sincerely pray that our Heavenly Father will bless each and every one of us with His Holy spirit, both those who listen and those who speak, that our spirits, and our hearts may be in tune, that we may be mutually blessed and edified in meeting together this morning.

We thought it would be nice, as we have completed our season's course in theology on the Apostasy, to have a summary this morning of our work in order to connect our last year's work with our coming year's work, so we have asked Sister Talmage to talk for a short time on the subject of the Apostasy.

#### "THE APOSTASY."

*Address by May Booth Talmage.*

Belief in the apostasy of the Primitive Church is an essential feature of the faith of the Latter-day Saints and of the theology of our Church. It is generally conceded that the subject has not received the consideration its importance demands, in the various outlines and courses of study that have

been provided for the auxiliary organizations of the Church.

Our Mutual Improvement Associations have been complimented by the presiding authorities for having been among the first to lead out in presenting a series of lessons on this subject. I trust in the limited time I have to speak I shall be able to touch upon the main points connected with this subject, and make definite and clear to you its importance to us as Latter-day Saints.

If there had been no such apostasy in the Primitive Church, then the claim of our Church in the latter-days is without foundation, and we surely are not what we profess to be; viz: the restored Church, re-established in the nineteenth century by inspiration from heaven after many centuries of spiritual darkness. It is necessary, therefore, that we have a definite idea of the apostasy of the Primitive Church in order to make strong our own faith in the restoration of the Gospel.

In one of our Articles of Faith we say, "We believe in the same organization that existed in the Primitive Church." It is clear, therefore, that we do recognize the difference between the Church as established in the nineteenth century and the former-day Church, as established by Christ during the time of His sojourn here upon the earth, and that we make no claim at all that our authority has come down through the ages. This is the claim made by the Catholic Church, to which we believe they have no right, in view of the facts we find in studying history.

The Church of Christ was established by Him whose name it bears, during the period of His earthly ministry. He organized His Church with apostles, seventies, and other necessary officers, and left with the Church, the power to ordain others to the ministry.

If you will study the tenth chapter of Matthew, and in fact many of the chapters in the various books in the New Testament, you will find this statement is borne out, as to the truthfulness that He did establish His Church, and that He left with the

Church the power to ordain others and to bring others into the ministry.

We affirm that with the passing of the apostolic period, the Church gradually drifted into a condition of apostasy whereby succession in the priesthood was lost, and the Church as a divine institution ceased to exist.

This condition of apostasy was foreseen and predicted. Indeed, prophets who lived centuries before the earthly ministry of the Savior foretold the great and awful event.

Now we understand that prophecy is but history reversed, and as we believe, that prophecy is given from inspiration while history may be colored by the ideas of the man and the viewpoint from which the historians wrote, we think that prophecy is more to be relied on than history, and therefore when we find that prophets who lived long before Christ came to live upon the earth predicted that He would come and that He would establish His Church; that there would be a great falling away, and that the time would come when man would treat the word of the Lord upon the earth as not binding, we know then that this prediction of apostasy was established in the plan of the Lord.

You recall perhaps the prophecy of Isaiah, where he says, "The earth also is defiled under the inhabitants thereof because they have transgressed the law, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant." Now, to one who isn't prepared for this, it might be contended that that has reference to the time of Moses when they broke the law, etc., but we find nowhere in the scriptures that the law of Moses is referred to as the everlasting covenant. The everlasting covenant was made to Abraham, and was the promise that Christ should be born through his seed, and when the crucifixion came about, the spilling of the blood of Christ was called the blood of the everlasting covenant, and we know that the law of Moses was simply a temporary law and was not considered in the same light as the Gospel which was established by Jesus Christ, and therefore this prophecy of Isaiah must be taken to refer to the time after the Gospel had been restored, when the everlasting covenant was brought about through the life of Christ.

Another thing that was important was the prophecy of Amos: "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord God,

that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the word of the Lord. And they shall wander from sea to sea, and from the north even to the east, they shall run to and fro to seek the word of the Lord, and shall not find it." I might cite many instances of the prophecies that were made by the apostles who lived immediately after the days of Christ. Paul the apostle, repeatedly predicted the great falling away that should come, an apostasy that had even begun in the days of the apostle. To the saints at Ephesus, when they were looking upon his face for the last time, he said: "For this I know that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them." Also the apostle James spoke in that manner and the Apostle Peter.

John the Revelator said, "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation and kindred and tongue and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God and give glory to him for the hour of his judgment is come."

Now, it would be unreasonable for us to suppose that it would be necessary to send an angel with the Gospel to preach to those who dwell upon the earth if they had the Gospel already. It would be utterly absurd for the angel to come to restore something that was already existing on the earth, and therefore we take it that this prophecy of the restoration is absolute proof of the apostasy.

One of our modern prophets, Orson Pratt, made quite a collation of these instances, wherein apostles from the days of Christ made specific utterances regarding the apostasy, but time will not permit to read them. Besides these scriptural references we have the testimony of the early Christian Fathers who persistently deplored the falling away then so general.

Hegesippus, one of the writers who flourished nearest the days of the apostles, Mosheim and Milner all testify to this condition, and while some of them, especially Milner, I believe, who was extremely anxious to write in favor of the faith, defended it against the charges that had been made against it by the pagan na-



tions, even he laments the condition of the Church at that time and the spiritual falling away that was then extant.

It is now proper to inquire as to the causes that led up to this great apostasy, and for convenience they may be stated as external causes and internal causes. The external causes in the main consisted of persecution that originated among the Jews and afterwards spread to the pagan nations. It is very interesting to make a study of the wonderful degree to which men would permit their antagonistic feelings to be exercised in the persecution of those who were striving to live in a different way and whose ordinances and manner of worship were different from theirs. Ten great persecutions are charged to the Romans each exceeding in cruelty those preceding, and it almost turns one heart sick to read of those terrible persecutions that were waged against the Christians. Now, that was the cause of much individual apostasy, because we know that there are many people who are not strong enough to stand those persecutions, and we read that in one day there were many thousands who left the Church and who were desirous of acknowledging their allegiance to the pagan authority, and there were so many that they were asked by some of them who were in charge to wait until the next day, but they were not willing to do this; they were so desirous of reporting their non-allegiance to the Church and their allegiance to pagan institutions.

But far more important than this external cause, whereby the individual apostasy from the Church resulted, do we consider the apostasy of the church, whereby the church itself changed the ordinances and law and the spiritual power that was in the church when Christ lived upon the earth. The apostasy of the Church was greatly advanced when Constantine made Christianity the religion of state in the early part of the fourth century. Preceding this, had occurred all the terrible persecutions, which created a condition so terrible that it was really thought by some that Christianity had been wiped out, and a monument was raised in honor of this supposed fact. But that this was not the case is proven by the conditions almost of revolution that succeeded the action of Constantine when

he made Christianity the religion of state.

It would seem strange that this would lead to the apostasy of the church, did we not consider the pomp and the show that was made to attend it, how the ordinances had been changed and that even Constantine could not possibly have been very sincere from the fact that he remained out of the Church himself, not getting baptized until near the time of his death. Christians contended that he believed in Christianity, but did not accept the ordinances necessary to become a member himself, and therefore it was claimed by some that it was simply a matter of policy with him to make the Church popular. But, however, this may be, there was a wonderful change in the simplicity of the gospel as established by Christ, and the pomp and ceremony and the lack of spiritual gifts that were found in the days of Constantine. Bishops lived like princes, and archbishops like emperors.

The Roman Catholic church and the Greek Catholic church divided in the reign of Constantine, and two branches of the Church were thus established, each one of them still claiming to be the rightful church. False doctrines grew apace and the ordinances of the gospel were changed to suit the depraved notions of apostate priests.

We will have to pass over the perversion of the gospel by the admixture of Judaistic and pagan philosophy, which is an interesting study in itself, and we come to the resulting changes in the essential ordinances of the gospel, and for example I have selected two: baptism and the sacrament of the Lord's supper. Baptism was one of the simplest and most sacred ordinances. All that was required during the time of Christ and the apostles for one to become a member of the Church by baptism was to profess to believe in the doctrines as preached and to repent of their sins. We have many illustrations of this, as we read that on the day of Pentecost there were numerous people who were converted and who were baptized on that day. Also we remember that when the eunuch was converted by Philip he was baptized, and many other instances are recorded, and therefore we have absolute assurance that no preparation was necessary for



baptism, except as I say, people were to confess their sins and have faith in the doctrines taught. Now, in the third and fourth centuries this ordinance had been entirely changed. It was made so that it could only be performed twice in the year, at Eastertide and at Whitsuntide and a long preparation was made necessary. It is said that three years' course of preparation had to be gone through before they could be baptized into the church. The candidate was considered to come forth just as an infant, as a new born child, and he was fed on milk, as being typical that he was an infant. It was also considered to be a ceremony of liberation from sin, and the forms and ceremonies that were used were very complex: the anointing with oil was used, and this was indulged in because it was supposed to banish the evil spirits that beset the candidate before he was fit for baptism.

Another important change was the practice of the baptism of infants, and there was a long consultation held to decide whether it was safe to wait until an infant was eight days old before he could be baptized. It was decided that it was not safe, and that if he died before that time he would be consigned to everlasting punishment. Also the change in the mode of baptism from immersion to sprinkling was brought about, the first instance is noted in the case of a man who was not well enough to be immersed, they permitted him to be sprinkled, and it afterwards became the general custom which still continues until this day.

The ordinance of the Lord's supper we know was just as simple as could be, taken in the way that He administered it. Taking the bread, He blessed it and gave it to His disciples, and said "Eat in remembrance of me." Nothing could have been more simple and more definite, and yet in the different centuries the various forms and customs that have been introduced in regard to the sacrament have partaken a great deal of some of the ceremonies of the pagan nations. They have long sacramental prayers and much ostentation, and some were excluded from partaking of the sacrament; then there was the doctrine of transubstantiation, which held that the bread and wine, ceased to be bread and wine, but they claimed they were actually the body and the blood of Christ, and they worshiped that as Christ himself, which of course is a

wonderful departure from the simple original method, and therefore we can see clearly that the prophecy of Isaiah wherein he said, "Behold they have transgressed the law, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant," was fulfilled.

Changes in church government followed with unauthorized additions of officers that were not known at all in the days of Christ nor in the apostolic period. They created new offices in the church and elevated their officers to great prominence, and even today the office of archbishop is almost as great as that of a king. The bishop of Rome, because he was bishop of the principal headquarters of the church, claimed precedence over his fellow bishops, and elevated himself to the position of Pope of Rome, and that is how the office of pope came into existence, that is he simply elevated himself above his fellow bishops because he ruled over a larger congregation, and now we know that he is considered the greatest man in the world by the Catholic people, that his word is supreme; and yet there is no record at all of his having been specially designated by any authority, that he is greater than any other bishop, but because of his being in the principal city he was elevated to this position and gradually it has become greater and greater. He claimed the right to forgive sins, and also to traffic in indulgences, which became a source of revenue to the church, and you who have studied the apostasy during the winter will recall how a revolt occurred in the sixteenth century because of this traffic in indulgences, with which the name of Martin Luther is so intimately associated. This was one of the great results of the apostasy, because the people would not tolerate such conditions. We know how those things occurred, forgiving the sins before they were committed at all upon the payment of certain amounts of money. You see it is truly remarkable that any rational human being should believe that any earthly power could forgive sins in consideration of the payment of a sum of money that would be of no consideration at all in heaven where our sins are to be forgiven.

Now, the Church of England declared its independence on account of a personal affair. The king wished to marry again, to put away his wife, and he wanted permission from the

pope, who would not grant it, therefore the king disavowed allegiance to the pope, and in this way the Church of England was started and it was called the Protestant Church.

In our modern age, in the day of the restoration, the word of the Lord came to Joseph Smith, the youthful prophet, when in answer to his inquiry of the Lord as to which of all the churches was right, he received this reply, he said: "I was answered that I must join none of them, for they were all wrong, and the personage who addressed me said that all their creeds were an abomination in His sight; that those professors were all corrupt. They draw near to me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me; they teach for doctrine the commandments of men, having a form of godliness, but they deny the power thereof." Now, it seems to me this is one of the strongest evidences of the apostasy to the Latter-day Saints, when the Lord said to Joseph Smith that none of all the churches that existed on the earth at that time were right, that they had all gone astray.

The sequel to the great apostasy is the restoration of the Gospel, which will be spoken of by Brother Widsöe. I will just read the last paragraph of "The Great Apostasy." It is given in a more concise way than I can give it to you.

"The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints proclaims to the world this glorious restoration,—at once the consummation of the work of God throughout the ages past, and the final preparation for the second advent of Jesus, the Christ. The Church affirms that after the long night of spiritual darkness, the light of heaven has again come; and that the Church of Christ is authoritatively established. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints stands alone in the declaration that the Holy Priesthood is operative upon earth, not as an inheritance through earthly continuation from the apostolic age, but as the endowment of a new dispensation, brought to earth by heavenly ministration. In this restoration, divinely predicted and divinely achieved, has been witnessed a realization of the Revelator's vision:

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every na-

tion, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God and give glory to Him; for the hour of His judgment is come; and worship Him that made heaven and earth, and the sea and the fountains of water."

#### *President Tingley:*

Sisters, it has been decided by the General Board, to take up the Restoration of the Gospel as our next season's work. In preparing the outlines for your consideration we always try to get the very best talent we can to prepare this outline. Bishop Osborne Widsöe has consented to prepare an outline for next winter's work. He has also kindly consented to meet with us this morning and give you some idea of what the outlines will be, so that you can have an understanding of what you are going to do next winter. I am happy to introduce to you Brother Widsöe.

#### THE RESTORATION.

##### *Address by Osborne J. Widsöe.*

I trust that I may have a portion of the spirit that has dictated the proceedings of this meeting thus far with me to assist me during the short time that I shall attempt to explain what is to be done during the next year's work.

I have been very much interested, as I know you have, in the summary of the work done during the year that has passed, the work of the Apostasy. The study of the apostasy is one of the important studies that the Latter-day Saints have to consider, in consequence, as has already been explained to you, of the nature of our claim. We claim that there has been a restoration. We are going to spend a year on the story of the restoration and of course the very name presupposes an apostasy. I may say that it pre-supposes two things, both of which of course we claim; first, that the Gospel was at one time upon the earth, else it could not be restored, and secondly, that it has been taken away from the earth since that first time, else it could not be restored. Now, the story of the apostasy has been so thoroughly treated during the past year and also the summary before us this morning, that we can pass by that, and yet I may say that it seems to me that I ought to take up possibly one lesson in the way of summary, not so much of the apostasy

itself as of the conditions that existed at the time of the restoration.

There followed immediately upon the great apostasy another period that may be classed with the great apostasy but which is generally called the period of the reformation. It may be called the period of the revolution. I take it that this period of the reformation or revolution was a preparatory period for the restoration of the gospel, and I believe that Martin Luther, Zwingli, Calvin and all the rest who took part in the great reformation from its very beginning on down through the later years, those who worked in Europe, those who worked in England, were all men who were inspired of God to perform the particular work that they had to do at that time. They were not prophets. They did not have authority to organize churches, to represent Jesus as Peter had authority to represent Him, or as the prophets of the Old Testament had authority to represent God the Father and to carry on the work, the preparatory work of Jesus at that time, but they were, nevertheless, men who came with a particular mission, a preparatory work to accomplish before the world should be in a condition to receive this gospel when it should be restored. We find then, as the result of the work of the reformation, the organization of hundreds of various contending Protestant churches, and we find a restless, unsettled and dissatisfied condition growing and spreading in the world, until the people themselves feel that it is absolutely necessary for them to learn something from God Himself.

Immediately before the fulfillment of the prophecy that was read last, there happened, I may say here in America as also in England and in parts of Europe, a period of revival, a period when people who had become unsettled in their mind should take up the work, convinced that they should confess the Christ and be connected with some church. I take it that this period of revival came as a part of the work of the restoration following upon the apostasy, at all events it was a preparation of the coming of the restoration of the gospel. The people didn't know where they could go. The priests or the various ministers contended with one another; each claimed that he represented the only true church, and there

were some five or six hundred of these true churches, and the people didn't know then which one to believe at that particular time. This was a period of contention, a period of unrest, a period of changing doctrines, a period when it seemed that the religious world was in the same chaotic condition that the universe itself was in at the period of the creation. At this time the great revelation ushering in the period of the dispensation of the fulness of times was given to Joseph Smith; we shall endeavor briefly to cover this particular subject.

Now, it appears to me that the subject of the restoration cannot very well be studied aside from the apostasy, if we analyze the nature of the apostasy and take it from the point of view that I have announced. It shall not be our intention though to go over the apostasy again. We have finished the apostasy, but it has always appeared to me that the period of the apostasy can be divided or classified or systematized in a certain way. The Prophet Isaiah gives us the key in the revelation that has already been quoted to us, when he tells us the law had been changed, the ordinances changed and covenants broken. We might take up this question of the apostasy then from that point of view. What are the things that have been broken? When we say that there has been a general restoration of the gospel, it seems to me that the question that may at once be asked, "What do you mean by a restoration of the gospel? What has been restored?" That depends immediately upon what has been taken away.

The apostasy concerned several things. First of all there was a change in the belief as to the nature of God. The early Christians believed in a personal God. There could be no question about that. The doctrine of the Bible is clear and simple for a personal God, but the God of the apostate churches was not a personal God and is not a personal God to this day; a spiritual unknown Deity of whom none can conceive, whom none can ever hope to know, whom no one can ever hope to get anything from, no matter how hard he may pray. We must have a conception then of the character of the true God, a belief in the entity of God. The early church



believed in Jesus, the Son of God, or the Father; they believed in God the Father; they believed in God and in the Holy Ghost, a trinity in the Godhead, and they believed that those three were separate and distinct, but the apostate churches put forth, foisted upon the world a doctrine that is as unreasonable and untenable as the doctrine of the immateriality of God Himself, namely, that there are three Gods, three separate and distinct Gods but they are one, if you can conceive of any such thing, that they are one at the same time that they are three, one in person, one in body and yet they have no person, they have no body. They simply fill the universe, and while they are three and nothing they are one and something. We must have then the explanation of the correct doctrine, of that theory. We must have an explanation of the correct belief, or the correct doctrine concerning Christ and His position in the world, His labor and His relationship to God and His relationship to man. The same kind of explanation you will have concerning the doctrine of the Holy Ghost.

The matter of church organization is to be treated upon. The ordinances were changed; the church government was entirely changed, and new offices introduced, and the old ones done away with. We must have a restoration of all of those things to get back to the primitive condition, to the primitive faith and to the primitive government and primitive organization, and all these questions, of doctrine and organization and government must come as did the first revelation, of which I shall speak shortly, from God Himself, directly, and not by tradition or legend or hearsay of any kind. These things will be taken up in the lessons.

Now, the story of the restoration presents a natural growth. In the lessons we shall attempt to show how the restoration of the gospel came about naturally and grew naturally to the period of what we may call maturity, just as did the apostasy itself. The apostasy came not in a day; neither did the restoration in its fullness occur in a day. But at the time of this period of revival the Prophet Joseph, or the boy Joseph, not a prophet yet, prayed to the Lord and received his first vision. We all know

the story of the first vision, but perhaps we may not stop to analyze it. In the very first vision we have outlined nearly all the necessary steps of the restoration as we shall follow them in the lessons. For example, the first vision reveals this fact, that God is a person of body and parts, and I think you may assume of passions. We learn also that Jesus Christ is like the Father. They both appeared to the boy prophet in that first vision. We learn further that God the Father and God the Son are two separate and distinct persons appearing together at the same time but occupying different positions in space, not being merged the one in the other. We learn also from that very first vision that it is necessary for man who lives upon the earth and who wants to be in contact and in communion with God to have revelations from God. The doctrine of continual revelation is there first announced in this last dispensation. We learn further that it is necessary for man to have authority in order to officiate in the ordinances of the gospel. That, as has already been said, the churches of the world not any of them officiated in the church with authority, that not one of them were accepted of God; that they were all worshipers in lip only and not in act and in deed.

But before the boy prophet could organize and institute the church he must receive further revelations, further instruction and further authority. After the first vision there comes a period of rest where very little seems to have been done for a number of years. Then occurred the second vision, or we may call it a series of visions, when the Angel Moroni comes to the Prophet Joseph Smith and begins the fulfillment of the prophecy that an angel should fly in the midst of heaven having the gospel to be restored to those who dwell upon the earth, and that second vision, though it was a very short one, as contained in the Doctrine and Covenants, or the part of it there contained is very brief, yet it teaches a great many things of great importance. It emphasizes the fact of the necessity of authority. It brings up and explains one other very important doctrine for those who claim that all who have gone before have been wrong, and that the gospel as restored now is the



only right church since the date of the taking away of that authority. The doctrine that the hearts of the children should be turned to the fathers and the hearts of the fathers to the children, you see that we have a restoration that provides not only for us who live now and for those who shall come after us, but provides for those who have gone before us who have not had the privilege of hearing the gospel; and that second revelation becomes important as a subject in the development of the restoration.

Then having received these preliminary revelations that are in a way outlines of what must be done in the establishment of the church, there comes then the special acts in the establishment of the church and in the growth and development of the gospel in this day. The Prophet Joseph Smith and his assistant Oliver Cowdery are translating the plates of the Book of Mormon and they come across a certain passage referring to baptism. They don't understand it. They have never been baptized; they want to know, and so they go out into the woods and pray, and they receive another vision. The time has come when something else is to be given to them, and John the Baptist, the latest president of the Aaronic Priesthood of the old dispensation, appeared to them and conferred upon them the first step in authority, the first key that they needed for the continuation of their work and for the founding of the Church upon the earth; and so we have another step in the development, and a very important one, the exemplification of the fact that the priesthood and authority must be held by those who claim to be the servants of God.

It went along and possibly a month or two months afterwards three other messengers, we are told by the prophet, appeared upon the banks of the Susquehannah river, and conferred upon those men the priesthood after the order of Melchizedek, and they had received all the authority and all the power necessary for men upon the earth to carry on the work of God and establish His Church and to accomplish His purposes here amongst the children of men.

The work of translation continues. It is finished; the Book of Mormon

is published. The Gospel is spreading, and new converts are made, and then comes the period of the organization. The Prophet Joseph is instructed, he receives a revelation; he is told how to proceed in the organization of the Church, and the Church was organized, you will remember, on the 6th day of April, 1830, with six members; but while it had only those six members, all the ceremonies and all the necessary ordinances are provided for and those members are taken care of, and the Church of Christ is firmly established upon the earth.

Then the Church grows. Converts are gathered. It is necessary to have more organizations. It is the same old story that we find in the New Testament. Jesus began the ministry alone at first, His disciples gathered around Him, and He found He could not do the work alone; He called others to assist Him, and formed the Twelve Apostles, and the work continued to grow, and He found He couldn't carry on the work with the Twelve, and He called Seventy others to assist Him and the Twelve, and we find by reading the scriptures in the Gospels, and in the Epistles of the Apostles and in the Acts of the Apostles, that to assist the Twelve and the Seventy there were still other officers appointed, deacons, priests, teachers, and elders, to assist in the great work as it grew and spread throughout the world. And so we find in this modern dispensation that as the things were needed they were given, and there was a constant growth until we have a full development. Twelve apostles are chosen in 1837. Seventies are chosen later. A presiding bishopric is chosen to look after the material affairs of the Church. New stakes of Zion are organized, and new bishops are ordained. There are then high councils appointed to preside over the various stakes, and so we go on growing and accomplishing the great work of the restoration until, as I say, we have a matured organization upon the earth.

And in the same way we find the teaching of God's truth and ordinances are restored by special revelation, by special instructions. We are told how we shall baptize, when we shall baptize, that children under eight

do not need baptism. We are told how to administer the sacrament, what we shall use in the administration of the sacrament. We have the ordinance of the administration for the sick restored to us and our faith. All the doctrines are restored and all things are restored by special revelation.

I think that possibly I have outlined sufficiently what the course ought to be. It ought to be a story of the restoration, showing how, from the very time that the world was prepared for the restoration the restoration began and step by step, little by little as the Church grew and as it became ready for those things the things were restored. At first all was restored that was necessary for the organization of the Church, all the ordinances, all the authority, everything that was needed for the restoration. All the authority was there on the very first day, I take it, to ordain apostles, to ordain seventies, to make a complete organization, but the complete organization was not needed on the first day. There were not members enough to make up a complete organization on that day, but as the Church grew and these things were needed, new revelations, new instructions were given to the Prophet Joseph Smith as these things were put into the Church. These things were restored to the Church of Christ as they became necessary in the development of the Church, and all of these things are things that existed in the old Church. All of these things are things that it can be shown were either dropped from the old Church or the old Church itself apostatized from. So it is a complete restoration and a complete new revelation, and in no case do we depend upon tradition or legend or hearsay, but in every case our testimony is the testimony of the word of God Himself as He has given it to His prophets upon the earth. The Church organization was complete in every particular before the martyrdom of Joseph Smith. There have been modifications in some respects, and changes that have been wrought, but everything that has been done since has been done by inspiration upon the foundation laid by the Prophet Joseph Smith, and this is what we shall hope to make an interesting study for the coming year.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4th, at 2 p. m.

Singing, "O Thou Rock of Our Salvation"—Congregation.

Prayer—Mary A. Freeze.

Singing, "Let the Holy Spirit Guide You"—Congregation.

"WHAT CAN BE DONE TO STEM THE TIDE OF EVIL THAT IS SWEEPING THROUGH THE LAND?"

*Address by Dr. J. Lloyd Woodruff.*

While looking over this large audience I was reminded of the words of Will Carlton:

"Boys flying kites draw in their white winged birds;

You can't do that when you are flying words.

Thoughts unexpressed, may sometimes fall back dead,

But God Himself can't kill them when they're said."

As you have heard, one of the objects of this conference is to consider ways and means whereby the sons and daughters of Zion, the golden harvest which God has placed in our hands as His husbandmen to garner to His store house of the redeemed, may be saved and safe-guarded from the wave of immorality and vice which is sweeping mountain high over the land. In thinking of this subject the words that I have just quoted came to my mind. It is easy enough to talk words, but you haven't come here to hear words only. You have come here to take something back with you far more important than any words, and I trust the few moments that I stand before you that you will support me and help me that I may give you something this morning more than mere words.

This movement is a timely one, for a close analysis shows that the deadly trail of the serpent of immorality is winding in and out among our young people to an alarming extent, and in addressing a conference of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association the main thought, I take it, is what can we do to help our girls, to safe-guard them, to protect them and show them how they can overcome and step aside from this evil?

If I may be allowed a text in the

few moments that I speak to you, I will take the words of the Prophet Joseph, so significant of meaning, "No man can be saved in ignorance," and will supplement those words with others also significant, "Man, know thyself."

That there are dangers around us, any observing person, I think, will grant, and I believe that the surest way to protect our daughters from these dangers is to instruct them, not in a general way that the evil exists, but in a specific, detailed, careful manner, of what that evil is, and teach them to know themselves, their physical selves, their sexual selves. Teach them the physical side of life and birth. Teach them also the dangers attendant upon handling these parts, for I wish to bear testimony to you that self-abuse is an evil more prevalent among our young girls than most people perhaps have any idea of, and not evil, vicious girls, but good, intelligent, honorable girls, who have learned this practice when they were very small or have been taught it perhaps by older debased persons, and before they knew really what it all meant the habit has been fastened upon them. I know of a case in point, a young lady, talented, cultured, refined, devout and religious, who was taught this habit when she was a child, and before she awoke to all it carried with it she was a slave to the habit, and it took years of patient endeavor and heart-aches before this habit was overcome. A few motherly words of advice at this stage, a little bit of warning in her early childhood, would have prevented all of this, and that is one of our duties, I take it, as supervisors of the young girls and the young boys also in Zion. Teach the young girls that they have passions within them perhaps of whose existence they are all unconscious. Perhaps they have discovered them, wondered at them, feared them. Teach them that they may be awakened to terrible life and in a whirlwind of destruction, they may hurl them to their ruin almost before they are aware. Teach them also that these passions are God-given, that it is part of their life; that the Lord has given them to educate, to control, to subdue and to use under proper circumstances for His glory and their own salvation. Teach them that sexual impulses when properly practiced are not

debasing, are not lowering, are not indelicate, but that they are given for a wise and a wonderful purpose, to cement the husband to the wife, the wife to the husband and to bring forth those waiting spirits who are looking forward for the time to come when they may be permitted to come here upon the earth and take upon them that temple in which they will learn more of the ways of the Lord, and in which it is possible for them to go on from perfection to perfection until they obtain the glory and the stature of a god.

There is one thing that I would like to impress upon our young people generally and perhaps if I can impress it upon you it may be carried to them, that marriage and the sexual relation attendant upon it is no jest, is no joking matter, and yet how often do we find it made the subject of jest. Use every ounce of influence that you have to put down this abominable practice so common, which mars the beauty, the solemnity, the sacredness of so many of our weddings. You have all been present at them. You have all been shocked at it. You have all realized the false ideas which are given to young people by such practices.

"In the beginning God created man in His own image, male and female created He them, and He commanded them to multiply and replenish the earth." Can we look back through the ages of time at that beautiful morning, at that first marriage ceremony? Can we fancy going to the Garden of Eden, in all its primal beauty, and see the sun coming over those trees, the bird and the animal playing together, without guile? All is peace; all is beauty; all is loveliness, and perhaps in the most beautiful bower in that garden we see a man and a woman, new also, beautiful in stature; beautiful in spirit, with the simplicity of little children; and fancy that before them we see their God and our God, instructing them in this holy alliance which is about to be consummated; telling them the responsibility it means; telling them perhaps all it may mean. Think of that first marriage ceremony. Oh, I tell you it was no joke with God. And when we come down to our present time and think of the beautiful ceremonies that are performed in our temples, can you connect any lustful



thought with them, any jesting, any unholy thought? Far from it. And yet how often do our young people come out of that temple, go to their homes and be received by their friends in a most unseemly manner. Impress the evil of this shocking practice upon those who are under your care.

And then, in talking to young girls or young boys as I have already stated, it is well to be specific. Don't tell them not to do a thing and let it go at that, but tell them why. For instance, we often hear advice that promiscuous kissing and caressing among the young boys and girls is bad. They don't realize it. Tell them the reasons why it is bad and the dangers that they are liable to. Tell your girls not to allow young men to come to see them who desire to blow the light out when they come, and this is too often done. But don't stop there. Go further. Explain to them the dangers attendant upon this and kindred practices.

Now, there are some people who do not care to have frank talks with girls. They seem to feel that it would soil their purity to know the secrets of sex, to learn of the sexual sin which infests the world, but I think this is a wrong standpoint. It seems to me that anything in our daily lives which occupies such an important position as the sexual life itself, anything which has such a bearing on our welfare, both physical and spiritual, should not be passed over in silence as in so many cases it is today. Others again say the innate purity of a young girl will warn her of evil in others. Now, I will grant there is a great deal in this, and I will go further and say that the spirit of the Lord will not only warn, but will not permit her to be contaminated by evil in others, but she must first be warned that there is this evil. She must first realize that all around her are not as she is, pure and innocent. She must be able to grasp it and take that aid which the grasp this and take that aid which the be aided very much by it, and this can only come by instructing her in these things of which I have spoken.

Tell her that a certain percentage of the young men with whom she associates are not pure, and that a smaller percentage perhaps of this number would only too gladly seek her ruin. Tell her that a very large percentage of this number who are impure are

sepulchres of filth and sin. And when we consider this problem which confronts us today, there is another side to the question which is all important, and that is the question which should be brought before the girls,—the danger which confronts them in marrying outside of the Church, and not only outside of the Church but within the Church young men of loose or careless habits. And one of the important questions which should arise in the minds of the parent when the young man asks for the hand of the daughter is not his wealth, is not what is his social position, is not can he give my daughter a good home; will he be kind to her. These are all important, but the great question in the mind of that parent should be, "Is this young man clean sexually, morally clean?" Find that out. Take any means necessary. Follow him. See who his companions are, where they go, what he does, and if there is any doubt in your mind at all, say no, and then tell him the reasons. So many parents err, I think, in not being frank. So many parents say "My daughters or my sons won't take my advice on this or that question," and particularly we find that the case with parents in regard to daughters who are going with young men of careless habits. They say "the girls won't listen to my advice." The trouble is that they are not frank enough, and very often they hold up the very vice in that young man which is attracting him to their daughter; girls are often attracted by the careless manner of the boy, by certain things that are just a little bit outside the pale. They think that the young man that does those things has courage. They like to make a hero of him for that thing, and those are the things which so often the parents hold up to make the girls turn against him, instead of giving her the real reason. And after you have said no to that young man, explain to him. Then go to your daughter and tell her that you have said no, not particularly because her happiness was at stake, not that she might be poor, not that she might be ill-treated even, but that she might be infected by that man with the most loathsome and hopeless of diseases; that her young girlhood would be blighted and her life be a living death, of which no hell is equal. Explain these things to her in detail, and then go one step



further and tell her that if this marriage is consummated, not only may these things happen, but that the spirits which the Lord may send her unhappily, and I say unhappily advisedly, may be drivelling idiots, may be cripples, may be blind, may be deaf, may be dumb, or may never find earthly expression, but die almost as soon as they are sent them. Let her see the truth and reality of these terrible facts in fancy before they become a reality in her own life, and I am quite free to say that she will then take the advice of that father or of that mother.

Thousands upon thousands of young girls are ruined physically every day, every year, many of them sacrificing their lives on the altar of a husband's lust, which transfers to them the seeds of death garnered by him in the brothels of hell. When we consider these things; when we consider that the medical report recently sent from San Francisco, that nine out of every ten of the men upon the streets there are infected; when we consider a recent editorial in the *Deseret News* that four thousand young men in Salt Lake City are diseased, and while these figures may be exaggerations, still if we cut them in two, we can see the terrible conditions that exist, and when we realize that this condition to a less extent extends all through every town and hamlet, can we not see that it is time to put aside a prudish, mock modesty which has tied our tongues, and call out from the house-tops to our sons and daughters that these evils do exist, and tell them how and why to be clean.

The duty of doing this should devolve upon the parents, and if parents would be more frank in this respect there would not be so many of the children wander away from home; that gulf between father and son, between mother and daughter, would not be so great, particularly if the first step in this going away is taken when the child comes all excitement, "Oh, mother, I just heard today that babies don't come from heaven; how do they come?" And the mother in her folly, tells them fairy stories; and a little later they learn the fallacy of these, and a little later on learn that they cannot entirely trust mother and father. Why, nothing can be made more beautiful than the story of the birth of a child if properly told on a mother's knee. Nothing can cement

the friendship of mother for daughter or for son so much as frank talks along those lines. You need fear little for your sons and daughters if you tell them these things. Why, the moment they hear something to the contrary; the moment they hear these things upon the street, they will hear whether you tell them or not, in the garbled form that comes from boys and girls in that way; they will simply smile and say, "Why, I know all about that. Mother has told me all of that," or "father has confided in me," and I realize what my destiny is, so much greater, so much higher than you say, in spite of all the stories you tell." But if the parents will not take this duty upon themselves, then it must devolve upon others, upon the Sunday School teachers, even upon the Primary teachers. I think they are not too young but what some of these things can be told to them in certain forms in that school, but it is particularly upon the workers in the Mutual Improvement Associations, where you have under your charge the promise, the hope of Zion at the age most dangerous, and if these things are not taken up by the parents, then it devolves upon you to do it. Do it frankly, do it earnestly; do it prayerfully, and your work will bring greater fruits perhaps than along any line which you could sow.

There is much that might be said along this line; it is an endless subject, and you will meet with success if you follow it earnestly. I pray that the Lord may bless us and be with us in our work, that we may stand shoulder to shoulder and go forward year by year reaping a greater reward, reaping a greater harvest.

We are to be congratulated upon all that we have heard today in that statistical report. It shows growth. It shows development. It shows that we are living up to that which we have within us, but there is opportunity for greater growth yet, and it is my prayer that we may go on steadfastly until we arrive at that full stature of man which God intends us to be. Amen.

ADDRESS ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

By *Julia M. Brixen*.

My beloved Brothers and Sisters:—I ask you in all earnestness to support me with your faith and prayers, that

the time that I shall occupy may not be wasted, but that we may have the words of the Lord given unto us this afternoon regarding the salvation of the sons and daughters of God.

There may be some present that do not agree with me regarding the telling of the evil things that exist in the world, but if we are not converted to the fact that there is evil in the world, if we close our eyes to its existence, how are we to apply the remedies? There are many of our young people, our boys and our girls, going astray because we as officers, fathers, and mothers have not done our full duty. We have in the past been too modest to show them the consequences of sin. I believe that it is right and proper to tell them the beautiful side of life, but we must also warn them of the evils, of the consequences, and of the sorrow that follow sin. I believe with all my heart that this is our duty, that the Lord requires it of us.

Sin, I believe, has always existed throughout the whole world, in all ages. We find that it was necessary in the days of the prophets of old, for the Lord to exhort and to warn the people. I would like to read to you a few verses from the third chapter of the Prophet Ezekiel, of what the Lord said to him, and I believe that it applies to us with equally great force as it did to them, for I believe as the world grows, as the population increases, that wickedness increases, and it seems to me that there are no people in the world that are so wonderfully equipped as we the Latter-day Saints are to stem the tide of evil, if we are only aware of its existence and fight against it.

The Lord said to Ezekiel: "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel. Therefore hear the words of my mouth, and give them warning from me.

"When I say unto the wicked Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand.

"Yet if thou warn the wicked and he turn not from his wickedness nor from his wicked way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul.

"Again, when a righteous man doth

turn from his righteousness, and commit iniquity, and I lay a stumbling block before him, he shall die: because thou hast not given him warning, he shall die in his sin, and his righteousness which he hath done shall not be remembered; but his blood will I require at thine hand.

"Nevertheless, if thou warn the righteous man that the righteous sin not, and he doth not sin, he shall surely live, because he is warned; also thou hast delivered thy soul."

As I said, my brothers and sisters, there are no people in the world that are so wonderfully equipped as are we the Latter-day Saints. The Lord has given us the Gospel of Jesus Christ in its fulness. He has given us prophets, seers, and revelators. He has also given us organizations which are a help in the government. We are glad of these helps as Mutual Improvement workers. There have also been laws established for the benefit and blessing and the government of the youth in the land in which we live. I was talking with the judge of the juvenile court a few weeks ago, and he said that every child in the state of Utah is under the jurisdiction of the juvenile court and that we have a state law controlling it, and a curfew law for the government and for the protection and the care of our children; but the state law he told me was faulty, but that every settlement throughout our state had the privilege of making its own curfew law. You would be surprised to know the good that the men and women who are working in connection with the juvenile court in this city, and throughout the state of Utah are doing. I have visited the juvenile court of this city numbers of times during the past year, and I came in close contact with the workers. There are two women connected with this institution, one of them is a member of our Church, the other is not; they are doing a good work. The men that are connected with this work are men that have the love of the youth at heart, and they are just as much interested in the salvation of the youth of our state as are those men and women who are working in our temple laboring for the salvation of our dead; and I ask you, my brothers and sisters, to support and encourage them.

In this city we have volunteers in many of the wards. Some of our

bishops go and look after the youth who are out upon the streets." The juvenile court officers have been out night after night and have gathered in all those who were under eighteen, whom they have seen upon the streets, after nine o'clock. (By the way, we are told that the most dangerous time of the life of the youth is from fourteen to eighteen.) The law is explained to them, and they are told if they break the law again, the second or the third time they will be brought into court. Many sad scenes are witnessed. I have seen fathers and mothers broken-hearted because of what has been revealed to them there for the first time—of the loss of virtue of their sons and daughters. One girl under eighteen was taken in from the street by the officers. Her mother appeared in the court with her. But the mother did not know her daughter had done wrong. She had gone out and deceived her mother at times, and had been disobedient. Her mother had followed her and had tried in every way, through kindness and through persuasion to keep her at home, but she would not listen. It was revealed to her parents in the court that she had lost her virtue. I have never seen a mother so broken-hearted at the funeral of a child as I saw in that court. She said to one of the ladies of the court, "Oh, I have one more daughter, oh, for the love of God help me to save that girl, won't you?"

Oh, my sisters, and my brethren, are you so fortunate that you have no girls, no boys going astray in your midst, or are you closing your eyes to the fact? What are you doing? Oh, may God assist you to do something to reclaim those girls and boys, for there are so many of them. We have so many resorts, so much amusement, so many dances. What are the fathers and mother doing in your settlements? Do they go with their boys and girls to the places of amusement? or do they let the girls and boys of tender years, unacquainted with the dangers and the sins of the world, go alone? Do you start your amusements early? Do you let your Mutual Improvement girls go unaccompanied, or do you have proper chaperones to accompany them? Oh, my sisters, that is a great evil in the large cities, and you may think that it is safe in your little towns, but I want to tell

you that it is not safe. Oh, no, it is not safe. They are on dangerous ground, our girls and our boys who are permitted to go out alone, unprotected by proper guardians, to the canyons, to the resorts, to the dances and out late buggy riding. They form habits that have been their ruin. They come to the city; they go to dance halls; they go to the resorts. Only a few weeks ago I heard of a beautiful young girl who came to the city to work. She went to a dance with some other girls, just the girls alone, without a proper guardian. She met a young man—a stranger in the city—and in two weeks she was married. Her mother came broken-hearted, pleading, striving with all her heart to break off the match, but no, it was too late; it could not be done. Well, what will be the result? Why, the Lord only knows.

Now, I want to tell you another thing that you must tell your girls, tell the mothers and the fathers of your girls, that when they permit girls, and boys also, to go to the large cities to work, see that they take their recommends with them. Have their mother or their father write to those who employ them and to the bishops where they reside. Do you know that while in the hotel business—pardon me for speaking of my own experience—for many, many years, and most of the time I had as many as fourteen girls employed and a number of men and boys, and in all that time I never received one letter from a mother inquiring in regard to the welfare of her daughter, whether she was keeping early or late hours; whether she was associating with the wicked; whether she was attending her Mutual Improvement or her other meetings; whether she was giving proper service or not. You would hardly believe it but it is a fact. Perhaps mothers and fathers are more thoughtful now than they were then, as that was a number of years ago, but oh, should we not take care of those precious souls that the Lord has given us? Should we not put our hands and our hearts and our whole soul in the work and labor for the salvation of the youth of Zion of whom so much is expected? We are told that the responsibility of this Church must rest upon the shoulders of the youth of Zion, and we are too careless regarding our boys. I wonder if a moth-



er's heart does not ache just as much, if her sorrow is not as deep, to have a beloved son as to have a beloved daughter go astray? I do not think, my sisters and my brethren, that a boy can do wickedly and be excused in the sight of God any more than a girl can. The Lord will have the same judgment for a boy as for a girl, and we should teach an equal standard of virtue and morality for girls and for boys.

Now, a great evil throughout the world is the selling of liquor to minors; the law is not enforced. Many and many a girl and boy owe their downfall to the breaking of that law, and we should see to it, my sisters, that this law is enforced. I was told just the other day of a number of boys being drunk at a dance in a certain settlement, and a man from a large eastern city said, "Why, the people of my city where I live would rise en masse and prosecute those people and wipe them out of existence."

I believe that we should teach our girls retrenchment and practice retrenchment in dress ourselves. Many girls go up and down the streets; they see the display of beautiful things to wear in the windows; they love to dress, they love to appear as well as their neighbors. Some of our girls fall for this very reason. Now, my sisters, for the sake of those who have not the means can we not retrench, and help them in the way that they need, that they will not clothe their bodies with expensive dresses at the expense of their souls?

We have some girls who do not like work. They feel in their hearts that it is a disgrace. I feel we should go to our homes and tell our girls that it is honorable to labor with our hands; that it is not a disgrace, that it is very desirable for a woman to be a good house-keeper, to be a good cook, to be able to make her own clothes, to adorn her body with the workmanship of her own hands.

I plead with you, my sisters, to help those who are wayward, to see to it that your girls are properly married, that they seek the Lord in all earnestness, that they may have the companion that the Lord desires them to have, that they may have happiness.

Many of the children who are wayward are the sons and daughters of those who have not proper homes, of parents who do not understand par-

enthood. Some have step-fathers; some have step-mothers, who have not given the sacred order of marriage proper consideration. Some of course are the sons of widows, and how my heart goes out to the widow! She who is left without the companionship and assistance of her husband to help her to rear those little ones that God has given her. Often she has to go out and work. The children have to wander the streets unprotected, unguarded. They form evil habits. Can we not reach out our hands and help that widow? Cannot you, cannot I, can we not unitedly be missionaries to help save them? There are also mothers and fathers that have lost control over their loved ones. They have tried with all their might for years to keep their little ones around them. They have taught them proper principles. They have lived the Gospel, but the seed of wickedness has been permitted to grow perhaps among their neighbors, perhaps in another part of the city. Boys and girls who have been trying to be obedient to their mothers and fathers have been ridiculed. They have been told, "Why do you not assert yourself, your manhood," or "your womanhood? Why do you want to be tied to the apron strings of your mother? You are old enough to take care of yourself."

This life is as a garden. It should be guarded, should be cultivated, and we should try to keep the weeds of sin out. I have likened it to a beautiful lawn. It is beautiful, refreshing to the eyes to look upon; you water it and care for it. A few dandelions may come in; you dig them out; but what is your neighbor doing? What is done with vacant lots? Dandelions, weeds of all kinds are permitted to grow. The seed matures and they are scattered in that lawn, and it is a constant labor to keep them out. Sometimes you will get so tired; you give up, but if you give up that lawn is destroyed in a very short time. So it is if you give up, if you do not hold on to your boys and your girls who are wayward. My brothers and sisters, you cannot do it alone; a hundred cannot do it, nor a thousand, nor five thousand nor ten thousand. It takes the united effort of every living soul to stamp out sin, and I do not know that it ever will be stamped out. But I feel in my very soul that we



ought to put aside differences of religion, differences of politics, differences of organization. I feel that the Primary, the Religion Class, the Sunday School, the Mutual, the Relief Society, the press, the pulpit, and every human being must lend their efforts to stem the tide of evil.

I hope that the Lord will bless us. That He will pour out His Holy Spirit upon us; that we may go to our homes each one that has been warned this day, and warn our neighbor, and I ask it in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Solo, "The Seer" Sister Hood of Star Valley.

#### ADDRESS.

*By President Joseph F. Smith:*

I feel very thankful to the presidency of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association for the invitation to be present with you this afternoon. I came expecting to listen to those who have spoken and to the other whose name is on the program and was expected to be present to speak. I have been very highly entertained and deeply interested in the remarks that have been made to us this afternoon by the speakers. I am prepared from my own experience and from the promptings of the Spirit of the Lord to me to endorse, as the lawyers say "without recourse" the most excellent truths that were spoken by Dr. Woodruff. He spoke to us from a scientific point of view with reference to the subjects that he dwelt upon, and he truly spoke that which is most important and most necessary for the daughters of Zion as well as the sons of Zion to weigh carefully and if possible to thoroughly understand.

The subject that has been dwelt upon is a broad one: "What can be done to stem the tide of evil that is sweeping through the land?" I apprehend that one of the greatest evils existing, that is "sweeping through the land" is that of ignorance coupled with indifference. I presume that if the ignorant were not so indifferent to these facts and to their condition they might be prompted to learn more than they do. The trouble with men and women is that they too frequently close their eyes to the facts that exist around them, and it seems to be very difficult for many of the people to learn and adapt to their lives those

simple truths that should be in fact the household words and precepts of every Latter-day Saint, and of every home of a Latter-day Saint. How shall we stem the tide of this evil, this indifference, this consequent ignorance? It appears to me that the only way to do it is to wake up and become interested, or to interest ourselves in those things which are so important and necessary to the happiness and well being of the children of men, especially that which is so needful for the happiness and well being of ourselves individually.

It isn't *all* that is necessary, to learn the truth or to cease to be ignorant. Following that comes the application of the understanding and knowledge that we gain, to those works and things that are needful for our protection and for the protection of our children, our neighbors, our homes, and our happiness.

I see occasionally as I walk out in the evening, flocks of little girls and boys who seem to me from their appearance as not yet having reached their teens, little boys and little girls perhaps from ten to fourteen, and perhaps some of them older, in defiance of the curfew law, playing in the streets, loitering together in shady nooks, in alleys, in the recesses about their homes or the homes of somebody else. This I apprehend is an evil, a very serious evil. How will you stem it? How can it be prevented? The best way I know of to prevent it is for parents or the guardians of those children, both male and female, to wake up to the fact that they are allowing their children leeway, which will result as sure as the night follows the day, in wickedness, crime, and debauchery, if it is not stemmed, or stopped. Well, what shall we do? Why, mothers, or older sisters if there are no mothers, we have heard of widows here, they didn't tell us about the orphans, but there may be orphans who need protection, but the guardians of those little girls at least should look after them and see that they are in the house where they belong or under the protection of some chaperone or experienced individual, whose duty it is to care for their honor, their purity and virtue and see to it at once that they are taken care of and prevented from going out in the darkness of the night to associate with creatures who may be, so far as they know, more vile than

tongue would be permitted to tell here today; boys that smoke cigarettes, boys who delight in vulgarity, and obscenity, boys whose greatest pride is to destroy virtue and boast of it, and this is too often the character of boys that you will find playing with the little girls on the street at night. Are your boys out at night, mothers? How shall you prevent it? Teach them to come home at evening, and make home so attractive to them and so necessary that they would rather be at home than anywhere else in these dangerous hours, under the care of father or mother, or with those who love them and will keep and shield them from harm to the utmost. Now, this is the best way that I know of to stem this evil. We should wake up to the fact that our children are in danger, when they are out of our sight at times when they should not be; they should be looked after, especially in the night time, and especially should this be the case with the little girls.

Sister Brixen has truly said to us that it is as heinous and as objectionable for a boy to be wicked or to defile himself as it is for a girl to fall into sin and transgression, and yet in ninety-nine cases, perhaps, out of a hundred, in comparison, the boy may escape serious physical hurt, whereas the girl may be contaminated for life. I think we should watch our girls, look after them carefully, and teach them, as was so beautifully stated by Dr. Woodruff, the truth. Oh, how foolish it is for fathers or mothers to be ashamed to tell the truth to their children, and how readily the children learn to lie and deceive, and justify it in themselves, because they have been taught it by their parents.

"To him," it is said in the scripture, "that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." Well, what is the remedy? How will you stem the tide? Wake up to the fact that you have learned the truth, and stick to it, do it; honor it, and honor yourselves by standing to that which you have learned to be good. Now, I say to you, in that broad sense, that it will apply to all men and women and more especially to the Latter-day Saints, the Gospel is good. Disobedience to any principle of the Gospel is sin. How are you going to stop it? How are you going to prevent it? What are you going to do to remedy it, for, be it said not to the credit or honor of many so-called Latter-day Saints,

there are very few people that really observe every precept of the Gospel of Jesus that they have been taught. They don't seem to think it is essential.

I don't want to detain you long, there is another thought, however, that comes forcibly to my mind, it is of an evil which is stalking through the land, and its waves are surging against the borders of Zion. What is it? It was brought to my mind last evening in conversation with one of the sisters in our entertainment in the Bishops' Building. It is this: Prices are rising; fashions are coming in; customs are becoming more expensive, demanding greater sacrifices on our part to comply with them, and to keep apace with them. The rich are buying expensive automobiles and they are flying through the streets everywhere, the poor say, "we are just as good as the rich; we will have an automobile too." To accomplish this they will mortgage their homes. It was reported to us only last Sunday that within the last three months there have been over sixty homes mortgaged for automobiles. I hope it is not true. In former days men mortgaged their homes for carriages, horses and harness, because they were determined to keep apace in appearances with the rich. This was and is an evil; it is a mistake, and a serious one; I warn the Latter-day Saints, and especially you that are present here, not to encourage or permit your husbands, your brothers, or those with whom you are associated, to go into extravagance in anything. Extravagance is an evil, and how will you stem it? How are you going to prevent it? Be content with what you have; don't go into that which you cannot reach without jeopardizing your liberty and your homes. If there is anything that is sacred to me in all the world more than another, that is, pertaining to temporal things, it is the roof over the heads of my family. That is sacred to me. No mortgage can ever be placed over the heads of my wives and children for any extravagant thing if I can prevent it. But that is not the greatest of the evil; it is part of it. There is another part of this evil that is still greater than that. What is it? Why, it begins with the young man and the young woman. They want just as good a home as father had. He cannot think for a moment of getting married until he has a mansion. He

must have a mansion even if he must borrow the money to get it. So they go in debt and mortgage their home and the land on which they build, in order to get a home like father had, or better than father had, before he will get married; and the girl thinks just the same for it is the fashion in the world and is becoming so here. She don't want to go and live in a little adobe hut, log house, a little shack or anything of the kind. She wants her home to look as bright and beautiful as that of her neighbor. And so it goes, and will go on year after year, they foolishly waiting to get money ahead to get a home before they get married, then after a while all they have may go to their creditor. But that isn't all of it. That is scarcely the worst of it either, for after they get married, then what? It is the most heartless part of it. They say: "We must not have children; they are too expensive; it costs too much to take care of them," and so they fall into the trap that is set by the example of the world. If they have one child or two that is sufficient. If there is one thing more than another with which the world is accursed to-day, it is the barrenness of the rich and fashionable and their prevention of increase, and the fulfillment of that great command that was first given, to "Multiply and replenish the earth."

When I was a boy I got the idea it was a good thing to marry young. Some how I was impressed with the thought that it was not good for man to be alone, and as soon as I got home from my first mission I began to think about getting married, and I did. I got a young wife. Well, then you know in those days some of us didn't stop at one. We went on, and the girls that I married were young, thank God. They were not so old that they were set in their ways, so strongly they could not bend. They were young enough to adapt themselves to existing circumstances and conditions. People well along in years mostly want to have things come to their standard. If one is too long, he must be cut off, or made shorter; if too short, must be stretched out and made longer in order to suit their notions and ideas. Now, the girls that I married were so young and I was so young that we didn't have any of these troubles to contend with, so we all seemed to unite together and get along all right. But now these very mothers that were married when they

were young and have filled honorable missions raised beautiful families (and are all the better for it), and now they are getting old, they say, "Oh, I don't want to see my daughter married when she is young; I wouldn't consent for a moment to one of my daughters getting married when she is sixteen years old." Well, I fear that is a very general feeling. A beautiful young woman stood at the altar one time when another beautiful woman knelt at the altar to be married to a young man. Brother Wells was officiating. He looked at the lady standing there and said: "Is this your sister?" "Why, no," she said, "that is my daughter." "Your daughter?" "Yes, sir." "Why, you don't look old enough to have a daughter." "Yes, but she is my daughter." "Why, how old is she." "Well, she is twelve years old." "My soul, don't you think that is very young to get married?" She said, "Yes, I do, but I did it myself, and I cannot object to my daughter doing it." I am not here to advocate the marriage of girls twelve years old, but I do protest against mothers allowing their girls to live to be old maids before they consent for them to get married, if they have a chance to get married before they get to be old maids. I do object to your encouraging your sons to wait until they are old bachelors before they begin to think of getting married. I think it is wrong. I think much of the evil that exists throughout the world is the result of this procrastination, this delay of plain duty, and of meeting honestly the obligations placed upon mankind by the Lord. Now, I hope nobody will run off with the idea that I have been preaching polygamy to you, for I have not. That is a thing of the past, I thank the Lord, nevertheless, that I have lived when I did, and that I have lived as I have lived, and I hope that I may be able to continue to the end.

Now, my sisters, the evils of the fashions of the world, the curtailment of God's blessings through the love of pleasure, the prevention of the righteous and just requirements of Nature, the over-indulgence in wanton pleasure, in extravagance, and all these things, tend to the destruction of the moral character of the community. I do deplore anything that will destroy and prevent the accomplishment of God's purposes among the children of men, and I admire those that are willing to keep the commandments of



the Lord and to live righteous lives; to learn the truth and do it. "Wherefore," the Lord has said, "let every one learn his duty and act in the office in which he is appointed, in all diligence, and he that is slothful shall not be counted worthy to stand."

May the Lord bless you, my sisters, and those that preside over this great organization of Mutual Improvement. May you carry with you to your homes the blessings of your associates during this conference, and may you go home with better feelings, with stronger determination to do the will of the Father, and to accomplish the work of the Lord than you ever had before.

Let me say before I sit down I know the Gospel is true. I know that Joseph Smith was chosen and raised up of God to lay the foundation of this latter-day work, and that he did it not by his own wisdom nor by the wisdom of men, but he did it by the wisdom of the Lord, and the inspiration of God. He has accomplished that which the Almighty Himself is pledged by His promise and His word to sustain and maintain in the earth until His will is accomplished and will be done on earth as it is in heaven. It is not to be discontinued nor left to another people, but it is to continue on until Father's purposes shall be accomplished; which may God grant; and that we all may be faithful to the same, is my prayer. Amen. (Conference Report will be continued in the August JOURNAL.)

#### FRUIT FOR HOSPITAL.

Thanking the Young Ladies for the generous support all laudable undertakings receive from them, we beg leave to call their attention to the following letter from the Presiding Bishopric, the contents of which we desire them to carefully note:

Presiding Bishop's Office,  
Church of Jesus Christ of  
Latter-day Saints.

Salt Lake City, Utah, May, 20, 1910.

"Mrs. M. H. Tingey and Counselors,  
City.

"DEAR SISTERS:—Referring to our letter of June 7th, 1909, we are very pleased

to advise you that we received a generous response from the various ward organizations of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, in response to our invitation that they donate bottled fruit for the Latter-day Saints Hospital, and sufficient has been received to supply the institution through the winter and spring of 1909 and 1910.

"May we again appeal to the generosity and kindness of the officers and members of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, to make us a similar donation of fruit for the present year, and may we solicit your influence and assistance in this laudable and worthy undertaking?

"We have on hand a large supply of fruit bottles, which we will ship, express or freight pre-paid, in substantial boxes, of twelve each, to any person or persons you may designate, with the understanding that the same size bottles, in our original boxes, are returned to us, because the boxes are quite expensive.

"We shall issue acknowledgements to each ward or stake as we may be instructed, and also supply tickets to be placed on the bottles. In this connection we regret to say that we have received a large number of bottles of fruit without the slightest clue as to who sent the fruit to us, and if you hear a complaint from any organization that they have not received credit for the fruit shipped, we shall be pleased to issue receipts accordingly.

Soliciting a continuation of your kind interest in the hospital, we are,

"Your Brethren in the Gospel,

"C. W. NIBLEY,

"ORRIN P. MILLER,

"DAVID A. SMITH."

#### "SCHOOL AND FIRESIDE."

"School and Fireside" by Dr. Karl G. Maeser, is for sale by the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store, 44 East So. Temple St., Salt Lake.

Price to Y. L. M. I. A., \$1.00 net, 14 cents postage.



# Young Woman's Journal

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IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS.

IMPROVEMENT OUR MOTTO,  
PERFECTION OUR AIM.

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SALT LAKE CITY, - JULY, 1910

## Enthusiasm.

"Every great and commanding moment in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm."—Emerson.

In reading the world's history one is astonished at the wonderful achievements of a few people who have been filled with enthusiasm and faith in the justice of their undertaking.

Every fibre of Columbus' being was aglow with enthusiasm. So earnest was he that Queen Isabella caught his spirit and lo, a new world was revealed—a greater accomplishment than the discoverer dreamed of.

The young student is thrilled when he reads of the enthusiasm and unyielding devotion of those colonists, whose interest in a com-

mon cause and whose faith in the justice of their position, united them into one mighty phalanx against a common foe. To the onlooking nations how weak they must have appeared, how hopeless must have seemed their case, how certain that the war would end disastrously for them. As the news of the results of one engagement after another was carried across the water great was the astonishment. Wonderful, indeed, are the powers of enthusiasm and righteousness: Columbus discovered a new world; the colonists brought forth from the smoke of battle a new nation whose government "for the people, by the people, and of the people" has been the wonder and admiration of empire and kingdom.

Whether in world movements or individual achievements, enthusiasm is the key that unlocks the portal and carries over the threshold of success. A great painting or sculpture was never made without the artist was filled with intense fervor. No great piece of music was ever written or well executed unless the musician was filled with deep feeling. The speaker moves his hearers in proportion to the fire that burns within his own soul.

Only those physicians stand in the foremost ranks who are filled with a fervent love for their work and an incessant thirst for new information. The great teachers have been those who have been filled with love for, and faith in, the splendid possibilities and high requirements of their calling. The great writers who have moved countless thousands have had guiding their pens deep emotion and zeal.

To be effective, enthusiasm must not be of the fire cracker order, but steady, determined, continued. It must be strong enough to withstand

repeated attacks and many discouragements and defeats. It must move on in the midst of opposition and must rise above every disaster for thus above can it ultimately triumph.

Youth is the time for greatest enthusiasm. Longfellow says :

"How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams

With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!  
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,  
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!

Alladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus' Purse,  
That holds the treasures of the universe!  
All possibilities are in its hands,  
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;

In its sublime audacity of faith,  
'Be thou removed!' it to the mountain saith,

And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,

Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!"

It is of vital importance for the young to be sure that their enthusiasm is directed along right channels, that it may be a factor in the development and upbuilding of themselves and their fellows. Each boy and girl should be enthusiastic in walking in the path of righteousness, in furthering every good work—enthusiastic about the real and lasting rather than the vain and passing things of life.

## Martha Pond' Read.

*By Alice Calder Tuddenham.*

After a brief illness, Martha Pond Read, mother of our organist, Mattie Read Evans, passed away. Sister Read was a consistent Latter-day Saint, a faithful wife and a true mother—true because she was willing that many should call her that blessed name, Mother. She loved the Gospel and she lived it that her record in the Lamb's book of life might be without one error.

She never let an opportunity escape wherein she could bear her testimony. She loved the Scriptures, she loved the hymns and when her soul was tired and downcast comfort and consolation have come to her through those sacred writings.

For many years Sister Read was a sufferer. Then when the Lord saw fit to strengthen her, she used that strength to His glory, proving herself a Savior on Mt. Zion to her loved ones and many others who had died without a knowledge of the Gospel.

Our sympathy and love go out to Mattie, her father, and brothers and sisters. May God be with them till they meet their loved one again.

"When life's perils thick confound them,  
Put His arms unfailing round them;  
God be with them till they meet again."





FEEDING HER BIRDS.—*Millet.*



# YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL

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## Mental and Moral Conservation.

*By Willard Done.*

In a former article,\* attention was called to the fact that great wealth resides in the human being, not only because man is of value himself, but because he is the force in nature by which the material wealth of the world is produced, used, and increased. It was pointed out that one of the great duties of mankind and of society is to produce and conserve as much as possible of the wealth resident in humanity, and that means are justified and admirable that look to the increasing and the preserving of it.

An additional thought is suggested, to which attention will be given in this treatise. There is given to man not only the temporal, physical life, with all its glories and powers and possibilities, but also the mental and the moral life, with possibilities immediately valuable and reaching into eternity. If it is important that the vital energy and potentialities in men and women shall be preserved and used, it seems fully as important that the mental and moral forces, which go so far toward determining the value of vital forces, shall also have the best attention of economists.

Every child is born heir to unlimited and eternal powers. If our doctrine of the divine parentage of man means anything, it means that there lies in the child at birth the possibility of becoming all that the Father is. The potentialities of unbounded

and eternal progress are there, as the pattern of the oak is in the acorn. Cultivation and use and conservation are needed to bring these powers to their full fruition, which means the development of the child into a perfect image of God. If it was shown in the previous article that wealth and economy and the progress of the race are secured by the conservation of the physical vitality and powers within us, it surely follows that the mental and moral powers we possess, which make for our eternal safety and progress, are worthy of our best attention.

This human vitality and energy must not be wasted. It seems a crime to dissipate the heaven-born power vested in every man and woman, instead of using it to the advancement of the race and the glory of God. It is a paramount duty to preserve and use and increase this source of wealth and progress, in such a way that as little as possible of it shall have been created in vain. Commencing with the child, care should be taken to cultivate and train and preserve and develop and increase all of its worthy forces, that the man and the woman may be fully equipped for the work awaiting every one. The promise of childhood must not be broken; it must be fulfilled in a strong and glorious and efficient maturity.

In the very essence of human nature, however, there is a formidable

obstacle to the fulfilment of this great law and duty of conserving moral and intellectual powers. In every human being is implanted at birth not only the germ of immortality and eternal progress bequeathed by divine parentage, but the seed of decay and death and sin, inherited from mortal parents. Every soul is born to pass through dissolution and death and be subject for the time to the assaults of sin. It is a condition of our mortal life that the glories and powers and possibilities of eternity shall be mixed with the perishable clay of earth. We can not have it otherwise. We would not if we could. It is the doorway, humble and narrow as all doorways to greatness must be, to the boundless progress of eternity.

And yet, this mingling of weakness with strength is the great difficulty in the way of achieving the triumphs of conserving and developing the wonderful powers within us. The test of our success must always be found in the ratio existing between the Divine powers and their use, on the one hand, and the weaknesses of the flesh on the other. And any agency or movement that will assist us in increasing the percentage of virtue and integrity and the effectiveness and strength which come from these qualities, is to be welcomed as a means of present and eternal progress and economy.

It is easier to preserve this strength and efficiency than to regain it after it is lost in whole or in part. Hence, the value of means of prevention as compared with means of cure. The perpetual conflict that is being waged between the ills and perversities of the flesh on the one hand and the constructive forces of virtue and goodness on the other, can best be won by the latter if advantage is taken of the opportunities in the preliminary skirmish. It is

suicidal to wait till the battle fairly commences in any individual case, before putting forth our best efforts. For the forces of evil never fight fairly. Their conflicts are never open battles; they are always ambushes and surprises. So skilfully is the plan of the ambush laid, so insidiously does the force of evil advance under any cover that will serve its purpose, that almost before we are aware, the surprise has been effected; the ambush has been accomplished; the power of defense has been swept away; the forces of virtue and active good have been put to ignominious flight. In the preparation for the conflict, therefore, rather than in the battle when it is fully joined, is our best opportunity for success.

In view of the fact that every person manifests a certain degree and kind of weakness, it is manifestly the duty of individuals and of society in general to strive for the elimination of these weaknesses, and the lessening of their effects, in order that the aggregate wealth of the mental and the moral world may be increased. For the larger margin of goodness and strength over evil and weakness, the greater the wealth resultant from this strength. Conversely, a great loss is sustained by society, as well as by the individual, when through any cause whatsoever a man or a woman is mentally or morally lost. It is impossible for us to calculate the amount of such loss; for we must take into consideration not only the good the individual might have done, but the amount of evil he or she will do as a result of going astray. The loss is therefore both positive and negative.

Hence, it follows that as a matter of economy, if no other consideration were thought of, every effort should be made to prevent this loss of individual strength and efficiency.

And yet the wasteful method is often followed of driving from society and from the path of useful progress the person who has been found in some trivial fault, instead of taking him by the hand and kindly drawing him back to the light. Men are too prone to be pharisees, magnifying the evil they see in others and judging them harshly, discouraging all efforts at reform, instead of assisting in every possible way the overcoming of weaknesses. What is the result of this tendency? As soon as one makes a misstep, however slight and venial, he is often made to feel that he is no longer fit to mingle with us; he is ostracized, in effect; and the consequence is that we lose for the time being the efficacy he still possesses. In a little time this process of ostracism has almost unconsciously gone on, until the individual involved feels that it is of no use to attempt reformation; that he is as good as lost; and the margin between his limit of weakness and the full power of his soul gradually narrows, and finally is obliterated. He is then totally lost; and recovery is possible only in the economy of God. And that is usually too late for us who were the man's friends, and could have been his helpers, to receive present benefit from his reformation. So far as this life is concerned, he has become a derelict, tossed aside by the surging waves of humanity, to be rescued only when the poor hulk is abandoned and the freed spirit enters the haven where all may find a measure of safety and appreciation from Him who can judge us rightly.

The little hint of our wasteful methods here given applies with much greater force to the woman than to the man. So much more is expected of her, because her mission is different from man's, that as

soon as she has made the least possible swerve from the path of right, men and women join in what looks like a preconcerted effort to force her farther astray. We take the position of the observer of the sun who pays a great deal more attention and attaches more importance to the spots on the sun than the much larger space of undimmed surface. Of course, we are all likely to agree with Holmes, who says in his *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, "I would have a woman true as death." So would we all. But that is no reason why on the first intimation of her indiscretion we should throw her into the mire, to be entirely swallowed up in the blackness which had previously only smirched the hem of her garment. Such procedure is not economy. It lacks a great deal of being common humanity.

From what has been said, arises the question: Is it not a great deal better to use and preserve a portion of the individual's force and efficacy, than to throw away and lose what force for good may remain in him, merely because he has forfeited part of his efficiency by a misstep? How shall we, who are imperfect, declare that another, whose imperfection takes a different direction from ours, shall not be used in the work of the world, but condemned to despair? To be specific: Many of the world's greatest men, many of her geniuses, have been possessed of weaknesses, all the more pronounced because of their great strength of character. These elements of evil are never negative in strong individuals. They are aggressively positive. They take different directions, but all are of one family. And they constitute the leaden weights to the wings of genius, chiefly because of their fellows' unfriendly and uncharitable



attitude. Given a certain amount of positive and friendly help, these men could have lived down their faults. Given even a little encouragement, instead of unfriendly censure, they could have overcome in many instances the forces of sin and death.

Yet what has been the attitude of the world in these cases? One sublime poet is allowed to drift through the shoals of intemperance and financial failure upon the rocks of disaster and early death, leaving only his work behind him to show the heart of gold. Another is driven from the England he glorified, to find an early death in a foreign country which his great soul tried to befriend. Another is driven from his own home and children, to die an exile's death on the shore of Italy. Still another passes priceless days fretting in a debtor's prison, eating his heart out for too much unselfish generosity and the lack of financial prudence. One of the friends of the colonies, and in a sense their financial savior, is allowed to die in prison, where he has been cast for debt. And so the list might grow, until it would fill a volume.

Who can tell what more these great souls might have done for the world, if the snap judgment of self-righteous men had not been taken against them, and they condemned to ostracism, to bitterness, to enmity with those whom they would have benefited? How much better it would have been to help them preserve and use the splendid gifts they displayed, magnifying the good within them, and minimizing the evil, until they might have been lifted out of the adverse conditions that engulfed them, to shine with fuller, larger, and continued effulgence for the enlightenment of the world.

Nor do we need to go so far afield for instances of a similar nature. I knew a man, one of the most talented of our intermountain region could boast, who because of strong appetite and weak will was enslaved by alcohol; and in the commencement of his thralldom, because his weakness of will made him unreliable, he was tabooed by his fellows and forced by circumstances into the mire of decay, when he might have shone with the brightness of his genius, but for the harsh judgment of the world. I know men and women whose souls are full of blessing for their fellows; whose voices are tuned to the sublimest melodies; whose minds are full of the pearls and gold of priceless thoughts; but who, because of falling a little short of our more or less arbitrary standards, are allowed to fret and chafe against fate, when the precious gifts they possess might be used for the uncounted blessing of the world. Who does not know one or more such persons? Why should we be deprived of the help they could give us, when a little friendly charity and positive encouragement could save all that wealth for society? Why do we not use the gifts they do possess, instead of condemning them because they lack in part some of the gifts and natures they should have? It is a question of the conservation, through use, of the Divine attributes we have as His children, or on the other hand, the loss of those gifts through the same blindness that Othello refers to when he speaks of the Judean who "Threw a pearl away, richer than all his tribe."

In the Mutual Improvement Associations and the other auxiliary organizations of the Church, there is splendid opportunity for the exercise of this preventive and saving



principle of helpfulness and encouragement. In the earlier organizations children of tender years are taken and trained in the avoidance of the evils that belong to later childhood and early maturity. Then when the youth or maiden enters the Mutual Improvement Association, opportunity is given for the continuation of this constructive and preventive work. If, however, one should come to the later organizations who has been led into minor errors, and is diffident about entering upon active work there on account of his slight failings being known to his associates, he can be led gradually into it and encouraged in it, through the loving tact of the officers and members. For example: We may suppose that one such has some musical ability; another excels in literary work; still another in oratory; and another in scientific or inventive lines, or in art, or in debating, or in story telling. With the changing and broadening of the work in the Mutual Improvement Associations, effected in recent years, place has been made for these varied exercises. Your diffident and self-conscious young man or woman can be encouraged to exercise his or her ability in one of the lines above mentioned, without in the least disturbing the regular order or changing the general purpose of the work done there. And I verily believe that many a one can be saved to great usefulness and high integrity by the means here outlined, if such means are properly used.

This idea is suggested by the first name given to the young women's organization, "The Retrenchment Society." The very name indicates that the associations were organized partly for the purpose of effecting a retrenchment, or change, in something that was objectionable in the lives of the members. What

is here made to apply to the young people as a whole, can be made to apply equally well to individuals. If these organizations were expected to bring about a retrenchment in the community surely they should be effectual in saving from despair those who have taken the first step downward, and are pleading from the brink of the precipice to be saved from further degradation.

This is not a plea for the hardened debauchee, the vile sinner, the reeling drunkard, the foul-mouthed, blatant blasphemer, the woman who is scarlet and unrepentant in her sin. Other means may be found of dealing with these, without encouraging their association with pure and earnest young people. It is a plea for the person who is likely, through misfortune and environment and example, to fall into the rudiments of sin, and then feel that attempts at reform are useless. For by using the talent such ones possess, forgetting for the times, and teaching them to forget permanently, their weaknesses, which have stood in the way of their advancement, we may lead upward to the light by the same loving encouragement Jesus displayed; and not drive them into the depths of despair by harshness and lack of charity.

I realize now that space is available in this article to speak of only one of the many possible and important phases of this subject of mental and moral conservation. That one I have attempted to treat with sufficient force and clearness to bring it to the attention of the workers in this great field of human culture and social improvement. Other phases of the subject will, it is to be hoped, be presented in the future by those who are thoroughly qualified to treat them in the masterly and exhaustive manner their importance demands.



## Rain from the Sea

Over the main, the sky was filled with domes of cumuli, and they shimmered with pale, iridescent tints. But those pearly clouds foreboded mischief; the thunderbolt lay hidden in their breast.

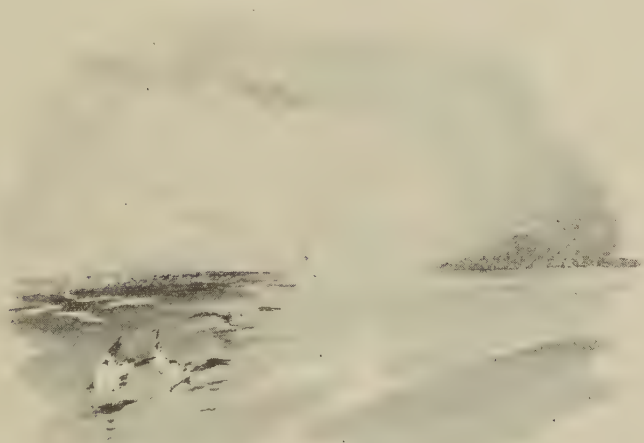
What fun it was to scamper across the sands, chased by wind, and rain, and tide. Hurried by the sea-winds the pale clouds were reeling forward, a dense unbroken wall, sun-flushed top, but driving before it columns of beating rain. What a world of strange loveliness was there around us! Every rock-girt pool was of a beauty untellable. The scarlet star-fish clung to granite ledges, the wine-purple sea-urchin lay on the sands, and under the shining water, amid fantastic weeds, amber-golden, mauve, bronze-green—the sea-anemone unfolded its living flowers.

But this sea-born tempest, sent us from off the beach in a hurry.

Our shelter was a branch-drooping oak; the rain came down in floods. From the long, pendant mosses loaded with water, that hung from the trees, poured a continuous stream. The very sea itself seemed to be overhead and falling upon the land.

And then it cleared; the sunlight streamed through the wood. From sands and grass, from trunks and foliage of trees, the moisture arose; it floated away in veils of mist. The world appeared young again. The millions of yellow poppies, amid the grass, the crimson verbenas on the white dunes, burned like spots of fire, the waves broke in emerald and topaz over the dark stacks. Even the shoreward rocks, the sombre trees, lost their frowns as the sunshafts touched their wet edges and foliage with erratic lines of transparent gold.

*Alfred Lambourne*



# Betty's Bulwarks.

*By Jennie Roberts Mabey.*

Two young people on horseback came riding slowly along the lonely mountain trail leading from Cotton Creek. The sun was getting well towards the west and the shadows were growing longer under the hills, and clear red glints fell across the cool ripples in the river below. Now and then delicious, refreshing breaths of wild sage and pine drifted down from the canyons.

Betty Madison was spending a few months on her brother's ranch in Idaho. She had ridden to the little post office around the bend for an expected letter, and her companion, a young cattleman and rancher, had recognized her from a hill above, where he had been searching for "strays" and had recklessly, but gracefully, made the descent and joined her upon the road below.

Betty had held her breath in thrilled admiration and amazement. Jim Farland was a continual surprise and wonder to her, but then there were a great many things to surprise and amaze one here in Idaho.

Those who had known Betty in her city home would hardly have recognized her here. Her slender form seemed to have grown in stature and energy, and over her delicate face and white throat the fresh mountain air had spread a creamy, becoming tan. There was a new brilliance in her eyes and a healthy, rosy glow in her cheeks. Her admiration for the country's wildness constantly grew and the invigorating atmosphere increased her beauty and strength.

"So you think Idaho life is great?" the young rancher said eag-

erly, while he bent over to look straight into her eyes—a thing he seemed rather fond of doing lately.

The girl flushed slightly. She had not seen Jim Farland on an average of four times a week the past three months for nothing.

"In the summer time," she said tactfully. "The winters must be dreadfully cold and long."

"Yes," he agreed, "but you're such a game little brick of a girl, you wouldn't mind 'em at all. Do you know," admiringly, "I had no idea you'd be like this. Somehow I'd put up city girls as pretty skittish things, that would shriek at the sight of a chip-monk, let alone ford rivers and drive a herd o' cattle and shoot off a gun!"

"Yes," admitted the girl, "but I shouldn't want some of my city friends to see me doing it. They'd think I'd lost my maidenly modesty."

"Shucks!" he said contemptuously, in his slightly drawling, rich voice. "I've no use for a tenderfoot. Hate cities anyhow, they're so crowded an' narrow. You have to walk round mighty careful or you'll step on your neighbor's toes. I got tired of it here once, ropin' stock, and thought I'd like a change of scenery. But I didn't stay in the city long. It seemed mighty good to get back where I could smell sage again, it's so gloriously free and big here!" He took off his hat for a moment and let the breeze play with his hair. It was pretty hair, brown and wavy, indeed, he was a splendid type of virility, his shoulders were broad and square, and he wore his canvas coat with a grace that



bespoke great physical strength and independence.

"By golly!" he went on with a short laugh, "your whole city could rattle round inside most any ranch here without the ranch knowing it was there, either."

Miss Madison drew her mouth into a thin, resentful red line. Jim Farland was always "guying" her about her city home.

The young rancher suddenly realized that he was treading upon dangerous ground, and stopped short.

"Say," he said, with his sunniest smile; "you're looking fine. You're a little thoroughbred Idahoan now, all right!"

"I'm not," she contradicted, "I could never do like the girls here—for anything. I couldn't live in Idaho. There would be too many things to sacrifice."

"You—you think the life up here is too hard on them?"

"That's because I look at it from my city point of view. I—I suppose I'm a weakling."

"No," he said emphatically. "You're not, if this country or some one in it seemed worth while you'd be strong enough, I'll wager."

Betty smiled and shrugged her shoulders.

He went on—almost as though pleading with her.

"The life here tries a woman a heap, I know, but it tests them—true—and it rewards them. They have a great place among us men folks. We depend on them indoors and out; their husbands and their sons worship them."

Dorothy flushed involuntarily, but she met him gayly.

"In the city, too. Come and see! But, changing the subject, is there still to be a dance over at Wheelers, Friday night?"

"Yes," he said, with the orchestra from the Falls. That's why I came

down the hill—to ask you to go with me. Will you?"

"I—I can't," she said haltingly and with averted eyes. "A friend of mine from down home will be here then."

The young fellow's face flushed a dusky red, and his sunny eyes grew suddenly hard and cold.

"I understand, all right," he said sarcastically. "I'm not such a wooden head as I look. It's some city guy you're tied up to."

Betty turned about and faced him with angry indignant eyes.

"What an expression! You haven't an atom of respect for me or you'd never use such language. I shall not listen to you another moment," and she urged her horse into a quick pace.

He tapped his horse to keep up with her.

"Say, please don't get mad," he begged, "I'm sorry I spoke like that, on the dead, I am; I just didn't think. That's a habit I've got not thinking, and if you say so, I'll even apologize to—to that friend though I can't pretend to like him much. You see you gave me such an awful shock."

Betty sat in rigid haughtiness. Her brown eyes swept the hills—she would not even look at him.

Jim Farland sat in a dejected attitude.

"Say, girlie," he asked, after riding along in silence for a few moments. "Why didn't you tell me about that other feller. You might have known 'twould be pretty rough on me. I don't think you've played fair—on the square I don't."

"Oh," exclaimed the girl in a shocked voice. "You mean—you mean that I've encouraged you—led you on? Jim Farland, you're simply intolerable! What a pity I didn't know you were so susceptible. I'm terribly sorry," with withering scorn, "the best thing I can

do for you now is to leave you. Goodbye."

A haze of yellow dust enveloped the girl and her horse, and he knew she would soon be out of hearing.

He spurred his horse forward again. It seemed to him that Betty Madison, adorable as she was, was also rather unreasonable at times.

"Girlie," he begged again, "let's be friends. Won't you tell me—?"

"I shall tell you nothing, Mr. Farland, and it would be very advisable for you to go back the way you came."

"Whew!" Jim sighed heavily. There was an uncomfortable heavy feeling in his chest, on the side where his heart was. Still, he was of a hopeful nature and presently tried again.

"Then you're going to the dance with that—friend of yours?"

"I thought I had succeeded in making you understand that your company is neither wanted nor enjoyed. I don't wish to talk to you."

Slowly it began to dawn upon Jim Farland that she did not intend to thaw out that evening. He glanced at her sidelong and his eyes had a certain gleam that was not there five minutes before. He rode along silent and crestfallen until they reached the top of the hill, then fell behind without a word. Turning his horse about he clattered away down the trail, leaving the girl in a state of great bewilderment and chagrin.

Presently she felt unaccountably tired and wished that she might straighten her limbs before the long ride home. Slipping from Lady's back and holding the trailing reins lightly in her hand, she sank down upon a rock.

She could hardly believe that Jim Farland had gone, and she almost expected him to appear any second. But he did not come. She sat forlorn and lonely. She had under-

stood him perfectly, too, and what he might have said. But there were times when he tormented her so that she longed to hurt him—hurt him badly, she could hardly explain why. He was always so terribly confident and sure of himself. Taking out a letter from the inside of her white blouse, she looked at it thoughtfully. Her joke seemed flat and distasteful enough now. She had almost grown to dislike that letter, and Helen was such a dear girl, too!

Suddenly she jumped up with a start. She had rested much longer than she had intended. At the same instant from over the hill behind her came the whinny of a horse. Lady stood alert for a second, and then, before Betty knew what had happened, gave a loud answering call, jerked away, and kicking up her heels went tearing around the hill like mad.

Betty ran wildly after her for a few rods and then stopped short, staring in dismay as a small band of horses raced over a sage-covered plateau and then vanished. Betty choked, and wished she were a man, and for once could give way to her feelings in big swear words.

"Oh, Lady," she wailed, her self-control going to the four winds. "Whatever shall I do, you mean, little beast! Seven miles home and a river between with no bridge. Ten chances to one no one will be coming this way tonight. At Ernest's they don't worry over me any more because I'm always gone so long. They won't think anything's wrong until it gets way late. Oh, dear, if I had only kept Jim!"

He had thought her strong and brave she reflected, wiping the tears away with the sleeve of her habit. Well, he had made a big mistake, she was feeling very weak and truly feminine just now. She supposed that an Idaho girl would not think

of crying over a seven miles walk, but it would soon be dark and she had heard that wild cats and mountain lions and even bears lurked in these hills.

In a sudden panic at the thought, she began running along the trail leaving the marks of her high-heeled shoes in the thick yellow dust. Finally she stopped out of breath. She hoped fervently that Jim Farland did not hear of this. He was such an unmerciful tease.

Twilight had settled appallingly around her, and she looked up the trail forlornly. Suddenly her eyes rested upon a white object far, far ahead, slowly moving her way. Straining her eyes she made it out to be a sheep camp, and her heart gave a joyful throb. Yes, it surely was coming her way. She would hire the herder to take her to her brother's ranch, she thought gratefully, and felt sure he would do it. People were so kind and accommodating up here. At that moment what had appeared to be a camp went crawling gradually up the hill, and she could tell that it was either a white cow or horse. Tears of disappointment rolled down her cheeks. She wiped them away, leaving dark, dusty streaks down each cheek.

Presently gathering fresh courage she started feverishly forward again with quick steps. She passed a small trail that led across country and shortened the distance, but she kept close to the larger one in the vain hope of meeting someone. Remembering that near the river the trail joined a well-traveled road she felt that very likely someone would come along and help her across the water, at least—the other mile would be easy.

She kept on hopefully, trying to concentrate her mind upon pleasant things. It had grown quite dark by this time. The stars were com-

ing out and chill night breezes were blowing down the canyons. Betty hurried on, at times in a frenzy of fear. Once a rabbit ran across her path and a night bird flew out from under her very feet, and both had brought a little terrified cry to the girl's lips.

In the darkness she finally recognized a familiar landmark and knew that she had come but four miles, with two more to go before reaching the river. She longed to sit down and rest, but not daring to stop, she kept on with weary aching feet, and a deep sigh of discouragement. She had had no idea that she was such a pedestrian. The feat a few hours before would have seemed impossible.

Presently there came a soft light in the east, and Betty knew that in a short time she would see the moon.

It arose full and splendid above the purple hills, lessening half the night's terrors. It was gloriously light, and the girl being able to see every object distinctly, dared to rest a moment.

After what seemed an interminable time, she came to the place where the trail and the road joined and led down to the river, without encountering a solitary person. Oh, for the sight of a familiar face! If only Jim Farland would suddenly dash up in his usual abrupt, startling way. She smiled as she imagined what he'd say, but believed that she could endure his bantering with good grace, just now.

The girl gazed in despair as far as she could see there was no one in sight, nor a sound to be heard except the soft swishing and rippling of the river below.

Suddenly from way up above her, through the night's stillness, there came the long, weird howl of a coyote, it echoed and reverberated until it seemed to arise from within



a few feet of where the paralyzed Betty stood. She did not stop to consider the animal's close proximity long, with a scream of abject terror she sped down to the river like a reindeer, and climbed to the top of a huge boulder, where she stood calling for help at the top of her voice, but her cries sounded weak, and, like her vision, seemed to travel but a short distance.

"Ernest, Ernest!" she wailed frantically, time after time, and then pleadingly, "Jim, oh, Jim!" until her throat ached and she trailed off into loud sobbing.

Finally, a sound attracted her attention and she stopped short, bending forward to listen, her heart palpitating wildly. It surely sounded like hoof beats. The regular thud, thud came very near and she held her breath, thinking that if she had not been screaming so she would have heard the sound before.

There was no mistake a horseman had most certainly ridden into sight, and the girl stood ready to call if he chanced to start up the other way.

Horse and rider came straight on towards Betty, and in the bright moonlight she suddenly recognized the strong broad shouldered figure of Jim Farland and clasped her hands together in prayerful gratitude.

He did not see her at first and began urging his tired, steaming horse into the water, but the girl moved slightly and attracted his attention.

With a great cry of thankfulness he leaped from his horse and started towards her, but stopped suddenly and leaned for some moments, without speaking, against the rock upon which she stood.

"Betty!" he said brokenly, when he could find voice, "I—I thought something awful had happened, I

thought I heard you calling me."

"I was calling Er-Ernest," she said, trying to control the sobs that came back and shook her voice.

"Funny," he said, "I sure thought I heard someone calling Jim, and if I didn't burn a streak with old Gunpowder trying to get here, I tell you."

He held up his arms to help her down. His hat fell off and the moon revealed his tense drawn face.

With her usual perverseness and to conceal her weakness, the girl stood intrenched behind a fortification of dignity and politeness. She slid part way down the rock and then gave him one hand.

"Thank you Mr. Farland," she said sweetly.

He gazed at her intently. Betty Madison was a bluffer. He put one hand under her chin to make her look up at him, then he did an unpardonable thing. He laughed and laughed at the streaked, besmudged little face that he held up to the moon.

This was more than Betty could bear, her dignity and polite bearing broke down in a flash. Her lips trembled tragically, and she jerked away to burst into wild sobbing again, hiding her face against the side of the big rock.

Jim Farland stood troubled and helpless for a moment then took a step and bent over her coaxingly.

"Don't cry, girlie," he pleaded, "turn around and let me square myself."

"O, don't worry about it," she choked, "it—it—just proves how much you cared."

"For the love of Mike!" he exclaimed with a deep breath. "You sure don't know what you're saying. If—if you knew how I felt when those horses came ripping into the field with Lady among 'em, her bridle clear gone and the saddle



trailing. Your brother got her of me, you know, and whenever she gets loose she always comes home. And I thought—well never mind—I knew you were in trouble, girlie, and I came just as fast as I could. I found your poor little tracks in the dust and—and could see where you'd been running—" he broke off suddenly, his voice very tender, then went on unsteadily. "I—I sure had a pretty low opinion of myself, right then, for leaving you all alone. I—I thought a heap about that city friend of yours, too, and knew just about how he'd feel—"

"Oh, Jim, you are so splendid and good when I—"

She was cut off short. Again the hills resounded with the coyote's mournful wail, and with a little ter-

rified cry she flew straight into Jim's strong arms.

"Oh, take me home," she begged, I'm all upset, and I get frightened over nothing when—when I'm so tired."

"No," emphatically holding her close, "I'll not take a step, until you tell me whose girl you are. That friend—"

"Oh, Jim, it's a girl, Helen Culmer, and she's coming up to see me. You—you know I didn't say—"

"You sure didn't. Do you think you could learn to like it up here in Idaho?"

If—if you're always near Jim to keep away the coyotes," and then in a moment as they started towards the river in the moonlight. "It's such a big, beautiful country, Jim."

## At Even-Song.

*By Laura Le Sieur.*

I know, I know through my own mad dreaming  
The thoughts that knock at thy troubled breast,  
When sunset's fiery rays up-streaming  
Grow dull and die in the smoky West:

For memory paints athwart the shadow  
A lone star set in the after glow,  
The creeping dusk o'er a wild, green meadow,  
The sweet, dead days of the long ago.

In joy or sorrow or midnight waking  
Parted are we as the mountain streams,  
While Fate looks on at our heart's dumb aching  
Like the star that shone on our empty dreams.

## "La Niobide"

*By Emily Clowes Burke.*

Within the castle walls of Milan, and shadowed by the guard, kneels "La Niobide." Terrible her agony, yet beautiful her grace, as she bends far backward and makes vain effort with her right hand to draw from her back the deeply imbedded ar-

row, while with the left, she holds a cloth to staunch the blood.

A few weeks ago, in Rome, a workman excavating on or near ground belonging to the *Banca Commerciale* of Milan, found, in one of the many subterranean gal-



"LA NIOBIDE."

leries that extend for a vast space of land under the *Orti Sallustiani*, the Palace of Finance, and the church of St. Mary of the Angels,—the beautiful statue, "La Niobide," one of the children of "Niobe." Here, in her earthly bed, had she quietly reposed, while the tumultuous ages rolled by. Here had she been tenderly hidden away between 440 and 450 years before Christ. Here was she safe from the ruthless hands of those who went forth to sack Rome.

Considerable stir and excitement was the natural result of so rare a find, in this beautiful land of Italy, whose most treasured child is Art; immediately followed by the cry for possession, between Rome and Milan. Each so loyal to this divine maid in her high relief of sculpture, that to watch and fight for her was only to serve her as a loyal subject should.

First came the contest between the workman, who brought to light this fair cause for war, and the *Banca Commerciale*—Commercial Bank of Milan,—which was finally and amicably settled by the latter's giving the former a fair price for

his priceless find. It was the full intention and pride of the bank to give to "La Niobide" the first and foremost position of the firm—an imposing one, in the entrance of its handsome new building now in course of construction. But its castle or pedestal, proved only to be built in the air after all, coming suddenly to earth, by the hurling of a cannon ball out of Rome, and a municipal conflict ensuing between the two cities. Forthwith rode the mayor of the Romans to carry away as his rightful spoil this hopeless maid; but upon point of being mobbed, was obliged to return to his ancient domain, empty-handed.

Peace, however, was not yet to be declared, for an all wise judge immediately entered upon the scene, and "La Niobide" still kneels in the castle of Milan, awaiting the pleasure of "poetic justice, with her lifted scale" and the sentence, for either Rome or Milan.

"La Niobide" is one of the mythological group—"The massacre of the children of Niobe" adorning first Greek temples, and later, Roman temples,

One, Furtwangler, an authority,



MILANO-COSTELLE, SFORZESCO.

gives good reasons for confirming this group as the work of Kresifas, of Kidone, executed between 440 and 450 years before Christ. The castle of Milan, "Costello Sforesco," was originally built in 1368 by Galeazzo II. It was destroyed by the

Austrian regime it was converted into barracks. Since 1893 it has been restored in the 15th century style, and now contains municipal art works.

On the ground floor is the "Museo Archeologico," including prehis-



MICANO—CIRCODELLA PACE.

ambrogian republic in 1447, but was rebuilt and enlarged by the Sforza after 1450, and beautified by Leonardo da Vinci, and other masters. Frequently, since the French invasion, 1499, the castle has been the focus for struggles, for the possession of Lombardy. Under the

toric articles and antiques, also mediæval and modern sculptures. On the second floor is the art gallery including principally a collection of sculpture and paintings of the 19th century.

The open space at the back of the castle, originally the *pleasance* of



the Visconti and Sforza, was converted in 1893-7 into the "Naovo Parco"—the new park. The opposite entrance to this park is the "Arco della Pace"—arc of peace, a triumphal arch of white marble, began in 1806 for the \*Foro Bonaparte, and completed in 1838.

On the Sunday that "La Niobide," first saw the light, after the years of darkness beneath the earth, a mighty crowd turned out to do her homage, and to rejoice over her resurrection. Slowly, and in the presence of the guard, the Milanese masses marched in single file around the pedestal of this lovely creation in marble, considered of its kind to be the finest in existence. It was almost like a funeral march, so solemn was the occasion and so silent; and yet it was not gloomy, nor boding of woe, nor fearful with lamentation. Merely a few moments most

sublime and impressive. It all happened so long ago—this work by master hands; hands so sensitive in the fashioning of so wondrous and beautiful a thing again raised to life, as it were, while they must remain senseless. Then again, it was so real you could almost hear the wail of pain, and feel the smart of the wound; and you longed to draw forth the cruel dart. Turning sadly away with an actual feeling of helplessness, seemed to sense a sudden relief in suddenly coming into the presence of the towering and majestic figure of Napoleon I—that colossal of strength, yet who seemed to take up the refrain of your thought with, "I have touched the highest point of all my greatness; and from that full meridian of my glory I haste now to my setting," and therefore I also am powerless to help this poor stricken marble.

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\*"Foro" means "tribunal."

## Trust, Just Trust.

*By Addie Savage Pace.*

A gift divine it is to trust, just trust.  
 And know whatever comes that God is just.  
 A gift divine, though dark the way,  
 "To cast thy burdens on the Lord"—This word obey.

Then trust, ah trust, through sunshine and through rain;  
 Then trust, still trust, what comes of joy or pain,  
 And thus thy soul shall stronger grow,  
 And some day thou canst see and know:

Then trust, just trust.

# Roger's Way.

*By E. C. T. Jones.*

Rose came home from her third year at college prettier than ever, with shining eyes and pink cheeks and hair of ruddy brown. One year more and it would all be over, she told herself, all the fun and effort and striving: but the senior year was sure to be the best of all, so she spent the vacation in dreams of what was before her. Her parents watched her lovingly, proud of her quick mind, forgiving, and amused at her blindness to unpleasant realities, and her child-like irresponsibility. She was only a child after all, to them, and they were willing to keep her so.

But senior year brought more than the fulfillment of her dreams to Rose Morse. When commencement week came, though school life was over, another life was close before her, to which the love and loyalty of all her future were pledged. Her parents protested that she was too young to marry, but since Roger Newton was in every way an ideal son-in-law, several years Rose's senior, with upright habits and established position, their protests sank to silent regret, and the wedding day was celebrated early in August.

After a month of travel Rose became mistress of a beautiful little home, where her husband's splendid taste was shown in every appointment. A neat maid was secured for the kitchen, and Rose found the duties of marketing and keeping accounts only an amusing game. But the thousand and one little cares about the house that a more experienced woman would have recognized, Rose did not even see. The swordfern went without water, until Roger took pity on it and revived the drooping leaves. The maid soon learned that her mistress was not exacting and took ad-

vantage of such leniency. Finger marks on the swinging door went unnoticed, and the need of silver polish was ignored.

One warm morning Roger asked Rose if she had put away his favorite light vest. She smiled at him in surprise—"I? How should I know where it is, dear? You have so many clothes I'm not acquainted with them all yet. Anyway, it is too fascinating getting acquainted with you." Rose was all dimples and plainly expected a caress. Roger gave it ardently, but pursued his question. When Rose protested again that she had not even seen the vest, Roger went for his soiled linen bag, which was full, and gravely emptied the contents on the floor. There in the midst of the untidy heap was the vest, soiled as when he had last worn it.

"Why, Rose, don't you ever send my stuff to the laundry?"

"Ever? You old, old, old, Roger! How long have we been married? And you are the first husband I've ever had. How should I know it is the woman's business to send out the laundry? But if it is my business, I guess I've brains enough for that!"

Rose was all laughter and lightness. Of course she would love to do every little thing possible for her husband.

The next evening Roger pushed his salad aside untouched. Rose noticed the cloud on his face. "What is it, Roger? Are you sick?"

"No, but the salad dressing is curdled."

Rose looked at her own, "So it is, and I didn't even notice it. My salad is half gone. What a bewildering thing it is to be in love! I don't know what I'm doing or eating when you are near, Roger."

Rose was flushed and smiling.

Roger flushed also, but with no smile, saying, "I wish you would make the Mayonaise yourself, Rose, you can't trust a girl to do it properly."

"I make it? I would willingly if I knew how. But it is Hannah's business to know how. She was careless. I don't care anyway, do you? There's something else in life besides eating. Let's have desert and then out of doors."

Roger acquiesced and the incident was forgotten, but others of the same sort followed.

One morning Roger asked for a needle and black thread. "A needle? Let me see! Mother put a big work basket among my things somewhere. She said I would need it, but I haven't, yet."

Her husband looked straight at her, with wonder in his eyes. Rose smiled into them. Then his meaning dawned upon her.

"Why, Roger, how stupid I am! I suppose I ought to have been using a needle and thread on something of yours or you wouldn't be asking for them. What is needed? A button? Put on another coat and I'll fix it right after breakfast."

The basket was hard to find, and the button troublesome to sew. Roger was late in reaching his office and Rose felt vague embarrassment at what had occurred. But indeed, everything was vague and unreal to her, at this period, excepting her radiant joy.

Three months passed and the radiance continued. Occasional requests or suggestions from Roger in regard to the cooking or house management, while they were met with entire good nature, made no noticeable change in the comfort, or rather, discomfort of the house.

At last, one evening at dinner, Roger frowned over his muddy coffee, and began speaking without looking directly at his bride. His

words were carefully chosen and planned beforehand, and his face was white and stern as he spoke. "Tomorrow we will close the house, —I shall go back to the club to live —you will go to your mother's. I have written to ask her if you may come. Her reply came today. She supposes you are merely desirous of visiting her. It lies with you whether or not the visit shall prove profitable."

Surprise, incredulity, and fright had swept over the face of Rose, leaving it whiter than his own. "Roger, Roger, I don't understand."

"Probably not," said her husband. "If you had understood the need, the need would have ceased to exist. But since you are blind, I must see for both of us. And I will not be a coward, though what I say will hurt us both. When I saw you first, I thought you were a perfect woman. And so you are, in beauty and sweetness and sincerity. And you have a good mind. But you do not seem to realize that a woman should be useful as well as beautiful and gracious. I have dreamed of future years with you that should be widely useful, a business life progressive and honest, a social life, charitable and broad, and a home life that should furnish food and inspiration for all the rest. You have known what my dreams were, and have shared them. But you do not realize that your real share in them means work as well as dreams. How can a woman have influence on the moral tone of the community, or on its physical well-being, who cannot keep her own small house in order, who allows garbage to accumulate at her back door? How can a woman who is content to eat soggy bread herself by any example to others of the importance of well-cooked, nourishing food? A homemaker must first be a house-keeper! Your mother is both. She will



teach you if you care to learn. You will blame me for the hard things I have said, and perhaps you will think I should have let things drift along between us as they have been drifting. But if I did, it would mean sooner or later I would lose all my respect for you, and when once that was gone, there would be no chance again for the dream life with you to come true."

Rose had been sitting motionless and speechless during these well-planned phrases, but the attack was too unexpected for her to realize its justice. When her husband ceased speaking and lifted his eyes, with something of appeal in them, to her own, she turned her face away, the color flaming back into it, and rose from her chair. "You are insulting. I shall go to my mother. As long as I live, I shall never come back to you."

The curtains swung together behind her, and Roger heard her pass rapidly up the stairs and into her room. He sat still, his eyes on his plate and tumult in his heart. But in a few moments he heard her steps descending, and rose with a sigh of glad relief, to meet her. But she was not coming down the hall. Instead, the front door opened and closed again and Rose was gone.

Roger did not try to follow her. By this angry going, without farewell, Rose had struck him more cruelly than he had struck her. He had thought out his plan deliberately, and had expected a reasonable reply. With masculine blindness he overlooked the fact that her mind had been in the sway of emotions, while his had been coolly reasoning, and that the reaction from such emotion must be as sharp as the affront that caused it.

Upstairs, Roger found her things strewn about, and as he gathered them slowly together, in the midst

of his trouble, he smiled at the childishness in his wife and the lack of forethought that could have left them so. It took him until midnight to pack them properly, and, in the morning, as he had said should happen, they were sent to her old home. The maid was dismissed, the house closed, and Roger Newton became again, in habit if not in heart, a bachelor.

A brief note of thanks from Rose, acknowledging the arrival of her trunks, reached Roger, but there could be no message in return and Roger knew that she would expect none. Week after week passed. If Roger's heart ached, he made no sign, and if Rose repented her angry vow, no one knew it. The holidays passed and the New Year began. The long cold weeks of January and February dragged along, then came spring.

One morning in early March, this note was handed to Roger.

"DEAR ROGER:—If you have not disposed of the house, may I ask you to trust the key to my messenger and to me. Something I value was left in the house and I wish to recover it. R."

Roger sent the key, and all day his thoughts swung from rosiest hope to bleak loneliness and back again to hope, where they lingered. When the office closed at night, Roger made all speed to what was once and might again be—home. Smoke curled from the chimney, and the shades were raised. Upstairs an open window let the soft curtain blow out into the air. Roger sprang up the steps and into the house.

In the kitchen he found his wife in a fresh dress of blue, and a white apron. She had heard his coming and stood still, only her eyes met his and entreated and forgave. Then his arms were about her, more tender than ever in the old days. She



clung to him a moment, then drew away with mock importance. "You hinder my work, sir.—The soup will burn."

Then she came back to him with sweet humility. "Dear, I am more fit, I have studied and worked every day. Mother says she can teach me no more: Will you let me try again?"

His answer was not in words, but it was the one she longed for. After that he teased her. "But, Rose, why did you need the excuse of something you had left in the house? What was it?"

And Rose answered. "The precious thing I left here? I have found it again. It was my happiness."

## More Light.

*By Florence L. Lancaster.*

*Licht! Mehr Licht!*"—Goethe's cry.

When God made that vibrating Mystery  
The human Soul, would He had lent some power  
That it might stand revealed to whom it would  
In sheerness of its strength and weaknesses;  
Of aspirations, hindrances, regrets;  
Of a strife with phantom-foes in wastes all lorn:  
Of travail-throes to search the face of Truth  
Amidst the motley liveries of the world.  
Men might bethink, that when goes shuffling by  
The ruined wreck of what was once—a Man;  
A sorry shape that should have been—a Man;  
The presage of his doom was haply writ  
Within the Book of generations past.  
And though this brother seems a driven slave,  
A mere automaton of custom's rod;—  
When breath of freedom stirs at close of toil,  
He feels an Individuality  
To prove God's parentage.

If through the murk,  
The social fog sustained, the smoke of lies,  
The atmosphere that warps the face of Truth,  
While strange illusions for their prize men grasp;  
If for lone Travelers through the pass of life  
Should shine some ray of elemental Light,  
Some sacred deep of soul each eye-gleam flash:  
Then Sympathy might be the potent bond  
To bind men close in understanding Love.  
Purblind we peer, and sit in judgment on  
The complex mystery of a human life  
That drama of contending good and ill;  
Half-understand the sorrow-tangled wrong,  
The deathless germ of good but half believe.  
O Fellow-Travelers on life's highway,  
Ere darkness deepens, let us pray for Light!  
For Light, O God, we pray—more Light! more Light!  
The Light is the Illuminator-Love.



## DREAMS

Away, my soul, and seek repose,  
Go dwell where peaceful waters glide,  
On silent hills, in shady groves,  
Take rest from care and pain aside!

Once more beneath the old oak tree,  
I list unto the water fall,  
The mill and wheel I once more see  
Outlined against the mountain wall.

How oft' a child with naked feet,  
I've sat just there amid the spray,  
And watched the pearl of moon rise meet  
The twilight gold, at close of day.

Ah! pass my soul, beyond the years,  
Unto those maiden dreams now gone,  
I've learned life's lessons e'en in tears—  
Yet still the stream of life flows on.

—HOPE



# Daughters of Israel.

*By Georgia B. Flinn.*

The Universalist Sewing Circle was at its height. There was a goodly company of ladies present, and fingers and tongues were going at a remarkable rate of speed. The topics of their conversation had been as varied as the styles of garments they were making, until finally their new minister became the subject of their discussion.

"I do think he is the best minister our church has had," said a red-haired, portly matron. "Rev. Mr. Horton was a splendid man, but I think I like the new minister better."

"So do I!" "And I!" echoed a chorus of voices.

"And just think of it! He is 'unmarried!'" added a spinster of uncertain age. A burst of laughter followed her remark, and instantly she became a target for their jests.

"No use trying; Charlotte," one exclaimed tauntingly, "the Rev. Mr. Kidder is a young man, and you wouldn't want to rob the cradle, you know." Another laugh rippled forth; Charlotte Sproule turned red and fidgeted so that she thrust the needle into her finger.

"Law sakes! I shan't mention his name again, so there!" she retorted and relapsed into indignant silence.

After the fun had subsided, the ladies resumed their discussion.

"Wasn't the sermon last Sunday perfectly grand?" questioned Mrs. Carleton, the hostess.

All agreed that it was, except one young lady who sat a little apart from the rest, busily engaged in sewing lace on a child's dress. She had listened to the gossip but had not volunteered a word in return. She was a girl who possessed and fostered many ideas of her own,

which, long ago she had discovered were always clashing with other people's views, and though their opposition did not move her any from her own way of thinking, still she had ceased to voice her opinions, and ever wondered why she was not like other people, why she found it so impossible to accept their ideas and beliefs on many things pertaining to life and death. Her friends were few because very few could understand her. But Betty Glaser could no more change her ideas to suit the people, than she could change her color, neither would she if she could, for her conscience told her she was right. Where her ideas came from she could not tell, but often she thought they were innate, so long had she cherished them in her heart. Just now she was wondering about all these things when her attention was attracted by some one addressing her.

"Betty Glaser, you haven't spoken a word for an hour. What do you think of Mr. Kidder's latest sermon? Did you like it?"

Betty leaned back in her chair and looked around at the room full of expectant faces turned towards her.

"Since you have asked my opinion, you shall have it," she replied. "I did not like Mr. Kidder's last sermon, nor have I liked any of his sermons that I have heard."

The ladies all looked displeased, but Betty remained undisturbed.

"What, don't you like the new minister?" asked the red-haired woman a trifle sharply.

Betty met her eyes calmly, "He may be all right as a man, and as such I respect him, but I certainly

do not like nor believe in his doctrine. His last sermon was a libel on the Almighty."

"Betty Glaser, what a speech!" screamed one of the ladies, aghast. "What if Mr. Kidder had heard you say that?"

"I will oblige you by repeating it to him if you wish," quietly replied Betty, and before any one could answer she continued. "I consider it an insult to our merciful and all-loving Creator to subject infants to the rite of baptism. What have they to be baptized for? They never sinned. They came into this world pure and innocent, their little souls still fresh with the fragrance of heaven. Is it not mockery in the sight of the Almighty to baptize a soul which He has made already pure? Would God send a spirit to this earth to begin its life, already stained with sin? No, indeed, all children are pure and have no sins to be washed away."

There was silence for a moment, then one of the ladies remarked, testily, "Perhaps Miss Glaser doesn't believe in baptism at all."

"I believe the Bible and every word it contains, but I never have yet read in it a command to baptize infants. I was baptized into my church when I was nine years old, and I believe that baptism is essential to salvation for grown people, but I cannot help feeling that some how my baptism did me no good. There has always been a something lacking in my life that has left my soul hungry and unsatisfied."

"Goodness, but you are a queer girl!" exclaimed the red-haired lady after Betty had finished. "I'm glad none the rest of us are like you. Now there's my poor little Clara, three years old, whom I lost. Where would her poor little soul be now if I'd never had her baptized?"

Betty's eyes flashed angry scorn, and she opened her lips to speak, when she was hushed into silence by a stir of excitement, and the exclamation, "Who's that coming in here?"

The hostess glanced quickly out of the window. "It's a young man, and a stranger, too—probably a canvasser; shall I let him in?"

"Oh, yes!" Please do!"

"He may be Charlotte's affinity!" continued the hostess.

The old maid looked daggers at her, which evoked from the others screams of laughter, and they were still giggling when the hostess returned from the hall, ushering in a tall manly lad, of not more than twenty years, whose face glowed with rosy health and shone with that happy smile which comes from within. He paused on the threshold in sudden surprise at beholding so large a gathering of ladies. He felt awkward and embarrassed, but the hostess placed a chair for him and seemed so kind and gracious that all his fears vanished.

"I am entertaining the sewing circle today," she explained smilingly. He bowed in reply and said, "Ladies, I am truly glad of this opportunity of meeting you. I am Elder Pearl of Utah, representing the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and it is my mission to call on all people and deliver the message which Christ has sent forth to the world—the message of His true and everlasting gospel which has been restored to earth in these latter days."

The ladies all ceased work and regarded the young man with varied expressions, but none ventured a word. Taking their silence for encouragement the elder continued, "I suppose all, or at least some of you, have heard of the Prophet Joseph Smith?"



"Joseph Smith. I have often heard my grandfather speak of him and his brother."

It was Betty who spoke and every eye turned on her, as, flushed and excited, she arose, removed her chair across the room and seated herself near the young man. "I was such a small child when grandfather was living that I cannot remember the things he said about Joseph Smith, but I have always felt in here," she indicated her heart, "that I wanted to know more about him."

The elder smiled. his rosy face and gray eyes became radiant with happy light. Drawing from his pocket a little green colored pamphlet, he handed it to Betty with the remark, "This contains the story of Joseph Smith as told by himself, and will explain things to you much better than I can. I am so glad to learn that your grandfather knew the prophet. Was he a Latter-day Saint?"

"I really don't know," admitted Betty, "for I was so young when my parents died. I am an orphan, and keep house for a step-father."

The ladies had resumed their work, but were listening attentively to the conversation.

"Tell me, please," Betty continued, "why is it I am so dissatisfied with the sermons of every minister I have ever heard preach? Some of their teachings make me positively angry and I actually feel as if I were in the wrong place when I enter our church here. Can you tell me why I have such feelings?"

She raised a pair of earnest eyes to his.

"It's because you are a daughter of Israel," was his reply.

Betty was at the point of asking him to explain, when they suddenly came another stir among the ladies,

and whispers of, "The minister's coming," filled the room.

When he was duly ushered in, Betty arose, and to the astonishment of all present, introduced the young "Mormon" boy to the Rev. Mr. Kidder, as, "my friend, Elder Pearl of Utah."

The minister bowed formally and seated himself among his "flock." "I understood Miss. Glaser to call you Elder—may I ask what church you represent?" He asked, turning to the youth.

"Certainly, I represent the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In other words I am a 'Mormon' Elder."

"Oh!!!"

It is wonderful what a vast amount of feeling can be expressed in that one short syllable. A silence fell over the group, then Betty came to the front again.

"Mr. Kidder, I am glad you came, for I would like to hear you and Elder Pearl discuss certain religious questions."

"I think I am prepared to answer all religious questions," he said, eyeing the youth with a derisive smile.

The ladies of the circle were now becoming so interested that their work lagged, and some had even laid aside their sewing. They had perfect confidence in their new minister, and were gleefully waiting for the discussion to commence, promising a victorious game for the much admired minister.

"What question shall we attack first?" asked the minister.

"I'll start you," cried Betty, turning to the Mormon lad. "Elder Pearl, do you believe in baptizing little children?"

"No, I do not."

The Rev. Mr. Kidder turned upon him and asked coldly, "Where

do you get the authority on which to found your unbelief?"

From the words of the prophets, sir," was the Mormon's quiet reply, and being led powerfully by the spirit, he drew from his coat a Bible and a Book of Mormon and ran deftly through their pages. After a moment of thoughtful hesitation, he quickly turned to a place in the latter and read aloud, "Mosiah 3:16 records these words: 'If it were possible that little children could sin they could not be saved, but I say unto you they are blessed, for behold as in Adam or by nature they fall, even so the blood of Christ atoneth for them.' The Prophet Joseph Smith says—"

"I don't care what Joseph Smith says!" interrupted the minister, "I demand that you refer to the Bible, in this discussion."

The elder bowed in submission, and Mr. Kidder with a patronizing air added, "For the sake of the argument we will continue. If as you claim, Christ's blood atones for children's sins, then the same must atone for man's sins and baptism would not be necessary to salvation."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I did not claim any such thing. I have quoted a passage of scripture which it seems you do not clearly understand. If you will please note, the verse begins thus: 'If it were possible that little children could sin they could not be saved.' This means that little children cannot sin until they reach the age of accountability. Baptism which follows faith and repentance is for the remission of sins. Infants cannot exercise faith neither have they anything to repent of. God never authorized anyone to baptize little children. He chose to take them in His arms and bless them.

Betty threw a look of triumph

over at the red-haired woman, but to her surprise she saw tears rolling down her cheeks, and heard her whisper to another, "It's strange we never heard of these beautiful things before."

The minister heard it too and said, "I will admit you can sermonize extra well for a raw, unlettered boy, but you have received false instructions on Bible subjects, and hence your interpretations are, of course, all wrong, Mr.— Mr.—"

"Pearl!"

"If you fellows insist on going around through the country perverting the gospel, why, I ask, don't you use your own Bible to quote from and let our Bible alone?"

The elder smiled. "By 'our Bible' I suppose you refer to the Book of Mormon, which, if you had ever read, you would easily understand is simply a companion to the Bible, written by great and holy prophets, under the same heavenly inspiration as that which guided the prophets of Israel whose writings constitute the Bible. The Book of Mormon contains the history of all the ancient peoples who inhabited the American continent for centuries before and immediately after the time of Christ, which record has been translated in the present generation through the power of God, and by his special appointment. The authorized and inspired translator of these ancient scriptures, through whose instrumentality they have been given to the world in modern language, is Joseph Smith. It was Moroni, the last of a line of ancient prophets, who closed the sacred records; by him the graven plates were deposited in the earth, and through his ministration they were placed in the hands of the modern prophet and seer whose work of translation is now before the world."

The minister sneered. "How

many do you suppose you can get to believe all that nonsense in this enlightened age?"

"Why, sir, we are getting thousands all over the world; every nation is awakening to the truth, and accepting the restored gospel of Jesus Christ."

"Restored gospel! Has not the gospel been preached in every pulpit in the world down through all the generations to the present day?"

"No, sir, not the true gospel of Christ," was the elder's calm reply.

"That is a tremendously bold assertion."

"Truth is always bold," came the ready response.

"Your words would imply that the Mormons are teaching the only true gospel, while all other churches have gone astray, and you men are sent out for the purpose of tearing down our altars—"

"My dear sir," interrupted Elder Pearl with one of his rare smiles, "you misjudge us; we have no quarrel with any other church, it is against our principles to tear anything down. On the contrary we are sent forth to build up what has already been torn down. The true gospel as Christ taught it to His followers has for many centuries been lost to humanity. After the death of all the ancient prophets, the world fell into perverse ways and dwindled in unbelief, and because of the people's wickedness, God withheld His blessings and took His gospel from the earth. Then men began to build creeds according to their own notions, and separated into sects and set up churches, each bearing a different name. Thus things religious have grown from bad to worse, until the present day, which finds one hundred and eighty-six religious denominations in the United States alone. Now I ask, how can all of these churches be

right, when there is but 'One Lord, one faith, one baptism.' There cannot be a God for every denomination, but every sect must stand for the true and living God, if its adherents expect salvation in His kingdom. 'My house is a house of order,' He tells us. I imagine the disorder there would be in heaven if every creed were accepted by Him and allowed to mingle there. The gospel that we are sent out to preach today is the gospel that Christ taught to His disciples. It has been restored to earth in these latter days by the ministration of God's angels, and two thousand or more elders of the Church, duly authorized and appointed by the Lord, are sent out into all the world to herald it. We leave our happy homes and loved ones for two or three years, perhaps one beloved face or even more will be missing when we return, but we go forth armed with faith, rejoicing that we are honored with such a call. We go hungry sometimes and have to sleep in the woods, for we follow Christ's example and travel without purse or scrip. Often we are reviled by our enemies, and sometimes we get homesick and—." He broke off suddenly. "Pardon me," he said, "I forgot that this would not interest you."

"He felt a touch on his arm, and looking up he beheld Betty standing beside him, her eyes suffused with tears. "It interests me," she said earnestly, "and oh, how beautiful it all is!"

The young elder's heart glowed warmly under the influence of her kind words, and reaching out he took her hand and pressed it in sincerest gratitude. Mr. Kidder's face turned scarlet at sight of the act, and his anger rekindled. He glanced around the room at the members of the sewing circle and if he had



dared, would have rebuked them for the interest they all displayed in the young Mormon.

"Elder Pearl," Betty said, after some hesitation, "will you tell me why I have always felt dissatisfied with the form of baptism I received several years ago?"

"What form was it?"

"I was sprinkled, but I have always felt as though it were not—complete."

"You are entirely right; neither sprinkling nor pouring is the right mode of baptism," answered the elder.

The minister turned on him sharply, "Where do you get your authority for making such a statement?" he snapped.

"Again I refer you to the Bible, sir," was the elder's reply. "John 3:5 will tell you in Christ's own words that 'except ye be born of water and of the spirit ye cannot enter the kingdom of God.' To be born of water is to be immersed and baptism means immersion. It is a burial in water and a coming forth unto a newness of life. In Romans 6:4, 5 Paul says:

"Therefore we are buried with him in baptism into death that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted in the likeness of his death we shall also be in the likeness of his resurrection."

"Christ set the example; he was baptized by John in the river Jordan, born of the water and the spirit. All forms that differ from the Savior's baptism are inventions of men and are not recognized by God."

"I was baptized by immersion," the hostess remarked.

Elder Pearl smiled. "You were born of the water, lady, but not of the Spirit, which is the gift of the

Holy Ghost, the great Comforter, and which no one can receive, except by the laying on of hands, by those having divine authority."

If I should be baptized over again would I receive the Spirit?" earnestly inquired the hostess.

"Yes, provided you accepted the true gospel, and became a true Latter-day Saint."

This was more than Mr. Kidder could bear; for in their conversation he saw the possibility of losing one or more of his "sheep." Something must be said to turn the heads of these silly women back to common sense, and put to flight this "Mormon babbler."

"I cannot understand," he began, "Why this civilized country of ours allows you fellows to go about perverting the gospel and causing contention among other and more worthy churches. We have the word of God, the Bible and chosen ministers to preach it to the people. We don't need a new revelation nor another church, especially one which teaches and practices such abominable laws as the Mormons do. We do not need your religion. We have our own Christian faith which is good enough for us and we believe the Almighty is satisfied with it, too. Your doctrines may do very well for the heathen who never heard any other, but you cannot expect educated and enlightened people to accept them!

"Well, I accept it!" cried Betty, with flashing eyes and cheeks flushed with justifiable wrath, as she sprang to her feet and stood beside the Mormon elder.

"So do I!" exclaimed the red-haired woman, rising and standing beside Betty.

"And I, also!" said the hostess, in a decided voice, taking her place with the others.

"I, too!" added the old maid, ris-



ing from her chair as quickly as her rheumatism would permit.

Those who remained seated looked on the scene in bewilderment for a few moments, then, like the mountain sheep, every one arose and followed the leader. Mr. Kidder smarting under his defeat and humiliation, gave them all a searching look, and exclaimed, in a voice which ill became a preacher of the gospel:

"Ladies, I am profoundly surprised that you take sides with a corrupt Mormon."

"And we," cried Betty, "are astounded that you, a minister, would take sides against God!"

With an angry retort Mr. Kidder snatched up his hat and started for the door.

"When you get home read Eph. 4: 26, 27, Betty called after him just as the hall door closed with a bang.

When quiet was again restored, the hostess gently approached the elder, and said, "Elder Pearl, you have opened the very gates of heaven to us today. We are all hungering to hear more of this beautiful message. I want you to remain to tea, and this evening I will call my neighbors in, and we will hear more of this restored gospel of our Savior."

The Mormon boy thanked her with tears in his eyes. Such a rich harvest of souls to gather all at once! Surely the spirit must have guided him with unusual power in his walks today, to lead him to such a "field of wheat." Betty touched him lightly on the arm and as he turned she exclaimed joyfully, "I guess we are all daughters of Israel!"

\* \* \* \* \*

In the mean time the Rev. Mr. Kidder hastened home with a sore heart, indeed. Betty's parting

words rang in his ears, and shame overtook him that he should have let his ill temper have sway, when the Mormon was so mild and humble. He hurried to his room and locked himself in. Then taking his Bible he turned to the passages which Betty had named and read, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath; neither give place to the devil." He shut the book with a snap and went to the window. The western sky was ablaze with the glory of the departing sun; in a few moments the great golden ball would sink out of sight behind the distant hills.

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." He started fearfully. Was it only his conscience or did a voice actually utter these words aloud? Then a giddiness seized him, and he reeled weakly; groping blindly to his bed he fell prostrate across the white counter-pane and lay very still. Suddenly he was aroused by a flash of vivid light: it blinded him at first, but the longer he looked the clearer it grew. Very soon some one entered his room. He closed his eyes for a moment to shut out the blazing light. Then he opened them again and beheld his own mother, bending over him, with such a look of sorrow on her sweet face. He stirred fitfully and exclaimed with bated breath, "Why, mother, is that you? Why are you here? I thought I—why—mother. They all—think—you—are—dead."

"My son," came a voice, soft and low, "my dearly beloved son. You have been misguided by men. Receive no more of their false teachings; see, I bring you tidings of joy and truth. Look up and behold!"

Looking up he beheld in her uplifted hand an open book, whose pages white and pure against the pillar of dazzling glory, in which

the beautiful form of his sainted mother appeared. His eyes were fixed on the book; soon some letters began to gleam out like stars on its crystal white pages. Clearer and yet clearer the letters became, then suddenly with a blaze of golden glory they formed into words of living fire.

"Yes, mother," he cried, "I can see it! I can read it! Oh, my angel mother, I know now why God has sent you to me. Fear no more, sweet angel, for I will believe the book you hold—the Book of Mormon!"

\* \* \* \*

Elder Pearl was discoursing on the beauties of Mormonism to a large roomful of eager and attentive listeners, when there came a timid knock at the door. The hostess quickly responded and to the utter amazement of all admitted Mr. Kidder. But what a different man from the one who had hurried angrily from the place only three

hours before. He advanced into the room of surprised, wondering faces, and with the sunniest smile he had ever worn, he went straight to the Mormon elder, and said,

"Brother Pearl, will you forgive a penitent transgressor?"

He offered his hand which was instantly seized in a sincere grip of true brotherhood. Then turning to the speechless crowd, he said, "My friends, in our religious bout today, Elder Pearl knocked me out in the first round, and I deserved it, for I am wrong and he was right. I admire you all for the part you took today, and I beg your forgiveness and ask you to acknowledge me as your brother in the true gospel of Jesus Christ."

Then he related to the happy company the wonderful vision he had had, which had resulted in his repentance. "I know now," he added, "that angels do minister to mortals in these latter days, for I have beheld my mother, face to face.

## Fragments.

Fear is a great robber of power, a killer of ability. It paralyzes the thinking faculties, ruins spontaneity, enthusiasm, and self-confidence. It has a blighting effect upon all one's thoughts, moods and efforts. It destroys ambition and strangles efficiency.—*Orison Sweet Marden.*

Fear is an acid which is pumped into one's atmosphere. It causes mental, moral, and spiritual asphyxiation, and sometimes death; death to energy and to all growth.—*Horace Fletcher.*

The secret of achievement is concentration. Worry or fear of any kind is fatal to mental concentration and kills creative ability. The mind

of a Webster could not concentrate when filled with fear, worry or anxiety. When the whole mental organism is vibrating with conflicting emotions, efficiency is impossible.—*Orison S. Marden.*

Trouble has two stages. In the first, you think it hard luck that you should have to meet it. In the second, you see that, having met it, and gone through it, you come out into a region of big experience, where everything is larger and nobler than you thought it was before.

Use or lose is Nature's motto. It is written on the sod and the stars alike, that whatever she gives us—be it brain or brawn—if we do not use it she will take it away.

# Prayer.

Prayer is the proper way of communication between God's children and himself; when that communication ceases, then spiritual decay begins.

\* \* \* \* \*

Prayer has divided seas, and has rolled back flowing rivers; it has caused living streams of water to burst forth from solid rock; it has muzzled lions and has rendered vipers and poisons harmless; it has arrested the sun in its rapid race, and has stopped the course of the moon; it has burst open iron gates, and has recalled souls from eternity; it has called legions of angels down from heaven. Prayer has bridled the vicious passions of men, it has routed and destroyed armies of proud, daring atheists. Prayer has brought one man from the bottom of the ocean, and carried another, in a chariot of fire, to heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was through prayer that the Father and the Son appeared to Joseph Smith; through prayer that the great plan of salvation was revealed unto him. It is through prayer that this people have been directed from the foundation of this Church to the present time. It was through prayer that the pioneers were protected and guided across the trackless plains of the western wilderness, and brought safely to the tops of these mountains. It has been through prayer that God has blessed the earth in these valleys and made it produce abundantly, of fruits, vegetables, grains, and nearly every other requisite for the sustaining of His people, in comfort.

\* \* \* \* \*

Prayer is a duty. Why? Because God says that He desires His people to pray. And far greater than a duty, prayer is a privilege to every Latter-day Saint, and that privilege should be exercised by every member of the Church. No matter whether it be child, man, or woman, we should value our souls; and, as we value the salvation of mankind, the fulfillment of the decrees of God, the extension of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the eradication of all vices in our midst, as we value the great principles of temperance, virtue, truth and charity, so let us pray. *Extracts from a Sermon by Apostle Reed Smoot.*





*Conducted by Catherine Hurst.*

*Address all communications in this department to Question Box,  
Bishop's Building, 40 N. Main St.*

Should a bride furnish all the linen for the new home? Should she mark it with her maiden initial, or her future husband's monogram?—Patience.

As she knows what will be needed in the new home it is customary for the bride to furnish the linen, such as bed and table linen, towels, etc. She should mark it with her maiden initial.

When wedding presents are received from friends of the bridegroom, whom the bride has never met, who should acknowledge them?—June.

The bride should write a friendly note of acknowledgement, although she may never have met them.

What can I do to develop the muscles of my neck, so the bones will not be so prominent?—Rose L.

Bend the head sideways, so as to bring the ear as near the shoulder as possible, but do not move the shoulder. While the head is in this position turn it so as to look upward, then slowly raise it erect again. Do the same on the other side. Exercise in this manner daily, and you will find improvement. Another exercise to strengthen the muscles of the neck is: Balance a fairly heavy package on the head, walking around the room with it about a dozen times a day. In answer to your other query, you will find several remedies in previous journals. One simple remedy is, take fresh buttermilk from the churn, spread over the face in form of a paste or plaster, and let remain on for several hours. Remove with warm water and thoroughly dry the skin. Several applications are necessary.

Please give me a remedy for rough or chapped lips.—Jackie.

There are many lotions sold by druggists which are very good. If you wish to prepare something yourself, however, the following formula has proved helpful: After trying out lamb fat, melt two ounces of the tallow with

a piece of gum camphor the size of a walnut. Put in porcelain jar and allow to cool. Olive oil is also very good. Avoid biting or wetting the lips frequently.

Will you please explain the meaning of "Initiative" and "Referendum."—J. B. W.

The Initiative is a method by which eight per cent of the voters can initiate a law and have it voted on by the people of the state, regardless of their representatives in the legislature.

The Referendum is a method by which five per cent of the voters of a state can by Referendum petition, cause a law passed by the legislature to be submitted to the vote of the people before it becomes a law—the vote of the people to be conclusive.

Oregon, Montana, Maine, South Dakota, Oklahoma, and Missouri have adopted the Initiative and Referendum.

Can you give me a simple remedy to remove perspiration stains from wearing apparel? Also a remedy for excessive perspiration under the arms.—Cornelia.

1. Oxalic acid in the proportion of one to twenty may be used to remove the stains from wearing apparel. Another remedy, especially for silk waists—sponge the place over your hand with a clean white cloth, wet in clear water, then cover the place entirely with powdered prepared chalk. Let it dry well and brush off carefully with soft brush.

2. Dissolve half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a small cupful of water and bathe arm pits. Another remedy equally good, is, into a bowl of hot water drop a little listerine, and bathe thoroughly two or three times a day; then dust with Red Cross Amolin powder or talcum. A few drops of ammonia in cold water will prevent disagreeable odor. Of course you change your clothing frequently.



# OUR GIRLS.

## A Man's Taste.

*By Ida S. Peay.*

"John, Hortense Carry, is going home for the holidays with us, won't that be lovely?"

John, who was bending over his books at the small study table, looked up in surprise.

"Hortense?" he questioned with a pleased look, "well, good!"

"I supposed that you would be glad," said his sister, "Hortense is so cultured I thought she would just suit your fastidious taste. She's so sweet; and I suspect she rather likes my big brother"—this with a smile and a look which did not need to be over keen to discover John's pleasure at the suggestion—"of course I would expect you to be Hortense's escort if she goes with us and I've been wondering if you would feel in duty bound to Susie."

A slight frown o'erspread the handsome features of John Mott, and he puckered up his mouth in a puzzled way.

"Well," he said slowly, thinking aloud, "of course Susie and I have almost always gone together since we were youngsters, but there has never been anything serious between us; no engagement, you know. Susie's a good plain girl, no fine lady like Miss Carry, however, of course, as you say, I would have to be Hortense's partner if she goes with us."

"I should not like you to hurt Susie's feelings," said his sister.

"No," said John, "that would not be right; but we have not been writing very regularly of late and if

no more correspondence passes between now and Christmas, she could hardly expect my attentions; and possibly she could find some one else she would like just as well. There's Harry Brown, a fine fellow, and he's always liked Susie, I know. I'll give him a little hint about Hortense and perhaps he'll step in and relieve the situation.

Thus John and his sister planned. They were a little proud to take Hortense Carry home with them for she was the best dressed, most aristocratic and cultured girl in the university, she had been to Europe recently and her father was a man of great wealth and influence.

Their plans worked out to perfection. The holiday time came at last and a merry party filled the beautiful but old-fashioned home of the Motts, who had every comfort that the country afforded.

Parties were gotten up, sleigh rides and skating trips, and everything turned out like a day dream.

Susie, light-hearted and sweet-tempered as ever, was at all the functions with Harry Brown.

At the first party when Susie and Harry entered with fresh and happy looking faces, John's sister whispered to him exultantly:

"Your hint worked like a charm."

"Yes," said John with a strange lack of enthusiasm, but he brightened up as he led Hortense on to dance. Everybody was looking at them. Hortense created a stir. Her face was beautiful, her rich cos-

tune faultless and her manners were easy.

"As sister says," John told himself, "the culture that wealth, travel, and education gives is to be seen at a glance and picked out in a multitude," and he bent an admiring look on his city partner, the next moment his glance traveled, unconsciously, with an unmistakable errand of comparison, to the sweet little face and form of a certain plain country girl, whom he did not fail to notice was getting her share of attention from the college boys.

"Susie is not so slow," he told himself, "but I suppose by the side of Hortense"—but he never finished that thought, as the dance ended and he hurried away to get Susie. They were soon gliding around to the favorite waltz-tune of the old fiddler, and John's feet felt so light he could hardly keep them on the floor.

"It's so good to see you again, Susie," said John truthfully. "You are certainly the very best dancer of all."

Susie laughingly shook her head. They were chatting so merrily when the dance ended that John sat down by her intending to have a good talk, but Harry rushed up to claim her and John was left sitting alone.

A college student who came home with Jack Green leaned over to John saying.

"Say, Mott, would you kindly introduce me to your last partner. I should call her the belle of the country, say, but hasn't she a dainty sweet face and such remarkably charming and pleasant manners?"

"Go to grass with your flattering tongue," was John's inward comment, but he coolly promised to do as asked, then walked away to find Hortense.

Late one night, when John and his sister were having a few con-

fidential words about the next entertainment, that young lady remarked:

"What an idea that was of yours to think of Harry, for Susie, he seems to be awfully in love with her."

"Yes," said John aloud, to himself he said, "the crank acts like he was tickled to death."

The last party of the season was a house party given by Eva Cullen, who also attended school. Her parents had been pioneers all their days and had had no chance for book learning, but they were highly esteemed in the community as very good people. Mrs. Cullen knew every poor, sick, crippled, or orphaned person for miles around. Her knowledge and skill in sickness, her sympathy and faith in death, and her big-hearted concern for everybody made her much beloved by all who knew her.

When the guests were assembling Susie found herself near John and Hortense when Mrs. Cullen came to greet them. John proudly introduced Miss Carry.

"I'm glad to know you," said Mrs. Cullen in a soft, sweet voice, "I've heard Eva talk about you. Ain't you nearly froze, you sure ain't used to such long rides in the cold, get up by the fire and warm you a bit, won't you?"

"I'm not cold, now," said Hortense. Then Mrs. Cullen with a kind word for each of the others passed them by. "John still detained Susie and Hortense a trifle annoyed said addressing herself to the country girl,

"What a queer person Mrs. Cullen is!"

I had not noticed that she was queer," said Susie.

"Well," said Miss Carry coldly, "you must admit her language is unusual, but perhaps she had no

opportunity or did not care for an education. "Oh," she is not uneducated," said Susie, smiling. "She has graduated from the school of 'Good Samaritans,' and has acquired a culture in kind deeds that is the envy of all who know her."

"O, that is all very good," said Hortense, "but it could hardly be called an education."

"It is one kind of an education," said Susie, "it is the kind that Providence gave her, her course was to learn the needs of her fellowmen and how to provide for them; her path was filled with suffering and trials which taught her endurance, patience, mercy, charity, and love, and she has graduated with honors. I should be proud of an education like hers."

"Amen," said John to himself, giving Susie an approving and admiring look. "After all she is queer or at least very remarkable, if all you say of her is true," said Miss Carry, smiling indulgently.

"It is all true," put in John stoutly, "and I think Susie is right about—"

But the conversation was here cut short by the merry-making which now began, but John did not take much part in it. He was unusually sober, and Harry Brown's sitting an extra long time, or so it seemed to him, in the cosy corner with Susie, did not brighten him up much.

"Yes, that was a great idea," he said to himself bitterly, "of giving Harry Brwn that hint, and as for

culture, that sis talks so much about, Susie's manners come from the desire of her kind and loving heart to do good and give everybody their due respect, that kind seems to suit me all right.

All evening he tried to get a word with Susie, but that young lady slipped away every time he got near her.

At last when they were all leaving he found Susie alone, for a few moments in the room where the wraps were, and going up close to her, he said desperately,

"Susie, do you hate me? I know I have acted like an idiot, and if I could undo it all I would, but alas—Susie will you write to me if I write my very best."

"I shall be very busy," said Susie kindly, "and I must go back into the parlor now."

"O, I know, I deserve it," said John, but as Susie would have passed him he took her hands in his and detained her, saying,

"Susie, dear, I love you, I love you better than all the world, tell me I may hope for your forgiveness?"

"I forgive you," said the plain country girl, laughing, "for you have done me no harm, Mr. Mott."

John groaned, put his hand to his forehead, and said, "O, Susie!"

John proved a very eloquent lover, and when they joined the crowd a few minutes later John was his old merry self again.

# Domestic Science.

By *Blanche Caine.*

## CARBOHYDRATE FOODS.

### CAKE.

A certain relative proportion is to be followed in butter cakes; there is less butter than sugar, and less sugar than flour. Less baking powder is required with a given measure of flour than would be necessary for a dough without eggs. Thus an even teaspoon of baking powder is ample for each cup of flour for a cake where several eggs are used. When there is an excess of baking powder, the cake is liable to be coarse grained and to dry quickly.

The doughnut mixture is not unlike a cottage pudding dough, with the addition of flour to make it stiff enough to roll easily. Because doughnuts are cooked in fat, less shortening is required than for most stiff doughs.

Cooky doughs are more like pastry, with the addition of sugar, spice, and egg, and the same care should be given to keeping the dough cold in order to roll and cut it without adhering to the board. Changes in the proportion of materials often lead to changes in the manner of mixing them. For example, where a small quantity of shortening is used in batters, it may be melted and beaten in, but where a large proportion is required, it should be rubbed till creamy and blended with the sugar as for cake, or mixed into the flour, as in pastry-making. For stiff doughs which are to be rolled, it is essential that the fat should be cold, since even a small quantity, if warm will tend to make the dough soft and sticky.

The shape in which cake is to be baked should decide the proportion of flour to be used. Layer cakes or small cakes require less flour than large loaves. This is probably because the small cake is stiffened quicker by the heat.

Variations in cake are easily obtained through changes in flavoring ingredients. To mix chocolate in the cake, melt it and mix with the sugar and butter. Desiccated cocoanut,

chopped nuts, raisins, currants, dates, citron, candied orange, and lemon peel, singly or in various combinations, serve to give many cakes from a single recipe.

### *Plain Cake.*

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter.  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk.  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar.  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour.  
2 eggs.  
2 teaspoons baking powder.  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon spice or  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon extract.

Cream butter, gradually add sugar, next add egg yolks and beat thoroughly, then add alternately milk and flour in which baking powder has been sifted, add flavoring and lastly fold in egg whites stiffly beaten.

### *White Cake.*

Leave out the yolks and mix as plain cake. The whites of three eggs may be used instead of two.

### *Chocolate Cake or Devil's Food.*

Melt 1 oz. chocolate and add to the creamed butter and sugar of the plain cake. Or use  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cocoa instead of chocolate. Flavor with vanilla.

### *Gold Cake.*

Omit the egg whites and use four yolks.

### *Nut Cake.*

To the plain cake add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of chopped walnuts, or pecans. Bake in two shallow pans, and cover with boiled frosting, and ornament with halved nuts.

### *Light Fruit Cake.*

To the plain cake add the fruit last. Use  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup citron sliced very thin,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of currants,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup seeded and chopped raisins. A little mace will improve the flavor.



# OFFICERS' NOTES.

## REPORT OF THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. (Continued.)

CONJOINT Y. L. AND Y. M. M. I.  
A. OFFICERS' MEETING.  
Tabernacle, Sunday, June 5, at 10 a. m.

Singing, "High on the Mountain  
Top"—Congregation.

Prayer—Dr. Geo. H. Brimhall  
Singing, Double Trio—Six young  
ladies.

### DEBATES.

*Address by Dr. John A. Widtsoe.*

My dear brethren and sisters, fellow workers—When the work of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations was in a measure re-shaped, last year, to conform to the new priesthood movement, the suggestion was made that debating be one of the incidental features of our work. No special emphasis was placed upon this feature of our work, but, nevertheless, a large number of associations undertook to carry on debating, and, as far as we can learn, with considerable success. Recently the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations have also decided that debating may well be a part of their incidental work. The prospect is, therefore, that next year considerable debating will be done by the associations. It is consequently quite necessary that the officers familiarize themselves with the proper methods of conducting debates, so the greatest possible good from debating may be obtained by our boys and girls.

There has been a great deal of well-founded prejudice against debating, in our Church, and in other communities, for that matter. Many individuals and communities have been seriously injured by interminable wrangling over immaterial questions. Frequently, questions of theology have been taken up and discussed pro and con, in an unsystematic manner, to the detriment of all who took part in the discussion. Occasionally, subjects that can be settled only by revelation, through those who have the authority, have been used as subjects for debate, and, natu-

ally, with evil results. We want to make clear that wrangling and debating are not in any sense related. Modern debate is a systematic, intellectual exercise which results in mental development. The old-fashioned wrangling that, I suppose, we have all indulged in, more or less, has very little good effect upon the mind.

The most important thing in organizing the work in debating is to make sure that the right kind of a subject is chosen. There are some subjects that should not be debated. For instance, all theological subjects should be omitted from our list of possible questions for debate, even the interpretation of a Biblical passage should be absolutely forbidden in our debating. Subjects which are not debatable, because they are remote from each other in time or place, should not be debated. Historical subjects, such as to comparing of great historical personages are also of doubtful value for debates, and would better not be used. The subjects that we want to debate in our associations are those that are of a living interest to the young people, and which, as far as possible, bring the young people in touch with the present day advancement of the world, whether it be on the educational, political, or social side. The debate, to be of real value, should be educational; it must be developing in its effect upon the young people—upon the debaters and the listeners. I have been instructed to say that the associations should choose their subjects from the published list that will appear in the Era and the Young Woman's Journal. If other subjects are desired, they should be sent in to the committees in charge, for approval, before they are actually used by the associations.

Great care should also be taken in the choice of debaters. Occasionally we have young men and women who are a trifle quarrelsome, who would like to enter into a debate simply for the fun of debating, but who are not seriously desirous of preparing themselves for the debate. Such young people should not be allowed to enter the debate unless they are fortified by the association of more serious-minded young people. It may be said, also as a word of warning, that a young

man or woman should not be asked to take part in a debate, when he or she has formed decided convictions on that subject. Do not ask one of our young people to argue against his well established convictions; it will not result in good. The intellectual exercise may be obtained; but the moral effect is not good. There are so many subjects, neutral in their nature, that may be used without detriment to the young people, that the danger of having some one argue against his convictions can easily be avoided.

The real value of a debate lies not in the public performance; but in the preparation for the debate. This should be made clear to all those who take part in debates.

The first step in the preparation is the collection of material. An effort should be made to obtain an abundance of material which may be used in constructing an argument. Now, the associations have found more or less difficulty in securing material this year. The finding of suitable material and facts bearing on the question will nearly always be the most difficult problem before those who undertake debates. We may keep in mind that the public schools, the colleges, and universities—Church and State—will be glad to let the associations have the use of the books in their collections for this purpose. The educational institutions are not confined, in their efforts, to the buildings in which they labor, but are desirous of assisting all educational movements throughout the state. There is also a movement on foot, which I think will supply the associations with all necessary material; but this plan has not been fully perfected. The plan, itself, will be published very soon in the *Era* and the *Young Woman's Journal*. Please look for it.

After the material has been collected, the argument must be constructed, and herein lies, also, one of the chief values of debating. The habit of organizing diverse and scattered material into a logical and systematic whole is of great value to all in the daily affairs of our lives, and, especially, in the missionary work that nearly all of us have to do, whether at home or abroad. The arguments should be constructed according to well-defined rules. No man should be a law unto himself. There is a science of argumentation; and I suggest that the officers see to it that their debaters have access to a few books showing

how a debate should be constructed. I recommend, as one of the most suitable manuals, Alden's "The Art of Debate," a small book that will cost about seventy-five cents.

The debate itself, that is the public performance, which is the last step in the debate, and, perhaps, the least important for our purposes, should be governed according to the established methods of procedure. Roberts' Rules of Order and other similar book should be used in guiding the debate itself. A chairman should be appointed; a definite time allotted to the speakers, and a regular order insisted upon. In fact, the whole thing should be orderly, and if an orderly procedure is adhered to there will be little disturbance of the kind reported by our brethren and sisters in some public debates. I may say also, that the judges in most cases should be asked to hand in their verdict by ballot. If the three judges get together to consult, the probability is that they will take nearly as long a time in making up their minds as the debate itself consumes.

When the debate is over and the evening is closed, there should be no further discussion of it; it should not be a topic of conversation at the fire-side or on the street-corner, because it is likely to do damage if carried into the daily lives of the people.

The debates, generally, should be serious. Occasionally, however, a light subject may be treated—a subject that will create a good-natured merriment; for instance, "Should Women Propose?" (Laughter) Such a subject is a bit of nonsense, yet it might result in good. Other subjects of the kind might be found for occasional debates.

It may be suggested that two debates during the year are probably sufficient for any one organization. Debating should not be made the main feature of our work. It is an incidental feature to stimulate better work in other departments. If properly safeguarded more debates will do no harm.

Debates should not be held on Sunday. If the associations meet regularly on Sunday, some week-day or evening, when dancing or some other form of amusement is usually engaged in, might be taken for the debate. It is well to notify the public—the fathers and mothers—and try to get all to come out. It is fascinating to all to witness the clash of wits.

Debates should be opened and

closed with prayer; and singing should be had as in any other meeting. The whole performance should invite the good Spirit of God, and be in harmony with the spirit of this Church.

The Young Ladies have set aside a time and have been willing to join with the Young Men, once a month, in a conjoint meeting for the purpose of debating, or telling stories, or in contests of various kinds; and in this new debating work, the sisters should participate. It would be well, in most cases, to divide the sides, so that each side has a man and a woman on it, and not put the men against the women, unless you have some subject which is better handled in that way. Men should not undertake to go it alone in the matter of debating. The presence of the sisters on our debating teams will help in the orderly presentation of the debate.

Now, in conclusion, the work is new. It should be undertaken with caution and care. If any dangerous results appear to follow, the work might well be stopped in a community, for a time, for we want the right kind of debating. However, let us give debating a good fair trial. Debating is a splendid intellectual exercise. It always means intellectual development. The great books of the world are all arguments—in a way. The works of Orson Pratt, B. H. Roberts, and all the great writings of our Church are only arguments built upon the established principles of argumentation. We need not be afraid of debating if we carry it on properly; and I hope it will be conducted in that way. I pray that in this work we may be successful, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

#### MUSIC.

*Address by Oscar A. Kirkham.*

The great parched desert longing for the refreshing rain might be compared to the American people longing for expression in the great art of music. The willingness to spend millions of dollars annually for the support of great artists is only one evidence. The old world may boast of her past with Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, Wagner and others with their wonderful works of art; but I sincerely believe the great future belongs to America.

We take advantage of their works and progress and we work with a new people with new hopes and aspirations, and not in any section of our

fair land are there greater possibilities and probabilities for development than among the Latter-day Saints with their intense religious feelings and their great love for this art.

We might go one step farther and say that among our own people no organization should be more responsible for this progress than the Mutual Improvement Associations. But are we doing our part? The Sunday Schools and Primary are progressing, the ward choirs are working as best they can, but I must confess that when I was requested to represent this work on the Y. M. M. I. A. Board, and when I went to look for the musical organization through which I might work and be of assistance, I found practically none. Let us hope in the year's work that is before us, we will perfect our organization along this line and unitedly make possible the advancement of this uplifting art among our people.

A joint committee of the Young Ladies' and Young Men's Associations should be appointed in each ward who would work unitedly in furnishing the musical programs for the regular weekly preliminary meetings, conjoint Sunday evening, entertainments, concerts and when possible the presentation of operettas, cantatas, oratorios, and operas.

Permanently organized choirs are discouraged from the fact that it is generally impossible for more than one organization of this kind to exist in a ward, the support of the people being rightly given to the ward choir. The Young Ladies may, however, have their Ladies' Chorus and the Young Men their male chorus, and these may unite at times for the presentation of special musical works which might be suggested from time to time through the medium of our magazines. Would not work of this kind help to supplement the crying need of something to take the place of the dance? Very often there are excellent singers among the young ladies and men of our wards, who do not care to join the regular ward choirs, but who would delight in joining a chorus of happy young singers which had for its object the presentation of some light opera or oratorio. An organization of this kind affords the best example of a true democracy. It unites young people in doing a common good.

Let us spend some of the splendid



time we are now using perhaps in scolding our young people or parading their faults before them in assisting them to unite in the refining labor of presenting some beautiful musical work. The best way to help the boys and girls is to give them some good work to do.

It is also suggested that both stake boards have musical representatives who should work together for the betterment of the musical conditions in the stake and for the preparation of music at conferences.

In one of the stakes during the past season where the Young Ladies and Young Men of the different wards meet for preliminary programs, the lives of the different great musicians have been discussed and some of their music has been performed. This is an excellent idea, and has proved extremely entertaining and educational.

In some of the stakes which embrace Salt Lake City and vicinity a number of professional people have very generously taken their pupils on the Sunday evenings of our conjoint work and given song services. While these entertainments have proven very interesting and accomplished good still it has been suggested by the Young Men's General Board that some choice speaker be allowed a short time on these programs to address the splendid audiences which have been attracted by the beautiful singing.

At the reception given to Commodore Dewey at his home coming, after his heroic work in the Spanish American War, two thousand members of the Choral Societies, to one of which I had the pleasure of belonging, went out on the United States battleships and sang the Hallelujah Chorus. The sailors leaned against the sides of the vessels and cried for their native land. Then six thousand voices greeted him on the shore and sang, "Behold the Conquering Hero Comes." Dewey said that nothing in all his lavish receptions touched him as this did. Music goes to the real self and awakens it to the best in life. This is a much better way of expressing our patriotism than with guns and firecrackers.

If we will sing often, in our associations, and homes, the songs of our nation, there shall never be any question as to our patriotism. Some one has said, "Let me write the songs of the nation, and I care not who writes the laws."

In a like manner, we should never tire in singing the hymns of our Church; the heart songs of our people. The youth of Zion will never fail in holding up the faith of their fathers if they will ever sing with spirit and meaning those glorious songs. The beauty of their texts and the inspiration of their history will live forever. Let us hope that at some not far distant time, the musical force of the Young Ladies' and Young Men's Association will be perfected, and their labors so active that it will be possible for us to call their stake and ward officers together at these annual conferences and plan for musical contests and festivals which will become an inspiration to our young people and the admiration of our Church. Is it possible? Yes! and may the Lord inspire us, and may we work for its accomplishment.

Solo, "The Valley of the Shadow"—  
Jno. Robinson.

#### THE DRAMA.

*Address by Mrs. Alice C. Tuddenham.*

Co-workers: You must understand that we are considering this subject jointly with the Young Men, and, therefore, we want you to work together earnestly. I believe that Mutual Improvement means earnestness. We have discovered that, in some wards of our community, plays have been presented by the young people that have not been suitable. We can overcome this to an extent if we will have a committee in our association, under the guidance of the presidency, consisting of men and women of judgment. I would also suggest, if you have any good readers or elocutionists in your locality, that you place them upon that committee, that they may lend their assistance to the young people. Let it be the work of this committee to choose the plays, to cast them, to attend the rehearsals and see that order, system and refinement prevail in your rehearsals, and let them have general supervision of the production of the play.

There are plays suggested in the Era, and during the coming season will be suggested in the Journal and Era for your consideration. If these plays do not seem to appeal to you, and you have other plays in your mind, we desire that you first submit these plays to the General Board for



their approval, that they may see that nothing is in the play that is not fit for young people to produce. You must understand that there is a big impression made upon the participants in a play. They study and rehearse the part, and they live it; therefore, we want them to live the right. There are so many plays today that are full of suggestion and sensation. Many plays are full of suggestion to evils that we want to keep our young folks from, as far as possible. If it is sentiment, we want them to have the highest sentiment.

Have a regular time and place for your rehearsals, so that the boys and girls will know that is the night or afternoon, and that is the time, and nothing else must interfere with it; so that you will have your plays in perfect order for production. See to it that these rehearsals are not held on the Sabbath day. In presenting the play you have chosen, if it is a good play except that there are suggestions of smoking and drinking; that the name of God is taken in vain; and that swearing is introduced, we can substitute other things for smoking, drinking, and the using of the name of the Lord. It is unnecessary to do these things. We make an impression upon ourselves, and we impress our audience with what we do on the stage. Plays among our young people are good; they are healthful, if they are the right kind that are taken up. If you produce two plays during the year, bring in all your boys and girls. Change your cast; do not let the first ones take part in the second play. Therefore, it is not advisable to organize dramatic clubs in the Mutual Improvement associations, because they are too confining, and they just include a few. We want to have our boys and girls feel that they are to take part, every one of them, in everything that happens in the Mutual, at least as far as it is possible.

If you will do these things, under the dictation of the Spirit of the Lord, they will be successful. I testify to you that we can do nothing, successfully unless we are helped by His Spirit, and, therefore, commence your rehearsals with prayer, asking His blessings upon you; and close them in the same way. Let Him be your great Prompter. I ask His blessings upon us all, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

## READING AND STORY TELLING.

*Address by Mrs. Emma Goddard.*

My brethren and sisters: As you all know, in the past, as general boards, we have given considerable attention to reading in our associations. We have tried hard to help our young people in forming proper habits. Our Young Ladies' associations have been studying along definite lines, under the head of our literary lessons. From the year 1905-6 to the present, the Young Men's associations have given a suggestive course of reading for their members. But, as general boards, we feel that this matter of reading needs to be emphasized; it needs to be more earnestly and more seriously impressed upon our young people. Many of us have good libraries now. From the suggested catalogs in our Era and Young Woman's Journal we have bought many good books, but the question is: Are we reading them? We have subscribed for the Era and for the Young Woman's Journal, but are we reading them? Are we digesting and seeking to apply in our lives that which is contained in those most excellent magazines? How many of you have read the stories in the May "Journal?" How many of you have read the June "Era?" If you have not read the articles in the Journal and the Era, read them when you get home. You will feel that they are worth the price of both magazines. I would mention in particular, for I feel impressed to mention along with our line of work yesterday, the sermon of Brother Ivins, delivered at our last October conference, and printed in the last Era. We feel to emphasize the importance of this part of our work, and to impress it upon you as officers. We hope that when you get home you will urge your young people to read more, and to seek to digest that which they read. The Young Ladies are taking theology as their main lesson this year, but in connection with the Young Men we, too, are giving a suggestive course of reading. We have suggested the names of ten books, and from this list we desire that our Young Ladies' shall read at least three. They are all good, and they all treat different subjects. The Young Men, also, are giving a suggestive course of reading; and I feel to urge our young people to select

from these suggestive courses of this year a number of books that they will read. Ruskin says that we haven't read a book until we have made the author's thoughts our own; and so, I would think, it is not sufficient to read a book just once. You should read it over and over until, as Ruskin says, you have made the author's thoughts your own; and if that author's thoughts are good, what have you done? If they are good, you are driving out the evil from your own heart, and I take it that is the only way that evil will ever be driven out of this world; it will only be driven out by good. Some physicians and some scientists today say that we are making grooves in our very brains by the thoughts that we think. Then, isn't it necessary that those grooves should be made right, so that in after life the habits of thought that we form in youth shall be good habits—for we are all creatures of habit.

When you read the *Era* or the *Journal* or in any of the instructions given, that certain books are not good for you to read, do not say, "Oh, I don't care; I'm going to read it anyway;" but if you wish, ask some one who knows, why this book will be detrimental to you.

Story telling is only a reproduction of that which we have read. I would like to urge here, this morning, that we tell stories at home—not alone in our associations, not alone in the junior class, but around the fireside, around the table at meal-time. That should be the blessed time in the home. There is always one reader in every home; and let me say to that reader, do not be selfish; reproduce the stories that you have read. We want to encourage story telling in our associations, particularly in our junior classes. The young men recommended this to some extent last winter, but we have found on inquiry, that it was not very generally practiced. Now, we feel that it would be a great drawing card in our junior classes, whose members are at that irrepressible age when there is so much youthful vitality which must find expression somehow or somewhere. We must put forth our best efforts to hold the attention of these juniors. Our teachers of junior classes say they are so much harder to teach than the senior classes; and we feel that this story telling will be a help to you. In the *Era* and *Journal*, in the very

near future, a list of books will be given containing short stories. These short stories can be assigned to different members of the associations, and I would suggest that you assign these just as quickly as possible, so that the boys and girls who are to reproduce them—in other words, to tell the story in their associations—will make just as much of these assignments as those who are going to debate. The members should be urged to read the stories carefully, so that they will be able to reproduce them well, in an entertaining and instructive manner; and we can't do that unless we study for it. We are not, any of us, natural orators or natural speakers. Just to illustrate that point, I remember of one of our greatest orators of the United States, many years ago, delivering one of the most famous orations of his life. After the session was closed, in which he had delivered this oration, one of his dearest friends came to him and said, shaking him by the hand: "You did well; you are a natural orator." His friend turned to him and said: "No,—that is no compliment. I have studied this day and night. I have been out in the woods, and I have frightened away the birds, while practicing this oration." So I say, give these boys and girls the stories to be read in time so they may be able to prepare them well and produce them satisfactorily to themselves and in a manner that shall be pleasing unto you. You will find these stories are good in every way. The results are good. In reading, if we read good literature, we form the habit, and we desire that which is good; but if we vitiate and destroy our taste for good reading, by reading that which is poor and trashy, we go on desiring to read that class of matter. We have formed that habit; we have made those grooves in the brain, and so we long for that which is exciting and fascinating, but not helpful. Another thing, as I said in the first place, in reading we acquire information, and we make the author's thoughts our own. When we get up before the public we have something to say; we have something to talk about, when we are traveling by sea or by land. We have something to talk about in the home, so we won't be gossiping about our neighbors; we will be talking about the good things we have read. By reading, our vocabularies will be extend-

ed and improved. When we have to stand up in a meeting and tell a gospel story, when we have to go out in the world and try to convert the people of the world to our faith, we can tell the gospel story there, more satisfactorily and more intelligently. We can tell of the Christ-child; we can impress our hearers better, because we are more fluent, and we have a better and more extended vocabulary than we could possibly acquire if we did not read good books.

If we would devote the time we should to reading, we would not have the criticism raised so often as we do today, that our meetings are not interesting. I heard of a criticism the other day, and I don't know but what it was well taken. In a certain ward there is a young man who is well informed and a successful teacher of the young people. The bishop of the ward asked the young man why he did not attend the Sunday evening meetings more than he had been doing; and he said, "Well, I will tell you, bishop, there are too many of our speakers who get up and tell us they haven't much to say; and then in very poor language they take up half an hour to prove to the people that their assertion is true." We feel that this reading course and the story telling that will be indulged in in our associations, during the coming winter, will bring good results, and we believe, my brethren and sisters, with all our souls that God will help us. We feel that if we teach our young people to love that which is ethical, that which is moral, it will prepare their hearts for the weightier and more helpful theological lessons which we have to give in our other meetings. After a while, having learned to love that which is ethical, that which is moral, they will learn to love that which is religious. After they have learned to love their theological lessons they will learn to love the religion of Jesus Christ. They will learn to love it and live its principles. I pray that God will help you to make this impression in your work this winter. We feel that it would be well, as I said before, that you assign these stories to the members of your associations, as early as possible, and some night when, perhaps, your lesson is a little shorter than usual, or you can take some special night and have these stories told before the association.

Oftentimes, when you find that spirit of giggling amongst the members—I don't know what other name to give it; something has taken possession of them; they can't keep their feet or hands still; they want to do something, and there must be some outlet to that feeling that has taken possession of them—and on evenings of this kind you can interest them by telling these stories to them. By this means, you will be able to control them and draw in the wanderings of their thoughts. I know these stories will be helpful to them in this way. Occasionally, you may hold a contest. Possibly you will have two or three nights in the winter when you can indulge in the story telling, and one of these nights might be given up to contesting in story telling. You may choose three boys; or six boys, three on each side; or, if you choose, and think it could be well controlled, you might have three girls and three boys and indulge in a contest. Have judges: make it of importance; let them feel that it means something—this story telling and reading—and they will have to give an account of what they have been reading. If associations are near together, or closely connected in your different settlements, possibly it would be well, sometimes, to have a contest between the two associations. If you feel it will be best, in your associations, to have this story telling conducted in that way, do so. You will find suggestions given in the manual this year and, I think, also in our Journal. You had some instructions given in the past, along these lines.

Now, my brethren and sisters, I feel that I cannot give you any more definite ideas about this matter. You will have to use your individuality, your judgment; and you will have to ask our heavenly Father to help you; and, above all, read the officers' notes and suggestions that are given in our manual and different journals upon this subject. I pray that God will help you as officers, that you may make a success of this feature of the work of your associations this winter; and may He sanctify it to the good of your young boys and girls; I ask it, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Singing, "O Thou Rock of Our Salvation"—Congregation.

Benediction—Agnes S. Campbell.



CONJOINT GENERAL MEETINGS  
OF Y. M. & Y. L. M. I. A. AND  
PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS  
Tabernacle, Sunday, June 5, at 2 p. m.

Singing, "Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken"—Tabernacle Choir.

Prayer—Jos. W. McMurrin.

Singing, "The Morning Breaks the Shadows Flee"—Tabernacle Choir.

Superintendent H. J. Grant presented the Officers of the General Boards of Young Men's and Young Ladies' and Primary Associations and they were unanimously sustained.

ADDRESS.

By President Martha H. Tingey.

We are happy to see the very good representation from all the stakes of Zion at our meetings during this conference, and feel greatly encouraged in our work. Certainly the work of mutual improvement is growing and Zion is growing. The spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is in the hearts of the people whom we meet by hundreds and thousands in our visits and travels throughout the Church. And it makes our hearts rejoice. I feel that our heavenly Father must indeed feel very much pleased and gratified with the work that is going on among His children. The interest that was manifested in our officers' meeting yesterday, the hearty response to every call that has been made of our officers shows that their hearts are in the work and that they are striving to work in harmony with the General Board to benefit and bless the youth of Zion.

One of the topics that we had for discussion yesterday was, "What can we do to stem the tide of evil that is broadcast in the earth?" To me the question could be answered in a very short and simple way: Live the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in your daily lives. That will apply the remedy to every phase of evil. Our heavenly Father has not left us without giving us instructions that will enter into every detail of our life work. He has told us how to live so that we may escape all the evils that are extant in the world and how we may live that we may be examples to all men. It is an individual work to every believer in the mission of the Savior. If we live up to His precepts, if we carry out His instructions, the evils that are set in our pathway will have no influence what-

ever with us. Let me cite a few revelations of the Lord to the Latter-day Saints, for instance, in these last days, which will meet some of these difficulties and evils. He has said,

"And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or in any of her Stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents."

This is strong language, brethren and sisters, but it is not mine. These are the words of God our Father, and I feel that if every father and mother in Zion would take this instruction home to their hearts and implant in the hearts of their little children this fear and love of God, this avoidance and horror of sin, from their infancy there would be very little need of Mutual Improvement Associations among the people, because the children would be so imbued with a love for that which is right, that which is noble and elevating and true, that they would be able to walk in the straight and narrow way.

Again, He has said,

"Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy."

Brethren and sisters, there is a tendency in the world today to make of the Sabbath a day of pleasure. Are we as Latter-day Saints going to fall into this worldly evil? We have the command of God; we have His counsel; we have His advice on this point. He says,

"And that thou mayst more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day; for verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors and to pay thy devotions unto the Most High."

Do we do this as Latter-day Saints? I trust it is unnecessary to say to any Mutual Improvement member that we should observe the Sabbath day; that it is not a day in which we should engage in pleasures. There is such a tendency among our boys to like to play ball and now most of the ball clubs want to play on Sunday. Boys, let me appeal to you to be true to your covenants, true to your faith and always say, "No, I will play with you



on other days, but on the Sabbath day I don't play ball."

This is only one thing. Let us apply it in everything. Will it take courage? Yes, certainly it will take courage; the highest kind of courage, because you will have to meet reproach. You will have to meet the sneers of many who have no faith in God or in doing His will. But are you not brave enough to do this? Are you not brave enough to stand true to your convictions of the right? We want our young people, the youth of Zion, to be brave and strong, with true courage to dare to believe what is right and dare to do it. Although these evils may be introduced in our midst, let us covenant in our own hearts, each individual, that as for us we will keep the Sabbath day holy.

Again, the Lord has said that strong drinks are not good for man; that hot drinks are not good for him; that tobacco is not for the use of man but to be used for bruises and for sick cattle. Here is the command, the word of the Lord to the Latter-day Saints.

I was touched in my heart to hear the judge of the juvenile court and also to hear a report of some of the highest educators in the land, saying that the beginning of the evils and the beginning of a downward course of the young people who were brought before the juvenile court was due to the cigarette habit, to which they became addicted when they were only little boys. Our greatest educators have made a study of this question and they say that their investigations have proven that boys who indulge in the cigarette habit never amount to anything in the colleges or the schools. Now, boys, we have the word of the Lord and we have the testimony of leading prominent men on this point. It should be enough for us. We would soon have the saloons closed, as far as the Latter-day Saints are concerned, if people would not visit them. I was horrified yesterday to be told by one who is working over at Saltair that there are many girls—it is shocking to say it, but there are many girls that are in Salt Lake City today who have to be locked up at Saltair because of indulging in strong liquors. We have thought it bad enough for boys, but when girls will descend to these things it seems to me it will have to be the hand of God that will stop it among the people. Let

me warn you. Let us keep ourselves unspotted from these things.

Another great evil that is in our midst today—I have spoken so far to the young men, but there is another evil that affects both young men and ladies; I think it usually attributed to the young ladies, and that is the creeping in of fashion and style and extravagance among the people. Our Father has said,

"Let all thy garments be plain, and their beauty the beauty of the work of thine own hands."

There are styles introduced into the world today by people who make a living by that practice and they are adopted by people who have no higher object in life than to adorn their bodies and make a show of themselves. These styles are being introduced in the midst of the Latter-day Saints. Now do not misunderstand me. Don't think I would approve of any straight laced uniform for the Latter-day Saints. We want to be dressed neatly and becomingly, but let us beware how we go to the extreme in these things. There is a tendency among the youth of Zion to go to extremes in almost anything they undertake unless they are restrained and held back; and I fear there is an extreme in this direction creeping in among our people. I have heard with deep regret that there are some of the young people in Salt Lake City today who are selling their good name for dress, and when their friends have talked to them about it, they have said,

"Well, we just have to dress and we cannot earn money enough to pay for it."

O, my sisters, let us be wise; let us be careful; let us adorn the beautiful bodies God has given us in purity, in modesty, in cleanliness; let us have the Spirit of God which is the greatest adornment, and let it shine in our faces and it will be the greatest attraction that we can have. This question of extravagance can be extended and spoken of in many ways. I wish to raise my voice as one of those who have been called to raise a warning voice to our young people against the habit and practice which is indulged in to an alarming extent today of visiting the cafes and the soda water fountains. I believe it is the cause of much of the ill health and debility of the people who are imbibing these things to excess, which is the result

largely of the habit of treating each other. The girls and boys are both addicted to this practice. They go to these places, one treats and another treats. I heard some young ladies make the remark, the other day, that they had eaten ten or a dozen dishes of icecream because people had been treating. I feel that the young people need warning. They need to be restrained. And I felt impressed this afternoon before this large body of Mutual Improvement workers to lift my voice in warning to them in regard to these things.

It would not be proper for me to take more of your time. My heart is with the Mutual Improvement work. I love the youth of Zion, and as I am anxious that every child of my own shall become a pure, noble and honorable member of the Church of God, worthy to bear the Holy Priesthood, so am I anxious that every son and daughter of God shall be reared in this same way, that they may become a mighty army for righteousness in the kingdom of God. That the Lord bless them, give them wisdom and judgment and His Spirit to guide them, is my sincere prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Anthem, "Grant us Peace, O Lord"  
—Tabernacle Choir.

*Address by President Joseph F. Smith.*

I consider it a great honor to have the privilege of being associated, in the work of mutual improvement, with such a body of intelligent people as are assembled here this afternoon. I desire to express to you, my brethren and sisters engaged in this glorious cause, my heartfelt gratitude and feeling of thankfulness for the interest that you manifest in your attendance at this conference and otherwise in the cause of human redemption. You cannot be engaged, it seems to me, in a better work than this in which you are engaged as teachers, instructors, and leaders among the youth of Zion and the children of the people among whom we dwell. I feel impelled to say that notwithstanding the references that we have heard to the misdeeds of some, to the falling of individuals into error, sin, and transgression against the laws of life, health, and morality and against all the laws of God and of human propriety, I be-

lieve—and I think my ground is good for such belief—that there is not another people of the same magnitude surrounded by the same environments, circumstances, and temptations, that can produce as large a percentage of uprightness, of purity, honesty, virtue and honor as this people can do. I would like to proclaim that thought and truth to the world that they may know the truth, for it is the truth. We do not look for absolute perfection in man. Mortal man is not capable of being absolutely perfect, nevertheless, it is given to us to be as perfect, in the sphere in which we are called to be and to act, as it is for the Father in heaven to be pure and righteous in the more exalted sphere in which He acts. We will find in the Scriptures the words of the Savior Himself, to His disciples, in which He required that they should be perfect even as their Father in heaven is perfect; that they should be righteous even as He is righteous. I do not expect that we can be as perfect as Christ; that we can be as righteous as God. But I believe that we can strive for that perfection with the intelligence that we possess and the knowledge that we have of the principles of life and salvation. The duty of the Latter-day Saints and the paramount duty of those who are leaders in this work of mutual improvement in the Church is to inculcate in the hearts of the young people these principles of righteousness, of purity of life, of honor, of uprightness and of humility withal, that we may be humble before God and acknowledge His hand in all things. According to His revelation, He is displeased with those who will not acknowledge His hand in all things. When we look at the imperfections of our fellow beings, some of the inclinations of those with whom we are intimately associated in the various organizations of the Church and discern in them their natural proneness to evil, to sinfulness, to a disregard of sacred things, and sometimes their inclination to disregard and treat lightly, if not with contempt, those things that should be more sacred than life itself, it makes the task seem almost discouraging and it seems impossible for us to accomplish that which we have in view and to perform the mission that we have undertaken to our own satisfaction and the acceptance of the Lord. But what shall we do? Shall we quit

because there are those with whom we come in contact who are not willing to rise to the standard to which we seek to exalt them? No; someone has said that the Lord hates a quitter and there should be no such thing as quitting when we put our hands to the plow to save men, to save souls, to exalt mankind, to inculcate principles of righteousness and establish them in the hearts of those with whom we are associated, both by precept and by example. There must be no such thing as being discouraged. We may fail over and over again, but if we do, it is in individual cases. Under certain conditions and circumstances, we may fail to accomplish the object we have in view with reference to this individual or the other individual, or to a number of individuals that we are seeking to benefit, to uplift, to purify, to get into their hearts the principles of justice, of righteousness, of virtue and of honor that would fit them to inherit the kingdom of God; to associate with angels should they come to visit the earth. If you fail, never mind. Go right on; try it again; try it somewhere else. Never say quit; do not say it cannot be done. Failure is a word that should be unknown to all the workers in the Sunday Schools, in the Mutual Improvement Associations, in our Primary Associations, in the quorums of the Priesthood as well as in all the organizations of the Church everywhere. The word fail ought to be expunged from our language and from our thoughts. We do not fail when we seek to benefit the erring and they will not listen to us. We will get the reward for all the good we do. We will get the reward for all the good we desire to do and labor to do, though we fail to accomplish it, for we will be judged according to our works and our intent and purposes. The victim of evil, of sin, the one whom we seek to benefit but who will not yield to our endeavors to benefit him may fail, but we who try to uplift him will not fail if we do not quit. If we will go on and continue trying, failing as it were or missing one mark should not discourage us; but we should fly to another, keep on in the work, keep on doing, patiently, determinedly doing our duty, seeking to accomplish the purpose we have in view. What is it? What do I have in my mind to accomplish? This may be considered selfish, but first of all the paramount

desire of my heart is that I may by the help of my God save myself; that I by the help of God may be worthy eventually to be exalted in the kingdom of God. Next to it and equal to it—for that also is as necessary to my salvation and happiness as is my own salvation—is that those whom God has given to me, whom He has placed in my care, over whom He has made me guardian and responsible, that these may be worthy to be saved and exalted in the kingdom of God. Then reaching out to my neighbor and to my associate and to all my fellow members in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for they come next. We are bound together in the bond of the new and everlasting covenant: we are children of the same father; we are born of the same mother, the water of baptism. We have come out from that watery grave into a newness of life and unto a forgiveness of sins. Thus you and I that have been born again are born of the same mother and are endowed with the same spirit from on high. Then my sympathy goes out to you next. My earnest desire is that you shall do your duty. Next to myself and those immediately connected or united with me by the bonds of the new and everlasting covenant, come the people of God. Then what? Then the dead that have died without a knowledge of the truth. Their salvation is necessary. Our condition here is not perfect. Neither can we become perfect without them; neither can they be made perfect without us, according to the revelations of God to the world in the latter days. And then who? Then to the strangers abroad in the world and all the sons and daughters of God in every part of the earth; that the gospel may be sent to them; that they may be taught the words of life and salvation, the words of truth and righteousness, faith in God, love for God, faith in the divine mission of the Lord Jesus Christ, faith in His atonement for the sins of the world, faith in His resurrection from the dead, by which every son and daughter of Adam shall be brought forth from their sleeping dust and shall live again, their identities being preserved just as truly as the identity of the Son of God was preserved, who was not suffered to see corruption. These are truths that I believe in; that we ought to teach; that we ought to live and obey and



we, every man and woman of us, should be watchmen and watchwomen upon the towers of Zion seeking to ameliorate the conditions of those that are under the bonds of sin and darkness. We should seek to bring them to the marvelous light of the gospel of Jesus Christ that they with us, if we are faithful, may walk in the light of Christ as He is in the light, that we may have fellowship with Him and His blood shall cleanse us from all sin.

It is the duty of the Latter-day Saints, the duty of these auxiliary organizations of the Church, one and each of them, to teach to the children that are brought within our influence and care the divinity of the mission of Joseph Smith, the prophet. Do not forget it. Do not let him perish out of your thoughts or minds. Remember that the Lord God raised him up to lay the foundations of this work and the Lord did what has been done through him, and we see the results of it. Men may scoff at Joseph Smith and at his mission just as they scoffed at the Savior and His mission. They may ridicule and condemn the works of the Prophet Joseph Smith as they did ridicule and make light of and condemn the mission of the Christ, and yet with all their condemnation, their scoffing, their ridicule, their contempt and their murderous persecution of the saints of former days, God's name, the name of the lowly Nazarene—He that had not where to lay His head; He that was scoffed at, abused, insulted, persecuted and driven into concealment and into exile time and again, because they sought His life; He that was charged with doing good by the power of Satan; He that was charged with violating the Sabbath day, because He permitted His disciples to gather ears of corn and eat them on the Sabbath; He that was called a friend of publicans and sinners; He that was called a friend of wine bibbers, and all this sort of thing and at last was crucified, mocked, crowned with thorns, spat upon, smote and abused until He was lifted upon the cross as they shouted, "Now, if thou be the Son of God, come down." Even the thieves crucified with Him mocked and ridiculed Him and asked Him if He was Christ to come down and also deliver them—all this happened to Jesus, the Son of God. But what is the result? Look at the so-called Christian world to-

day. Never has there been a name brought to the intelligence of the human race since the foundations of the world that has cost so much, that has accomplished so much, that has been revered and honored so much as the name of Jesus Christ, once so hated and persecuted, and once crucified. The day will come, and it is not far distant either, when the name of the Prophet Joseph Smith will be coupled with the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, the Son of God, as His representative, as His agent whom He chose, ordained and set apart to lay anew the foundations of the Church of God in the world, which is indeed the Church of Jesus Christ possessing all the powers of the gospel, all the rites and privileges, the authority of the Holy Priesthood and every principle necessary to fit and qualify both the living and the dead to inherit eternal life and to attain to exaltation in the kingdom of God. The day will come when you and I will not be the only ones that will believe this by a great deal, but there will be millions of them living and dead that will proclaim this truth. This gospel revealed to the Prophet Joseph is already being preached to the spirits in prison, to those who have passed away from this stage of action into the spirit world without the knowledge of the gospel. Joseph Smith is preaching that gospel to them. So is Hyrum Smith. So is Brigham Young and so are all the faithful apostles that lived in this dispensation under the administration of the Prophet Joseph. They are there, having carried with them from here the Holy Priesthood that they received under the hands and by the authority of the Prophet Joseph Smith and with that authority conferred upon them in the flesh they are preaching the gospel to the spirits in prison, as Christ did when His body lay in the tomb and He went to proclaim liberty to the captives and open the prison doors to them that were bound. Not only are these engaged in that work but hundreds and thousands of others; the Elders that have died in the mission field have not finished their missions, but they are continuing them in the spirit world. Possibly the Lord saw it necessary or proper to call them hence as He did. I am not going to question that thought, at least, nor dispute it. I leave it in the hand of God for I believe that all these things



will be over-ruled for good, for the Lord will suffer nothing to go to His people in the world that He will not over-rule eventually for their greater good.

Now, I did not expect to speak long to you, and I do not intend to do so. I hope you will remember the suggestions that have been made. Sister Tingey has preached to us one of the purest of gospel sermons, and we have had a number of excellent gospel sermons during these meetings, this forenoon and this afternoon. Brethren and sisters, let us remember them. I trust, especially, that you will cherish in your souls the thought that there is no other place in the world that should be so attractive, so desirable, so peaceful, and so lovely to us and to our children as our homes. God should be our partner there. The Spirit of the Lord should dwell with us in our homes; and by the aid of the good spirit that comes from the Lord we should be able to banish and expel from our homes all jealousy, all anger, all disputations, all lack of confidence one in another. We should be united. It should be a place where love abounds—the love of God, the pure love of the husband to his wife, the pure and unselfish love of the wife to her husband, the pure and indelible love of the parents for the children, and the filial love of the children to the parents. This love for each other should find lodgment, should find joy, existence, by being forever in the precincts of that sacred place we call Home—where mother is, where the children are born, where the parents live, where the children nestle to their parents. O! my soul, what is there that should be more sacred to us? What is there that should be kept more pure, holy, spotless or sinless than that place we call home? Why should a man quarrel with his family at home? Why should a woman quarrel with her husband, or the children in their home? Why should there be dissatisfaction, misunderstandings, lack of confidence, or lack of love, one for another, in our homes? O! I do not see how such things can be—and yet, sometimes, they come. Sometimes they come because the husband is not altogether thoughtful of the rights of his wife. Sometimes they come because the wife is not altogether thoughtful of the circumstances and conditions under which her husband is laboring.

Misunderstandings arise, and these little difficulties come about in a moment of thoughtlessness, or forgetfulness, perhaps, when we do not realize, or when we cease to realize that this is my wife; this is the mother of my children; this is my home; here is the dwelling place of my children, my sons and my daughters. They forget that; they let that thought escape their minds; a word of anger is spoken, and, like a spark to the powder can, everything is exploded at once. We ought to know better than that; we ought to have lived longer than to submit to such things as that; and remember, too, that we are here not to call the righteous to repentance but to save men that are in darkness. We are to save the sinners, if we can; that is, we can't save them, but we can point out the way by which they can save themselves with the help of the Lord. That is our duty. We must so live that our example and our precept, as well, shall tend always to bring men to reflection and eventually to a conviction that we are at least sincere in our religion and faith, and that it is good to imitate our example. Let our light so shine that others may see our good works and be inclined to come and glorify our Father who is in heaven.

A good deal could be said, but I realize that I am encroaching on the time. God bless the Mutual Improvement associations. I feel in my soul—and I do not want to sit down till I say it again—that I am standing before as good a people and, without boasting, I believe a better people, than can be found anywhere else in the world. In saying this, however, I do not do it in the Pharisaical spirit that was illustrated by our Savior of old; I do not say it in the spirit of the one who said, "I thank Thee, O Lord, that I am not as other men." I say it in the spirit of humility and gratitude and thankfulness to the Lord, that I am looking upon people who devote their time, who give their talents, their faith, their means, and their efforts to the benefit of the youth of Zion, for the good of Israel. Therefore, I feel that I am justified in saying that I am before a congregation of people who have not a superior, at least, anywhere in the world. My brethren and sisters, let us maintain our integrity, our high standard, our faith, our religion, our devotion to the cause of Zion and the

redemption of the misguided, the saving of the erring and of those that have fallen into sin. As far as it is within our power let us save our young people from falling into sin, keep them from going astray. The way to do that is to keep a kind but firm hand upon them all the time—know where they are at night, know whose company they are in, what kind of people they are associating with, and guard them carefully, that they may not become a prey to the destroyer.

Eulogy on the Life and Character of John Hafen, the Artist—Superintendent Heber J. Grant.

Chorus Lullaby—Little children of Ensign Stake, Director Nellie P. Whitney.

Address, "Primary Association"—Emma Ramsey Morris.

Singing, "God is Our Refuge and Strength"—Tabernacle Choir.

Benediction—President Louie B. Felt.

### Sunday Evening, 7 p. m.

Singing, "Come, Come ye Saints"—Congregation.

Prayer—John H. Smith.

Solo, "Hosannah"—Melvin Peterson.

Address, "Be Ye Clean"—Geo. H. Brimhall. (To be published verbatim in September issue.)

Chorus, "Mothers' Lullaby"—Young Ladies of Pioneer Stake, Director Mabel Cooper.

Address, In Behalf of Primary Association—President Joseph F. Smith.

Chorus, "We Ever Pray for Thee"—Young Ladies of Pioneer Stake.

Benediction—Anthon H. Lund.

### CONVENTION DATES, 1910.

August 14—Yellowstone.

August 28—Beaver, Fremont, Malad, Hyrum, Pocatello, Woodruff.

Sept. 4—Box Elder, Bear River, Cassia, Teton, Liberty Jordan, Weber, Parowan, North Davis, Rigby, Panguitch, San Juan at Moab.

Sept. 11—Ensign, Star Valley, South Sanpete, Uintah, Wasatch, Granite, South Davis, Tooele, Bannock, Emery, North Weber, Pioneer, Kanab, San Luis.

Sept. 12—St. George.

Sept. 14—San Juan at Mancos.

Sept. 18—Big Horn, Oneida, Blackfoot, Summit Millard, Juab, Ogden, Nebo, Alpine, Bingham, Carbon.

Sept. 25—North Sanpete, Union, Benson, Morgan, Utah, Bear Lake, Cache, Sevier, Salt Lake.

Convention dates for Canada, Mexico, Arizona and Wayne Stakes will be published later.

### ORGANIZATION.

*Carbon Stake Y. L. M. I. A. at Price, May 8, 1910.*

President—Arabella Branch.

First Counselor—Mary Mathis.

Second Counselor—Mary Smith Branch.

Secretary and Treasurer—Enid Harlmon.

### REORGANIZATIONS.

*Taylor Stake (Canada) Y. L. M. I. A., May 15, 1910.*

President—Margaret E. P. Gordon.

First Counselor—May Weed.

Second Counselor—Ina Erickson.

Secretary and Treasurer—Lura Redd.

Aids—Maud McCarty, Tehzell Merkley, Allie R. Jensen, Marie Young, Jennie Fauns, Lottie H. Knight.

*Oncida Stake.—June 19, 1910.*

President—Mary A. Nelson.

First Counselor—Anna Frost.

Second Counselor—Barbara Ballif.

Secretary—Gertrude Griffith, R.F. D., No. 3, Box 66.

Assistant Secretary—Dora Merrill.

Organist—Edna Geddes.

Aids—Pearl G. Eames, Lillie Eames, Benson, Edna Johnson Merrill, Lena Allen Parkinson, Eleanor Jensen.

### CONFERENCES.

April 23, 1910—No. Davis—Heber J. Grant, Thos. Hull, Laura Bennion, Augusta Grant.

May 29, 1910—Bannock—Edith Lovesy.

### ADS.

*Notice Our Advertisements.*—We can safely recommend any firm as reliable who advertise with us.

# Young Woman's Journal

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PERFECTION OUR AIM.

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SALT LAKE CITY, - JULY, 1910

## Conversation.

The ability to converse intelligently and entertainingly is one of the finest of arts. It can be used daily and be a constant source of delight and edification to the associates of the one who exercises it.

Not only must the one who would converse well have a fund of information and adequate language to express what he knows, but he must have the ability to draw out what others know, and he must be a good listener. There is a vast difference between talking and conversing. One should not monopolize all the

time: to converse people must speak together informally and alternately.

Most men and women spend too much time talking about trifles or the latest sensation. As it is common for people to speak about the things that are uppermost in their minds it would seem that their store houses are not filled with very valuable material. Many complain that they have no time to read and study. When a sensational murder occurs how many are there who do not peruse almost every sentence written about it? The harrowing details become the subject of conversation on the street and in the home. How much more profitably could that time be spent in perusing and talking over some good book or magazine article.

When one attempts to tell a thing he soon finds out whether his ideas are clear and positive or indefinite and uncertain. Telling fixes the thing told in the memory. Through conversation one gets the views of others on the subject under discussion. New light is diffused and often an entirely new view point is obtained.

It would be well for people to continuously and persistently strive to become good conversationalists. They should take care not only that they have something to talk about, but that they say it in a pleasing manner. Conversation is an art which none should be above cultivating, and perhaps the secret of this art is trying to put oneself in the attitude of mind of the listener. Try to talk so that he or she may understand you, seek by your manner to win, not antagonize him. Put the best that is in you in your conversation and you will call forth the best from your listener.

# GUIDE DEPARTMENT.

## The Story of the Restoration.

### LESSON I.

#### THE SEVEN MARKS OF THE APOSTASY.

If we could live back a hundred years, we might be privileged to witness scenes of strife and confusion hardly to be reconciled with the peace and quiet of religious worship. Beginning with the famous camp meetings of the Red River district in the year 1800, religious revivals became quite the common thing in church circles. Whenever there appeared a loss of spiritual interest, the ministers of the churches instituted a revival. Then the people would assemble to the place of the revival meetings from all the surrounding country. The ministers of the various sects usually united in the effort to waken spiritual interest. They claimed that they cared not to what denomination a man belonged, so only he got religion. It generally happened, however, that, when the time came for those who had "experienced religion" to profess their party allegiance, the seeming good-will between the sects became jealousy and hatred. Then the ministers began to contend one with another. Standing in their tent-doors, as it were, they cried to the sorely perplexed converts, "Lo here is Christ!" "Lo, here!" And to the general confusion of the scene was added bitterness; for the pseudo-ministers of God strove among themselves, the one maligning the other. Thus from a well-meant spiritual revival, begun in religious zeal and conducted apparently in brotherly love,

there resulted finally bitterness and contention because there was really no unity among the professing followers of Christ. Such an outcome of a religious revival was the common thing; and if we had lived in western New York in the spring of 1820, we might have witnessed just such a scene of religious turmoil.

That this condition of disruption should exist in the religious world of the nineteenth century, was only a natural consequence in the course of history. Jesus and the apostles had taught in early times the Gospel in its pure simplicity. Soon after the passing of the apostles, however, the Christian church had departed from the orthodox doctrines of the Lord, and had become corrupt and apostate in many ways. Persecution, waged by both the Jews and the Gentiles, was in part responsible for the great apostasy; but possibly prosperity, and the adoption of Christianity as the state form of worship, was even more productive of a general abandonment of religious doctrines as taught by Jesus and the apostles. In a general way, there are seven points in which the apostasy of the early Christian church is marked.

First, the doctrine of the Godhead became greatly changed soon after the apostolic age. It had been taught that man was made in the image of God; that, therefore, God was a person of body and parts. And Jesus, the one perfect man to



take upon Him flesh, was in the express image of God the Father.<sup>a</sup> There soon grew in the church, however, diverse opinions of the nature of God. He became an inconceivable immateriality with boundless power. The result in modern doctrine is a kind of divine nonentity, everywhere present yet nowhere to be found—an impossible being with neither shape nor dimension, with neither parts nor passions, but who, nevertheless, abides in an undefined place called Heaven, and loves the children of earth. Moreover, the doctrine of the unity, or the trinity, of the Godhead also became perverted in the early church. It had been taught that there were three beings in the Godhead—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; separate and distinct in person, but one—that is united—in purpose and action. After the passing of the apostles, however, it was taught that these three were only one:—"the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God, and yet they are not three Gods but one God."<sup>b</sup>

Next, the doctrine of the necessity of divine authority became wholly ignored. The men of old understood that they might not assume of their own accord to officiate in the things of God. Jesus stated the doctrine tersely when He said to His apostles, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you."<sup>c</sup> In later times, however, it became popular for men to elect the office of priest or minister. At the present time men choose the calling of preacher as they do that of lawyer or doctor. They seek positions that confer upon the holders *worldly* recognition and riches. They make the words

of Jesus to read, "You have not chosen us, but we have chosen you."

Further, the organization and government of the primitive church became corrupted. In the church of Christ there had been apostles, patriarchs, or evangelists, high-priests, seventies, elders, bishops, priests, teachers, and deacons.<sup>d</sup> These officers were maintained as long as the apostles lived; there are many references to them during the first century of the Christian era. Soon thereafter, however, many of these officers were dropped as unnecessary. Today, there is not a denomination descended from the old Catholic church, nor the Catholic church itself, that maintains in its organization the officers provided by the great Master. And with the church organization corrupted, it follows that the church government must be incomplete and inadequate.

Again, it was not very long after the passing of the apostles, before the outward ordinances of the church became changed to suit the convenience of men. Baptism had been administered by immersion, as the word indicates.<sup>e</sup> The custom arose, however, merely to sprinkle the applicant for baptism; or, at most, to pour a little water on him. Furthermore, while the ordinance was meant only for adults, or for young people that had reached years of accountability, it was applied, after the time of Christ, to babes, who could neither know nor confess Him. The sacrament of the Lord's supper, too, was burdened with ceremony, and changed materially.<sup>f</sup> The ordinance of administration to the sick was dismissed as useless.<sup>g</sup> Marriage was declared unworthy and even un-

<sup>a</sup>Gen. 1: 26, 27; 5: 1-3; Heb. 1: 1-3.

<sup>b</sup>Athanasian Creed.

<sup>c</sup>Heb. 4; 2 Pet. 1: 21; John 15: 16-19.

<sup>d</sup>Eph. 4: 11 ff; 1 Cor. 12: 12-29.

<sup>e</sup>Matt. 3: 13-17.

<sup>f</sup>Luke 22; Matt. 26; 1 Cor. 11: 23-26.

<sup>g</sup>Jas. 5: 14, 15.

holy, especially on the part of those that had chosen the ministry as a profession.<sup>b</sup> In fact, there remains in the churches today hardly an ordinance that has not been changed to suit the whims of men.

Next, the church ritual became perverted under the administration of those who professed to follow after Jesus and His apostles. Nothing could be simpler or purer than the church service instituted by the Savior. After the third century, however, all the simplicity was gone forever. To gain the good will and the favor of the pagans, their customs and ceremonies were adopted by the Christian church. And so far was this done that the Christian worship of today is much more akin to the pagan worship of old than it is to the simple worship of the Church of Christ.

The spiritual gifts, too—so common in the days of the apostles—became wholly lost to the later Christian church. Prophecy, healing, speaking in tongues, and other marvelous blessings, are enumerated by the Apostle Paul. And he makes clear the fact that these gifts *will* be manifest whenever the authorized church operates. But, alas! belief in the spiritual gifts is not part of the creed of modern Christianity.

Finally, the body of church doctrine became corrupted in the third, fourth, and fifth centuries. To consider all the changes in church doctrine would require more space than can be allowed in this brief lesson in review. Suffice it to say that besides the changes in doctrine already named, there was departure from the truth in many essential ways; as, for example, the introduction of the doctrine that infants if unsprinkled would be eternally damned; that condemnation for sin

meant eternal condemnation, without hope or relief, worlds without end; that there might be two standards of morality in this life; that man has power to forgive sin, and that, therefore, indulgences and other papers of permission or forgiveness might be sold, and so forth. In short, though it may appear to be a bold and a very general statement, it seems to be true that hardly a doctrine concerning the salvation of man, from the time of his advent into this world to the time of the great judgment, remains today as it was taught by Jesus. And what is even more distressing is the fact that hardly two clergymen in the world believe alike on any one doctrine.

From these seven points, then—the corruption of the doctrine of God and the Godhead; the rejection of the doctrine of Divine Authority; the distortion of the doctrine of church organization and church government; the changing of the outward ordinances; the perversion of the simple church ritual; the loss of spiritual gifts; and the corruption of the body of church doctrines,—from these seven points, it is indisputably evident that the great apostasy from the primitive Christian church is an accomplished fact. Although there followed in the middle ages a period of reformation—or revolution—yet there was effected no return to the primitive faith. There came no new revelation, and therefore there could come no authorized church. The churches of the Protestants were merely broken off from the mother Catholic church, which they themselves believed to be apostate. Each new religious teacher as he arose placed his own personal interpretation upon the word of God. And so there came to be many creeds; and since these creeds differed materially in

<sup>b</sup>Heb. 13: 4; 1 Cor. 11: 11.

essential points, contention and strife became inevitably common among the sects.

Such was the condition of the world in the spring of 1820. Although, for the purposes of a revival meeting, the ministers of the Protestant churches might unite for a time in a general effort to waken the people to spiritual life, yet there lay beneath the surface feelings of antagonism and bitterness the one toward the other. The seven marks of the apostasy made them alien to Christ, forever.

Note: For a full consideration of the apostasy and the so-called reformation, see B. H. Roberts' "Outlines of Ecclesiastical History," and J. E. Talmage's "Great Apostasy."

#### QUESTIONS.

1. What is a religious revival meeting? How does it differ from any other religious meeting?
2. Why were religious revival meetings held?
3. What was usually the result of a religious revival meeting?
4. How does the revival meeting reveal the condition of the religious world?
5. Why is this condition a natural consequence in the course of history?
6. Can you give any reason of your own, why, in the plan of salvation, there must be an apostasy?
7. What were the two forces that brought about the apostasy?

8. In how many points is the great apostasy marked.

9. Name and explain the first point.

10. Name and explain the second point.

11. Name and explain the third point.

12. Name and explain the fourth point.

13. Name and explain the fifth point.

14. Name and explain the sixth point.

15. Name and explain the seventh point.

16. Why could the Protestant churches of the Middle Ages possess no more authority than the mother-church from which they sprang?

17. How did strife and bitterness become inevitable between the Protestant churches?

18. Suppose we had no sure evidence of the apostasy such as that we have enumerated, what should you conclude from the condition of the modern religious world?

19. What should you have wanted, then, had you attended the religious revival meeting of Western New York in 1820?

#### SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

A. Consider the history of the popes of Rome as evidence of the apostasy. A fairly good review with references will be found in Roberts' "New Witness for God," vol. 1.

B. Give a brief summary of the life and work of Martin Luther, as illustrative of what was accomplished by the Reformation.

## LESSON II.

### THE RESTORATION PREDICTED.

The great universal apostasy we have thus briefly described was foretold by many of the ancient prophets. In both the New and the Old Testament may be found pertinent references to a general falling-away; for the prophets of old—specially chosen men who spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost—foresaw clearly that even the simple words of Jesus would become corrupted, though

the fact of His ministry might be accepted.

And just as the prophets of old foresaw the falling away, so, too, they foresaw and predicted the glorious restoration. The blissful condition to be desired at that time was described by the Lord to Jeremiah. The Lord God would make a new covenant with His people. It was to be a time when the law of the Lord should be put in the "in-



ward parts" of the people, and they should "teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord;" for they should all know Him, from the least of them to the greatest of them.<sup>i</sup> How far we are in the modern religious world from realizing the condition here described, it is needless to say. The promised new covenant has certainly not been generally accepted. The time remains yet to come when creeds shall cease contending one with another, saying, "Know the Lord." The time is not yet to come, however, when the new covenant shall be established. It is here.

King Nebuchadnezzar had one night a wonderful dream. He saw standing before him a great image of excellent brightness, but terrible form. The head of the image was of gold; the breast and the arms were of silver; the belly and the thighs were of brass; the legs were of iron; and the feet were part of iron and part of clay. As the image stood before the dreamsight of the king, there appeared a stone cut without hands, which smote the feet of the image and broke it to pieces. The clay, the iron, the brass, the silver, the gold, of which the image was made became like chaff and were scattered in the winds of heaven; but the little stone became a great mountain and filled the whole earth.

To the Hebrew prophet Daniel was given the interpretation of Nebuchadnezzar's dream. The four parts made of gold, and silver, and brass, and iron, represented, he said, four great world kingdoms that should arise. In fact, the first of them—that represented by the head of gold—was Nebuchadnezzar's own, the kingdom of Babylon. Af-

ter it should arise another inferior to it—the kingdom of the Medes and Persians—typified by the breast and arms of silver. There should come in succession two others—the kingdom of Alexander, a kingdom of brass to bear rule over the whole earth; and the empire of Rome, an empire of iron, strong, to break in pieces and subdue all things. And finally, after the fall of these four world empires, the earth should be divided into many kingdoms, some strong and some weak, as the feet and toes of the image were part of iron and part of potter's clay.

Then, in the days of those kings, said the Prophet Daniel, "shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever."<sup>j</sup>

Plainly, the little stone cut without hands stands for the Church of Christ, the Kingdom of God. In the day of the petty governments that sprang from the ruins of Rome, the little stone should appear. At some time *after* the fall of Rome, the kingdom of God should be established. But that day and time are modern day and time; and modern time is now. In our day, then, according to the vision of King Nebuchadnezzar, interpreted by the Prophet Daniel, the God of heaven should establish His kingdom among men. Here is a clear prediction of the restoration of the Church of God.

Again, in the book of the Prophet Malachi, occur passages that point unmistakably to a time of restoration. The Lord promises to send a messenger, before He shall come suddenly to His temple. Then only the elect shall stand, for He

<sup>i</sup>Jer. 31: 31-34.

<sup>j</sup>Dan. 2: 31-45.



shall be like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap.<sup>k</sup> Again, before the great and dreadful day of the Lord—when all the proud and all that do wickedly shall burn as stubble—the Lord promises to send Elijah, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to the fathers, that the earth may not be smitten with a curse.<sup>l</sup> These, too, are clear predictions of a restoration, setting forth some things to be accomplished. And it is evidently then—for it has not been before—that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the tops of the mountains, and the nations shall come to it to learn of the ways of the Lord.<sup>m</sup>

Now, it may be objected that these prophecies were all fulfilled in the ministry of the Lord Jesus. The objection is, however, untenable. The conditions described in the predictions did not exist at the time of Christ. In the first place, that was not the great and terrible day of the Lord, when the proud and the wicked should burn as stubble. Next, the Lord did not then come suddenly to His temple; nor did He sit as a refiner and purifier of silver. Furthermore, at the time of Christ, Rome was still in her glory. The feet and toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image had not yet grown forth. It was too soon for the little stone to roll forth from the mountain. Then again, it was predicted by Daniel that the kingdom of Christ which he saw established should never be destroyed nor given to another people. Jesus Himself, however, said to the people of His day, because of their unbelief, "The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given

to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof."<sup>n</sup> If, therefore, the kingdom of God typified by the little stone were established in the days of Jesus, then either Daniel or Jesus must stand as a false prophet. Since, however, both were holy men of God—and one a God Himself—it must be that Daniel's prophecy remained yet to be fulfilled. Examine the scriptures from any point of view, the conclusion remains the same: Although Jesus established His Church while upon the earth, yet it was not the establishment that should never be changed nor be given to another people. In the economy of God, there remained yet another period when His kingdom should be established for the last time, when the righteous should gain the victory over sin, and when the God of Glory should finally come as King of kings to rule over His own.

That other period was seen in splendid vision by the beloved disciple of Jesus. John was on the Isle of Patmos. It was long after the Lord had been crucified. The falling-away had already begun. In terrible vision, John had been shown how the Church should be persecuted by its enemies, and how, finally, it should flee into the wilderness to be seen no more for a long period by man. Then, after the apostasy had been fully accomplished, and the world had been prepared, should come the restoration. Six mighty angels had John seen, each with its special mission to perform. Then there appeared the seventh.

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give

<sup>k</sup>Mal. 3: 1-3.

<sup>l</sup>Mal. 4: 1-6.

<sup>m</sup>Micah. 4: 1-2

<sup>n</sup>Matt. 21: 42, 43.

glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come: and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters."<sup>o</sup>

Naturally, if there had been no apostasy, there would have been no need of another angel flying in the midst of heaven to restore the gospel,—neither to a community, nor to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people. Naturally, too, since this condition was seen in vision by John while on the Isle of Patmos, it could not have been fulfilled in the ministry of the Savior. It belonged to a future time; to a time subsequent to that of John. It confirms the prediction of Daniel, that the kingdom of God should be established at some time after the fall of Rome. And it reveals the manner of the restoration: there should come an angel flying, having the everlasting gospel to preach to them that dwell upon the earth.

In conclusion, it may be observed that the restoration was, according to the prophets, to be a restoration in very deed—a restitution of all things. In the sermon delivered on Solomon's porch, Peter predicted "the time of restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began."<sup>p</sup> Peter, then, understood that there must be a period of restoration before the end of the world—before, indeed, Jesus the Christ could come again. Undoubtedly, it was the same thing Jesus had in mind, when He said, "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations: and then shall the end come."<sup>q</sup>

The restoration was, then, a part of the general plan, as well as the apostasy. It must of necessity fol-

low after the apostasy. Not only the great falling-away, but the splendid restoration also, was clearly foreseen and predicted by the ancient prophets. The time of the restoration was to be the time of the kings that should follow the fourth great world-empire—that is, it was to be modern time. And the act of the restoration was to come through no human means, but should be like a stone cut out of the mountain without hands. It was to be brought about by the ministry of angels.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. What did the prophets of old predict concerning a general falling-away? Look up and memorize two or three of the strongest predictions.
2. How does the fact that the ancient prophets foresaw a time of restitution affect your belief in the doctrine of a general apostasy?
3. What kind of new covenant did the Lord tell Jeremiah he would make with His people?
4. How do you know that the new covenant was not fully established before our day?
5. Relate, without interpreting, the wonderful dream of King Nebuchadnezzar.
6. Who was the prophet to whom the interpretation of the dream was given?
7. How did he explain the image?
8. How can you prove that the minor kings of the vision arose *after* the fall of Rome?
9. What was typified by the little stone?
10. Why was it cut out of the mountain without hands?
11. At what particular time, then, should men look for the kingdom of God?
12. State and explain the predictions of the apostasy found in the book of Malachi.
13. How do you know that these predictions were not fulfilled at the time of Christ?
14. Repeat from memory and explain John's great prediction of a restoration.
15. What effect does this prediction have on the belief that the other

<sup>o</sup>Rev. 12, 13, 14 chapters.

<sup>p</sup>Acts 3: 21.

<sup>q</sup>Matt. 24: 14.

prophecies were fulfilled at the time of Christ?

16. According to Peter what must happen before Jesus can come to the earth again?

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

A. Study and compare with Daniel,

ch. 2, Daniel chs. 7, 8, and Revelation, chs. 12, 13, 14.

B. Study the character of the four great world-empires, and of the petty kingdoms arising from the ruins of Rome, in some good text of ancient history. Compare the facts of history with those of prophecy.

### LESSON III.

#### A VISION OF THE FATHER AND THE SON.

In the spring of 1820, Joseph Smith, Jr., then a boy of fourteen, lived in the town of Manchester, western New York. Manchester was affected by the religious revivals of that year. The Smith family was mainly attracted by the doctrines of the Presbyterians; but young Joseph did not know what he should do. He attended the revival meetings, and witnessed there many peculiar manifestations. But he remained reasonably cool and collected in spite of the religious excitement around him. He was perplexed, but seriously thoughtful.

"During this time of great excitement," he writes, "my mind was called up to serious reflection and great uneasiness; but though my feelings were deep and often poignant, still I kept myself aloof from all these parties, though I attended their several meetings as often as occasion would permit. In process of time my mind became somewhat partial to the Methodist sect, and I felt some desire to be united with them; but so great were the confusion and strife among the different denominations, that it was impossible for a person young as I was, and so unacquainted with men and things, to come to any certain conclusion who was right and who was wrong. My mind at times was greatly excited, the cry and the tumult were so great and incessant. The Presbyterians were most decided against the Baptists, and

Methodists, and used all the powers of both reason and sophistry to prove their errors, or, at least, to make the people think they were in error. On the other hand, the Baptists and Methodists in their turn were equally zealous in endeavoring to establish their own tenets and disprove all others."

Under such conditions it is hardly to be wondered at that the boy was troubled in mind. The wonder is that he, too, was not overcome by the emotional excitement of the day. He confesses to experiencing feelings both deep and poignant, and to becoming excited at times; yet he kept himself aloof from all the contending parties. He became somewhat partial to the Methodists; but since he could not determine amid such scenes of confusion whether or not they were wholly right, he refrained from allying himself with any sect. And in such a condition of perfect self-control—perplexed in mind, but not weakened by emotion or excitement—the boy sought the Lord earnestly in prayer.

Joseph was reading one day in the Bible. He came to a remarkable passage in the Epistle of James. It reads as follows:

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."<sup>s</sup>

<sup>s</sup>James 1: 5.

<sup>r</sup>History of the Church, vol. 1, p. 3.



The words sank deep into the boy's heart. He pondered them earnestly. Surely, he lacked wisdom; for he did not know what he would best do to serve the Lord right. Then, if the Lord gave freely to those who asked, and up-braided not, why should he not ask? The question recurred again and again. At length, he determined that he must forever remain ignorant of the truth, or he must seek the Lord in prayer according to the admonition of James. On a beautiful, clear morning in the spring of 1820, Joseph Smith retired into the nearby wood to pray. It was the first time in his life that he had made such a venture.

What followed in the forest is best described in the prophets' own words:

"After I had retired to the place where I had previously designed to go, having looked around me, and finding myself alone, I knelt down and began to offer up the desires of my heart to God. I had scarcely done so, when immediately I was seized upon by some power which entirely overcame me, and had such an astonishing influence over me as to bind my tongue so that I could not speak. Thick darkness gathered around me, and it seemed to me for a time as if I were doomed to sudden destruction. But, exerting all my powers to call upon God to deliver me out of the power of this enemy which had seized upon me, and at the very moment when I was ready to sink into despair and abandon myself to destruction—not to an imaginary ruin, but to the power of some actual being from the unseen world, who had such marvelous power as I had never before felt in any being—just at this moment of great alarm, I saw a pillar of light exactly over my head, above the brightness of the sun, which descended gradually until it fell upon me.

"It no sooner appeared than I found myself delivered from the enemy which held me bound. When the light rested upon me as I saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me

in the air. One of them spoke to me, calling me by name, and said, pointing to the other—

"THIS IS MY BELOVED SON, HEAR HIM!"

"My object in going to enquire of the Lord was to know which of all the sects was right, that I might know which to join. No sooner, therefore, did I get possession of myself, so as to be able to speak, than I asked the personages who stood above me in the light, which of all the sects was right—and which I should join. I was answered that I must join none of them, for they were all wrong, and the personage who addressed me said that all their creeds were an abomination in His sight: that those professors were all corrupt; that 'they draw near me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me; they teach for doctrines the commandments of men, having a form of godliness, but they deny the power thereof. He again forbade me to join with any of them: and many other things did He say unto me, which I cannot write at this time. When I came to myself again, I found myself lying on my back, looking up into heaven. When the light had departed, I had no strength; but soon recovering in some degree, I went home. And as I leaned up to the fireplace, mother inquired what the matter was. I replied, 'Never mind, all is well—I am well enough off.' I then said to my mother, 'I have learned for myself that Presbyterianism is not true.'"

Such was the first vision—a vision of the Father and the Son. It was the first act in the great drama of the Restoration. Of course, Joseph's friends could scarcely believe that anything so wonderful had happened to him. He related the strange experience to the ministers; but they scoffed at the suggestion of a new revelation. Moreover, they became suddenly possessed of a bitter and inexplicable hatred of the young seer. They made him a public butt of ridicule; they maligned him in their discourses; and they persecuted him when he came among them. For having sought from the Lord Himself to know the



truth; for testifying that he had received the truth in a vision—the boy seer was cast off by his fellow-men and doomed to stand alone.<sup>1</sup>

And what really was the significance of this first vision? Of what consequence was a boy's prophetic sight that the world should take cognizance of it? What great far-reaching truths did the vision contain, that the apostate religious world should still writhe under it?

In the first place, the experience of the boy prophet demonstrated the fact that the word of God is good; it holds for anyone who approaches Him in faith. The sectarian world had come to look upon the Holy Bible a little more than any other book. It was to be read, but not to be believed, so to say. But Joseph took seriously the word of God as announced by the prophet James. The boy prayed earnestly and honestly; and in answer to his prayer came the glorious vision of the Father and the Son. The word of God is truth not fiction.

Secondly, this first experience of the prophet revealed the fact that spiritual gifts may be enjoyed even in this day by those who seek the Lord in truth. Anciently, men dreamed dreams, saw visions, spoke in tongues, healed the sick, and did many other strange things by the power of the Lord. Just such things may men do now by the exercise of proper faith. It was thus that Joseph gained the spiritual blessing of the first vision.

Then, in this vision was first announced the fact of the great apostasy. Jesus Himself denounced all the denominations of the world, saying that they worshiped Him with their lips but their hearts were

far from Him. He admonished the young boy who had sought Him in prayer to join no one of them.

Moreover, it appears on analysis of the vision, that Jesus could accept none of the ministers who purported to serve Him. They were apostate preachers; they taught for doctrine the precepts of men. They held no authority from Him. And to preach in His name, surely the preacher should hold authority from Him.

Then, this glorious first vision demonstrated the fact of the personality of God. Two heavenly beings appeared before the prophet. They were in form and bearing like men. The one raised His hand and pointed to the other and spoke. And the other instructed the boy, as a tutor might instruct his pupil.

Again, in this same vision was clearly demonstrated the real trinity of the Godhead. True, the Holy Ghost was not visibly present. But the Father and the Son were there; and they were two separate and distinct persons, united only in divine purpose.

Finally, the vision established the fact that God can and will speak to man whenever He chooses so to do, in any age. It demonstrates further the truth that a community must be in continued communion with God in order to keep His will. In other words, when the Church of Christ is upon the earth, there must also be revelation, or communication with God. When revelation ceases, the true church also ceases, for it drifts like a rudderless ship from its course.

These seven points, then, are demonstrated by the first vision of Joseph Smith—the word of God is to be relied upon; spiritual gifts will attend the faithful even at the present day; the Christian churches of the world are wholly apostate;

<sup>1</sup>Read History of the Church, vol. 1, pp. 6-8.

to officiate in the work of the Lord one must be endowed with divine authority; the God of heaven is a God of personal, material form; the members of the Godhead are separate and distinct in person; and, finally, the Church of Christ must be favored with continued revelation, else it must suffer spiritual death. But all these points were opposed to the doctrines of both Catholic and Protestant churches. In upholding them, the boy-prophet challenged the whole religious world. Is it a matter of wonder, then, that the name of Joseph Smith is known the world over for good or for ill? Is it a matter of wonder that the religious world should take cognizance of the boy's prophetic sight, or that it should writhen under the arraignment of the first vision? Is it not rather a matter of wonder and admiration, that the boy, scarce fourteen years old, evilly spoken of and persecuted, should still persist in his testimony that he had seen a vision? And from that first vision what further has grown adds further to the wonder and admiration of the boy selected to usher in another dispensation.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. When and where was Joseph Smith Jr. born?
2. How old was he at the time of the religious revivals in western New York?
3. How is a boy of that age usually affected by religious questions?
4. To what denomination did the

Smith family generally belong?

5. How was Joseph affected by the religious excitement of the day?

6. Why did he not join the Methodists, to whom he was partial?

7. What, then, was his mental condition when he determined to pray to God?

8. Repeat the words of the Apostle James that led to the first prayer.

9. Relate the story of the first vision.

10. How was the announcement that he had seen a vision received by Joseph's friends?

11. What was Joseph's testimony under persecution?

12. Name and explain the first truth taught by the vision.

13. Name and explain the second truth taught by the vision.

14. Name and explain the third truth taught by the vision.

15. Name and explain the fourth truth taught by the vision.

16. Name and explain the fifth truth taught by the vision.

17. Name and explain the sixth truth taught by the vision.

18. Name and explain the seventh truth taught by the vision.

19. How do these truths harmonize with the creeds of the modern religious world?

20. Why is there cause for wonder and admiration in the story of the first vision?

#### SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

A. Read chapters 2 and 5 of the "Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt," as illustrative of how religious men felt in the early nineteenth century. Find similar chapters in the biographies of Wilford Woodruff and other noted men.

B. Consider carefully the ancestry of Joseph Smith, and the general conditions of his family, to prove that there was nothing hereditary or constitutional to make him a "visionary" man.





SIoux CHIEF.—*C. E. Dallin.*

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## "Be Ye Clean." \*

*By George H. Brimhall,  
President of the Brigham Young University.*

*My brethren and sisters*, I believe in self-reliance. I believe in a certain amount of independence; but I do not believe that self-reliance segregated from everything else is of much value. I do not think my self-reliance to breathe is of much value if I eliminate my dependence upon a supply of something to breathe. I do not believe that my self-reliance to see, amounts to very much standing off by itself, and no stimulus furnished me from elsewhere. This ego, this suggestive existence is a very small thing to boast over. I want your faith and your prayers; I want to be dependent upon my Father in heaven, so exercise your faith and prayers for me. I am here for you, tonight; you are not here for me. The Church is for you. This beautiful world is for the people who are in it. The gospel is for you. It would be a gospel if none of you lived. It is not so much a question of you being for the institution, as the institution being for you.

"Be ye clean," has been assigned me as a topic. Who said it? It is put in quotation marks. My Father

in heaven, your Father in heaven said it and handed it down to us, through the dispensations, reiterating it to the Prophet Joseph.

Cleanliness, courage, and industry characterize a successful life. I mean courage to do what we know to be right, and courage to seek the greatest avenues of right—God's avenues. Where else do I hear the proclamation, "Be ye clean?" To whom am I addressing this text? To young Israel; to men and women the issue of the cleanest fountains of life, that the ages have produced—the Josephs of modern Israel. I am speaking to a class of men and women, youths and maidens, who have been put in the midst of environments all of which are saying, Be ye clean. If I cast my eyes upward, the Italian skies smile back upon me, and it seems as if they say to my soul, Be ye clean. These mountain peaks, capped with the symbol of purity, the white snow, looking down upon us from the time we were born, are saying with the silent influence of their majesty and their purity, Be ye clean. The mountain rills, that come leaping from the canyons and sparkle in their clearness, seem to say, Be ye clean. The wind that blows, coming from the grass-covered moun-

\*An address delivered at the closing session of the annual M. I. A. Conference, June 5, 1910, at the Salt Lake Tabernacle.

tains, or the pine-clad hills, in all its freshness seems to say—no, not seems to say, it *does* say to your soul and to mine, Be ye clean. It purifies my blood, and invigorates my whole being. Then, if I gaze upon myself, or if I look upon one of you—the human form, with its contour, its symmetry, filled with intelligence, this individual says, Be ye clean.

I heard an eminent physician, not long since, speaking about keeping the body clean, and he said to the students: "How sweet we feel when we are clean! How the very fragrance of cleanliness is invigorating! There is nothing so sweet as a clean babe, with all its innocence." But there is another field to which I turn—the soul-craving, the yearning for cleanliness, the thirst for righteousness. If I turn to my own soul, and you to yours, if it is not a corrupted soul, we find a something in here which says, Be ye clean. Then, if this be true, why give such a subject as this for our conference? I will take the liberty of reading a clipping from our newspaper—I say *our* newspaper, because if I can have but one newspaper, this is the one I shall have, because it is the cleanest one. I find that, by reading this paper, I am posted fairly well, with my neighbors, on the current events of the age. I find that, through its columns, I form an acquaintance with the hourly news of the day, comparatively with my friends with whom I converse. I find that it is a peer, as a periodical, to the best periodicals; and I find that its editorial pages sparkle with the things that help me as a father, help me as a teacher, help me as a man. It is one of the factors of social and individual cleanliness. I have reference to the *Deseret News*. I do not hear very much about it; it does

not need talking about, but I come back again to the first proposition—the *Deseret News*, perchance, does not need me, but I need it; my household needs it; the school with which I am connected needs it.

I will read this clipping, from a recent editorial in the *News*:

"A little book has just been published by the Vir Publishing company, Philadelphia, which should be widely read. It is called *Letters of a Physician to his Daughters*, and it treats on 'the great black plague,' a subject on which too little is generally known. The author is Dr. F. A. Rupp. His aim is to enlighten the young people on the awful dangers to which they are exposed through the existence of the 'social evil.' His language is plain, and some of the facts he relates are awful, but the little book can be read by the most fastidious.

"The author claims that about 72 per cent of the adult male population is unfit, on account of a certain disease, to be husbands and fathers, and that thousands of innocent girls are every year contaminated, broken in health and sent to their graves. He warns unsuspecting girls against these conditions.

"It is a subject of which little is ever said, in public or in print, but it is evident that the time has come for a friendly warning to the young people. The conditions in the world are such that, for the sake of coming generations, no less than ourselves, it becomes necessary to make war upon 'the black plague,' with all the means at our disposal."

I was not startled at reading this, because I had taken pains to confidentially converse with physicians concerning conditions, and I was told by one, and it was verified by another, in brief, that the graduating physicians abroad are told to take no chances when they go to a home where a new birth is expected—take no chances, but always treat the eyes of the child at its birth! Then he gave me the per cents. I will not quote them here, because I think you are ready to say, "Talk cleanliness; the world has filth enough that we must meet

and endure." You and I needed no treatment of that kind! There was no necessity of cautioning the accoucheurs in our homes to protect us from the probability of having our little eyes filled, at birth with that which would put them out. Ah! the Jews understood something about these things when they said, "Master, who has sinned, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" But we were born of an ancestry that put us on the plain of life unhandicapped, that we might survive among the fittest of men. Today I met a woman from the south, and she said: "My father was a wonderful man. He has a posterity of over two hundred, and not one of them is deformed." Of those two hundred descendants of that man, there is not one that is deficient in any faculty; he is but a type of many of the founders of this commonwealth.

I suppose I might tell you of some things you already know. One of them is this: You must exist, there is no escaping from existence, and you must, with myself, be subject to law. If I will not obey high law, I must come under the penalty of low law. If I will not keep the law of cleanliness, then I must come under the law of uncleanness. We cannot escape it, either individually or communally. The law is after every one of us—silently, searchingly making its demands. I want to relate a circumstance or two on this question of personal cleanliness.

An eminent physician said to me, the other night, on the train, "Do you remember such and such a young man?"

I replied, "I do; and I knew his father. His father was a very prominent man in educational and political circles."

"Well," he said, "I was that man's classmate. He could get his geometry with a half hour's effort; his language was but a plaything to him; and he walked right through Latin, while I plodded and plodded. We loved each other; we hunted and fished together; we associated together among our friends. I scarcely had a brother that I loved as I loved him. He knew my heart; I thought I knew his. We graduated together. One day he came to me and said, calling me by name, 'Let us go to such a place to night.' And I asked him, 'Why? What for?' 'Oh,' he said, 'you will learn what for. You have not tasted the sweet fruits of life yet; come on.' I said, 'Explain;' and he told me where he was going and what he was going for. I turned to him and said, 'My friend, no other man have I loved more than you; no other man has been knitted to my soul by the bonds of companionship more closely than you; but henceforth please do not acknowledge me as an acquaintance. You have been where I can never go. I have my manhood. I have the purity of my boyhood; now we part.'"

And they parted. The man who had tasted these "sweets of life" and sought to befriend his companion by luring him there, went east to school; and for the first year he made a record. The next year his memory failed him; "and the sequence was," said my friend on the train, "he died in a hospital."

"That is a sporadic case, doctor," I said.

"It represents a type, a whole class of men," he said.

The wages of sin is death. Now what took place in this sad case? It was a happy thing for the man and the community that he did die, that he was gone. Nature blotted him

out, as far as an earthly individual is concerned. She did more than that, she blotted him out as a perpetrator of his race. I do not know whether he will want individual, eternal life or not, but he can't escape it—I mean individual, eternal existence; he can't escape that; but I do not think he can have eternal life in the sense that you and I can enjoy it, because eternal life means eternal liberty; it means eternal love; it means eternal labor; it means eternal progress. He cannot have it as you and I can have it, because he is loaded down, bowed in spirit, filthy still; as the Prophet Alma says, "Do not think that the resurrection is the restoration of impurity to purity; that which is filthy will be filthy still;" indicating that a process of purification must go on after death.

The character of all characters that I admire is Joseph that was sold into Egypt. He, it seems to me, was the most rounded character I ever read of. He must have been a perfect type of physical vigor, and he must have been a high type of intellectual vigor, else the great landowner of Egypt would not have trusted him, and he would not have been put as an overseer in the prison cell. He must have been a wonderful type of moral vigor and strength to stand true to his master, true to his trust, true to himself. I know that he was a high type of spiritual vigor, because when the king was troubled he came out with boldness, saying that interpretations belong to God, and then with self-reliance, reinforced by a reliance on the Lord—and that comes only through spirituality—he said, "God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace." That is an all-around man—physically, morally, intellectually, and spiritually vigorous.

The other day I was coming from

the south in an automobile. The owner of it was handling it, and his wife, who was sitting behind, said, calling him by name: "Something is the matter with this machine. The valves are not working equally; you have lost a spark somewhere."

The man threw on the extra force of the gasoline, and sought to clear the engine, but it would not clear, and he said, "I believe there is a dead spark."

He got out. I wanted to learn something about automobiles, so I got out, too. He lifted the cover and he took one of the plugs out—or, first, he took a steel screw-driver and held it near to the little rod that ran up beside one of these plugs. As he touched it, an electric spark flew to the screw-driver, and he said, "Alive." He touched the next one. There was a spark. He said, "That one's alive and all right." As he put his screw-driver near the third one there was a faint response. He said, "Half dead." He put his screw-driver to the next one—no response. He said, "Dead." He went back to the box and took a new plug. He unscrewed the dead plug and screwed the new one in its place. He unscrewed the half-dead plug, then took a brush and a little—something like a toothpick—and began to pick at the plug and brush it.

By this time I said, "Well, what made that one weak?"

"Dirt," he said.

"Oh," I said, "that was what killed the last one?"

He said, "Sure. Sometimes, when we get a faint, weak plug, we can clean it up and go on; but if it gets very dirty we have to unscrew it and put in a new one."

Well, the whole thing was preaching me a sermon.

I once heard President George Q. Cannon speaking from this stand



to the young people on "The causes of apostasy," and he gave uncleanness,—he called it unchastity—as one of the causes of apostasy. Do you know that we have the word of the Eternal that a filthy man, an unchaste man, one who persists in it and does not repent in sack-cloth and ashes, shall deny the faith? It is an absolute, *fixed penalty*. A man that will undertake to be unclean and remain in this Church, is attempting to make Deity a falsifier. Dirty sparks—dying sparks—dead sparks.

The Josephs were not all sent to Egypt, brethren and sisters; there are many Josephs in Israel today. I want to talk cleanliness to you. I will tell you a story of one of our young men that went to Germany, a perfect Apollo in physique, and he was marked as a victim by beauty and wealth. He found himself locked in a room, on a railroad train, with one of his pursuers, a charming creature, and he said to me:

"Why, Brother Brimhall, you don't know how my blood boiled. At first I was simply disgusted, but the allurements, and the cunning, and the blandishments, and the taunts—at times taunting me as not being a man—were hard to endure. Every fiber of my being was burning with passion; and," he said, "do you know what happened? Vividly came back the words of Apostle John Henry Smith, which he spoke to me when I left for Europe. It seemed that I could see him standing right before me, and feel the pressure of his parting grasp; and I was lifted into an atmosphere of purity, so that I would have died before I would have yielded to the temptations without, or the clamoring within."

Another young man who went west for an education, and who is

quite an eminent professor, said:

"'Mormonism' saved me when I was out in the world. The words of Joseph Smith, that I had read, saved me. I was in the swim, rushing along down the social current, and I came to a place where I was face to face with temptation, and these words came to me: 'A man who commits adultery cannot enter the celestial kingdom of God.' I had read that, and I believed it, and it kept me from falling."

I speak of this that you may know what influence the gospel has upon men, and how it rescues them. Oh, is it possible that a class of young people who are taught as you and I have been taught—that keeping clean is as much a necessity as keeping alive—is it possible that we can ever prostitute our purity! I remember a case of parents saying to their son, "Now, you are going on a mission. We are glad you are worthy. We expect you to do your duty and return, but we would rather you came back to us in a coffin than to come back to us unclean."

We, as a people, are taught that next to murder is unchastity; and that is philosophic. The man who kills his fellow man, unlawfully, moves the spirit world; he has created conditions that demand an entrance into the spirit world; and he has no authority of law for doing it. And the person who creates physical conditions that require the moving of the heavens towards the earth, with no authority of law behind the act, has unlawfully disturbed the physical and the spiritual universe. Oh, my brethren and sisters, happy, happy is the father and the mother who can take their first-born, and all their children, and say, "You are the product of law and love!" I speak of the law of God, not only in our Church—for we have the law of God, it is

the law of God for eternity,—but people outside the Church may have the law of God, to them, for this life.

Is it possible that a man will take advantage of a woman's weakness? Why not take the advantage of the weakness of her arm and strike the blow, because you are stronger? Have virtuous boys and you will have chaste girls everywhere. I heard a woman, one time from this stand, years ago, say that in primitive time man pursued woman as the hawk pursues the dove. Well, it is too much so now. There are men in this enlightened age who talk about woman being the legitimate prey of man—but not Latter-day Saints, not real men. Let me tell you what happened in a court, in a celebrated case. I will just quote the words of the attorney; they impressed me very forcibly. It was a case where a fallen woman had killed a vile man. It had been a long drawn out case; I will not name it here, if I did, you would remember it. The attorney said, "The brute in him called, and the brute in her answered." We speak about having spirit in our veins; in the resurrection. Why, we need spirit in our veins now, to control this blood that is in our veins. The brute is not to lead the man, and it is wrong, in one respect, to call it brute, because it is the image of God, but it may become brutish. It is an awful thing to call a man a brute, but if he lets these lower impulses guide him and direct him, what is he? He is subject to the lower or animal nature; he is worse than the brute, lower than the brute, because he is a man underneath the brute. Why shall we not protect them—our sisters? They are jewels in our care; are we knights or cravens? Let me tell you, girls, no man is capable—I am speaking psy-

chologically—no man is capable of properly loving a woman whose virtue he has not had a regard for. After he has despoiled her, I do not care what compensation he may make, he is psychologically incapable of loving her as he would have loved her had he followed the lines of the law and of humanity, and not the cravings of animality. History is full of incidents to prove this, and science is conclusive on that point. Now, girls, you might remember this: don't cheapen your charms. Do you remember the story of the old grocer who, when a fellow came up to his store and began taking hold of the fruit, said, "Begone with you!" The fellow thought the old grocer was rather surly, and said, "Why, we might want to buy some peaches;" and the old man replied, "A peach that everybody handles, nobody wants to buy." (Laughter.) So, girls, don't cheapen your charms.

There are things that strengthen us in the line of being clean, aside from what we have been born to. Among these are clean books, clean associates. I heard a man say, the other day, at our commencement exercises, a very intellectual man who was speaking to the graduates, how they were to be responsible for what they did in this world, and he said, "I have been trying for fifty years to overcome a song I heard when I was a boy." I say to you, oh, have regard for boyhood! If you cannot regard your God, if you cannot regard yourself, your fatherhood, your mother sentiment, regard the boy, and never sing aught but purity in his presence, nor tell a story that is filled with unclean thoughts, lest you be held guilty of corrupting an innocent soul. We, many of us, know how these things hang on to us. There is a place in Spanish Fork canyon that I cannot pass to-

day without an old vulgar jingling coming into my ears. I was riding up the canyon, one day, with Dr. M. H. Hardy—there was a man whose life was a sermon in cleanliness and courage—and I said to him, "Doctor, when we get up there, that old thing is going to rise up."

"You know how to get rid of it," he said.

"Yes, I have been thinking of it."

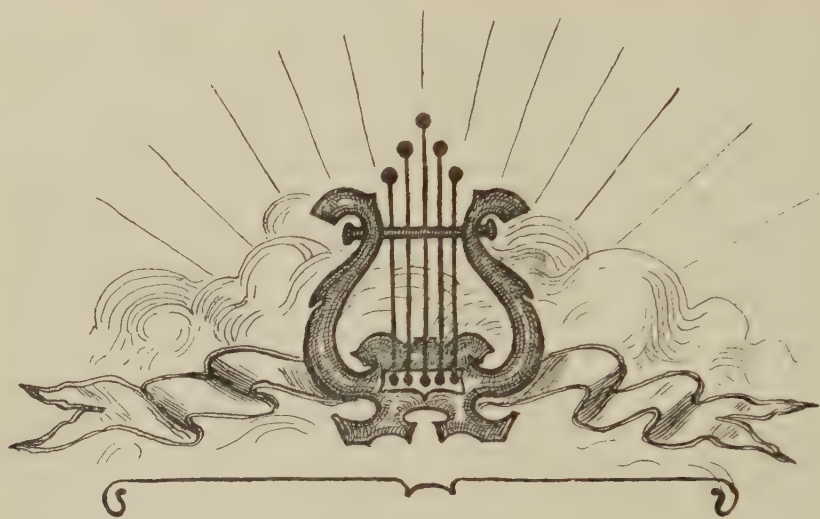
As we rode up, there was the maple tree under which the camp-fire had been built, twenty-five years before that time. Around that camp-fire crouched, with the rain pouring down on the quilts, the men—no, the males,—who sang that vulgar song to me and the other boys. Well, as we approached that old camp ground there, the jingle of that song began, and the unclean suggestions came back to me, and I called out, so loud that it echoed over the hills, the names of "Nephi!" "Joseph!" and at once my mind was filled with revelations of the deeds of these noble characters, and suddenly the vile images and suggestions skulked off to the corners of forgetfulness, evil was overcome with good, and Satan was cast out. Lives of great men are calling, "Be clean!"

I want to tell you what else calls to me: The wrecks of my acquaintances, the ruined lives, the darkened souls of men that I have known are looking up and saying, "Oh, be clean! Be clean!" The ruins of prostitute and decayed nations are calling to you and to me, all down the corridors of time, saying to us, as a community, and saying to the young people of this century, "Be clean! Be clean!" The words of my mother are echoing in my ears—the words she wrote me at a mining camp, saying, "my boy, be clean! be clean!" The eyes of my

children, the confiding gaze of my wife, the sweet, innocent look of the students I meet, and my brethren and sisters, are all saying, "Be clean!" And, oh, I thank God that I have been preserved! I thank my Father that I have escaped unscathed! What would I be if I had to keep in my soul, all the time, a secret that I dare not divulge to my complement, and be conscious that if she knew what I knew about myself she would regret having become mine! What must a lover feel, when he is forced to realize that if his sweetheart knew what he knows about himself she would never marry him! A fair deal in courtship is made possible only by cleanliness, or by open confession.

One thing more: The lives of my brethren with whom I associate, the brethren in our home circles and the brethren here, and especially the whole lives of the general authorities of the Church, are calling to me and saying, "Be clean! Be clean!" The cleanliness of their words and works at home and abroad proclaim cleanliness of character. I wish to testify with all the power I have, with all the hopes I have of meeting it here and hereafter, that the feeling, the spirit and the atmosphere that surrounds the brethren, the leaders of this people, breathes cleanliness and courage. And, further, that great and good men of the world testify to the same thing.

God bless you and this work—this glorious work! May he help us to keep our family name clean, help us to keep the name of this Church clean, and help—oh, not help, but do keep ourselves clean, that we may not be required to walk the earth, or go into the eternities of the spirit world loaded down with uncleanness—is my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.



## THE CICADAS

Verses selected from a poem by Alfred Lambourne

The sounds like steel from out the darkness flash—  
The wakeful creatures, happy of the night;  
Like tiny scimitars the keen notes clash;  
Assail the gloom as though it were with light.

Quick through the tender, soft, melodic chord,  
Each tiny rival fierce staccato thrusts;  
The frenzied mirth of night's vehement horde,  
To lull all pain the long-held note adjusts.

The serenade which I this moment hear—  
Loud edged notes the glad night-watcher makes,  
And that loved song which ties of home endear,  
From the unfathomed heart of nature breaks.



The Fields Lethean are this moment mine,  
As though my soul emerged from out the wave  
By that bright shore, where starry clusters shine,  
The Isles of Peace that Lethe's waters lave.

What dearer moment can the future give,  
Than this, wherein a thousand transports crowd?  
The loves of dead ancestors once more live,  
Within my heart they cry to me aloud.

Until within the narrow house I sleep,  
Time shall not steal this moment prodigal;  
While life is mine, securely will I keep  
Its song and riot, and heart-festival.

O, sounds of joy my bosom's core ye find—  
Sweet moment live till life for me is past;  
O, fail not when pale death my brow shall bind,  
And time to silence gives my heart at last.



# Hetty.

*By Elsie C. Carroll.*

"Fer the lan' sakes, if there ain't Hyrum Peters a comin' up the lane an' here we ain't hed breakfast yet." Elizabeth Taylor was standing in the kitchen door shading her eyes from the early morning sun. "It 'pears to me," she went on meaningly with a sidelong glance at the man who was at the wash basin in the corner, "that it takes some folks a mighty long time to do nothin'."

Josiah Taylor reached for the towel with nervous haste, but said nothing. His wife continued.

"Here we've been up ever since half after four an' you've jest got yer chores done. Why, everybody in the country knows that Mariar Peters allus has the hull of her work done up by seven o'clock an' is ready to set down to her knittin'. Think what a lot she'll hev to say when Hyrum tells her we hedn't hed breakfast at this time of day."

"We kin hev it now Lizbeth," said the man meekly, making a move toward the table.

"Wall, I reckon we can't, Josiar Taylor, till we find out what Hyrum's after." By this time the approaching neighbor was near the house.

"Mornin', Lizbeth. Mornin' Josiar," he said as he reached the door. "I druve in town early to git my plow frum the shop, an' when I was passin' the post office the squire asked me if I could fetch this here letter along to you. I told him 'sartin.' The squire an' me couldn't quite kalkilate who it could be frum. It says 'Mr. Josiah Taylor, North Creek, S. C.' an' its post marked at New Jordan. I didn't know you hed folks up that way.

It's writ in purty fine writin'. It looks like a girl's." Here he handed the letter to Josiah.

"Wall, I wonder who it kin be frum?" he said musingly, turning the small white envelope over and over in his knotted hands.

"Wall, I reckon they's only one way to find out," said Elizabeth as she took the letter and unceremoniously broke the seal. She turned to the end and read aloud, "Hetty Taylor Udell." "Wall, now, who in all creation's that?"

"Why, it must be sister Dorothy's girl," said Josiah after a moment's hesitation, and his eyes brightened.

"Hum, like as not. The name sounds high falutin' enough," sniffed his wife. "I wonder what she's wantin'."

"Wall, I swan is it frum your sister Dorothy's girl you say?" asked the visitor. I recollect Dorothy right smart. They wuzn't no purtier gals around than her. She married that professor that was out here studyin' bugs one summer, didn't she?"

"Yes. That's seventeen year ago an we ain't never seen her since. She's been dead fer—let's see, it must be ten years. I'd most fer-got they wuz a baby." Josiah seemed half in soliloquy.

"What about the professor?" asked Hyrum.

"Why, he's dead too an' the little girl's with some o' his folks, I reckon." The neighbor well understood why Josiah could only speak of those things with embarrassment, so he shut the painful conversation short by saying,

"Wall, I'd better be joggin' along."

"Much obleeged fer yer fetchin' it," said Josiah.

"Warn't no trouble at all," said Hyrum as he went toward his wagon at the foot of the lane.

Elizabeth and Josiah turned into the house. Elizabeth put the letter near her own plate at the table while she proceeded to take up the breakfast from the stove. Presently the meal commenced. Josiah glanced uneasily at the letter a time or two, but said nothing. Elizabeth ate on in silence.

"Ain't you goin' to read the letter?" at length the man ventured.

"O, I reckon they ain't no hurry 'bout it. She's wantin' money er help of some kind, sartin. Yer folks allus wuz the tiredest lot of people. I wuz in hopes we wuz shut of 'em," she went on, seeming to gain fresh inspiration from the weary discomfort of the man opposite her. "There wuz yer brother John got good two-thirds of the property when we hed to take care of yer father an' mother fer five years before either of 'em died. Then yer sister Lucy wuz allus a pokin' around in things that wuzn't none a her business. I never could abide her. An' last of all wuz that little baby-faced Dorothy that you wuz all so crazy about. 'Run away frum a good home like this an' a better one my brother wuz fool enough to want to give her, with that slick tongued, soft handed professor. An' I don't believe you cared, Josiah Taylor, I believe you wuz glad. That's what I've allus thought an' I think it yet. An pore Abner, he wuz just heart-broken over it, though I reckon he ort to a been thankful."

Josiah had stopped eating before this tirade was finished. His hands

were trembling on his knees under the table. Once or twice he opened his lips as if to speak, but only gulped and closed them again.

"I'm sartin that Dorothy's little upstart of a girl wants somethin', but I'm bound she shan't hev a mite of help frum us. I ain't forgot how her mother treated my brother, one of the best men that ever lived an' smart, too, if he warn't no big worded professor." Here she took up the letter. "I reckon we might as well know the worst," she said and read aloud.

"NEW JORDAN, MAY 29,

*"My Dear Uncle Josiah."*

"No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me, but knowing your kind heart from my dear mother's loving words of you, I'm sure you will forgive me for not writing to you before and will help me if you can at this time."

"There, didn't I tell you she wanted something," put in Elizabeth.

"I have just finished a normal course at the New Jordan High School and want to teach the coming winter. I have been living since father's death with one of his friends, Dr. Howard Thornton. He insists that if I teach I must spend the summer somewhere in the country, as I have been in school so many years and have never been out of the city in my life.

"Now, if you and Aunt Elizabeth wouldn't mind, I would like so much to spend a month or so with you this summer. I will try not to be any trouble to you. If I may come please write me at once at 789 Vine Ave., New Jordan.

"Give my love to Aunt Elizabeth and accept a good share yourself.

"Yours truly,"

"HETTY TAYLOR UDELL."

"Wall, she shan't come, so that's settled," announced Elizabeth. "I ain't got no time to wait on city school girls what just set around an'

hold their hands an' talk grammar. I'll jest write an' tell her it won't be convenient for her to come. Sends her love to me. Hum! I ain't forgot some things about her mother. I'll git the pen an' paper an' write it now so you kin post it when you go to town with that load of potatoes this mornin' an' there won't be no excuse by delay."

She arose from the table and started toward the other room. Josiah also arose. His hands clenched the back of his chair.

"Stop, Lizbeth Taylor!" he said in a voice which made her obey. "Stop, I say!" The wrinkled hands were steady now and the habitual quiver of the voice was gone. There was a light in the old man's eyes which his wife had never seen there before and which made her only look and wonder. "Set down," came his next command and Elizabeth sank into her chair. "They say that even the worm will turn," Josiah went on, "an' the worm's turned. D'ye hear, the worm's turned! Lizbeth Taylor, I've been a worm fer thirty-five year an' I didn't spose I'd ever git courage er sense enough to turn, but I hev, thank the Lord. Fer thirty-five year you've been a treadin' on me an' that mighty hard. You've mistreated an' berated me an' my folks livin' and dead, but ye ain't a goin' to any longer, Lizbeth Taylor, fer the worm's turned. That appeal to me from my dead sister's little orphan girl has made me feel like I'd hev to be a man agin'. It wuz you what druv Dorothy away frum this home with yer naggin' injustice; it wuz you that filled the last five years of father's an' mother's lives with such uncomfot that death couldn't help bein' welcome; it wuz you that made my only brother leave me in distrust an' anger an' my sister Lucy in disgust. They're all dead

now. This one little girl is all that's left. You would make her a victim of yer selfish, domineerin' injustice, but you shall not. I'm ashamed that I ain't took her part before. I've been a durned coward, that's all. But as I said before, the worm's turned. Dorothy's girl is a goin' to come. She is a goin' to make this her home just as long as she wants to. Git the pen an' paper, I will write the letter."

Elizabeth's face was purple with rage. "Josiar Taylor," she fairly screamed, "How dare you?"

"Never mind, I dast. That's all that's necessary. I'm waitin' fer the paper." He spoke with such calm, self-possession that Elizabeth somehow felt there was but one thing to do, so she obeyed.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I'll bet you can't guess the news, Mariar." Sarah Branch was speaking. She had driven over to spend the day with Maria Peters and the two women were sitting in the front room, each plying a glittering set of knitting needles.

"What is it?" asked the hostess, eagerly leaning forward as she unwound a couple of yards of yarn from her ball.

"Why, Josiar Taylor went by our place just before I left, dressed in his Sunday best an' he told my Joe he was a goin' to the station to meet his niece who was a comin' out to spend the summer."

"You don't say so," almost gasped Maria. "What ever has come over Lizbeth to allow such a thing. I guess that is what the letter Hyrum took to 'em last week was about. They told him it was from Dorothy's girl."

"Yes, he told Joe she had writ that she has finished her schoolin' an' was expectin' to teach next year an' how a docter she's a stay-



in' with said she must spend the summer in the country, 'cause she ain't very strong."

"Pore little thing don't know what she's a comin' to, does she, er she couldn't be very tickled at the prospect," remarked Maria.

"Let's see she can't be more'n sixteen er seventeen," said Sarah. "Dorothy left the fall my Kathryn was born an' she'll be eighteen this October. I guess the child don't know how her mother was treated er she wouldn't want to visit with Lizbeth. It's curious to me how a man that seemed to have as much sense as Josiah Taylor used to have 'ud let any woman make sech a fool of him as he's let Lizbeth. I really don't believe he'd dare eat all he wanted at his own table if she said anything about it."

"Well, my Joe said he looked an' acted like a different man this mornin'. He actually was holdin' his head up an' whistlin' a kind of a tune."

"Well, now you don't say? I wonder what's happened. I hope he has come to his senses, but it's almost unreasonable to expect it after all these years."

"Frum what Joe says I'd just like to see Josiah myself."

"So would I," said Sarah. "Now he'll likely be along 'fore a great while. Supposin' you set there by the window while I'm gettin' dinner an' when he comes by, we'll go out an' speak to 'em. It won't be no more'n's sociable, it bein' Dorothy's girl, an' considerin' the cold reception she'll git from Lizbeth."

\* \* \* \* \*

"O, I can't half tell you how happy I am, uncle." The words brought Josiah Taylor from one of the silences into which he kept falling as the big greys drew him and his companion nearer home.

"I'm glad of it, honey," he said,

looking into the girlish face beside him which was so much like the little sister's of by-gone years.

"The country is just beautiful. The mountains and trees and grass and flowers and—O, the room and air and everything. I just feel full heart and soul. I can't tell you how, but it's just like a lovely dream and the best of it all is you. It seems so good to know you are my very own uncle, mine. Everybody else has somebody of their very own—fathers or mothers or brothers or sisters or somebody and now, so have I and it's so good." She snuggled down by him in such a childish way that his conscience hurt him for the neglect of the past.

They had passed the Branch farm where they received greetings from Sarah and Maria. Josiah felt that he must prepare Hetty in some way for her aunt's reception.

"The people are so kind too. I know I shall just love everybody." Hetty's happy voice continued. "It was lovely for those ladies to come out to speak to me—and to think they were dear mamma's friends. It was so good of you and Aunt Elizabeth to let me come."

Again Josiah started. "Child, I don't know what could please me more than to have you come, and you are going to stay just as long as you like and come whenever you want, but you mustn't mind if ver aunt Lizbeth don't seem so sociable as some folks." Then, noting the quick questioning look in the girl's face he added hastily, "It's jist her way, ve know. She'll like you well enough, but ve see it ain't her way to show it like some. I reckon she ain't been feelin' right well fer a little spell, but you won't mind, will you, honey?" The cloud which had gathered on the girl's face as she half felt the hidden truth back of his words vanished after a second.

"I can help her if she isn't well, uncle, and I'll make her like me."

The greeting, if the manner in which Elizabeth Taylor received her niece could be called such, was even colder than Josiah had expected and he tried to make his own hearty welcome cover up the incivility of his wife. Hetty, apparently did not feel her aunt's cool, ignoring attitude and her uncle was glad. He did not know, however, that she cried herself to sleep in the little bare room to which Elizabeth directed her, nor that often her troubled dreams were broken by, "I should not have come—it's so beautiful—uncle is so kind—I will make her love me."

The fact is that Hetty had anticipated adopting this aunt for a sort of mother. She was of the age and nature to crave the love, confidence, and companionship of an older woman. In her imagination she had endowed this aunt with the same beautiful qualities she remembered in her own mother, hence her disappointment was all the more keen.

Hetty awoke early the morning after her arrival. The sun was just peeping over the mountains and streamed through the curtainless window of her room. The air was fresh and balmy, and outside the birds were twittering in the budding trees, and there was the musical, gurgling water in a brook which ran nearby. She could hear, too, sounds unfamiliar, yet sweet and peaceful to her hungry little soul—the crowing of the cock, the bleating of sheep, and the gentle lowing of cattle in the barnyard. She was rested, and the happiness of yesterday returned to her. While she was dressing, she thought of her aunt's evident dislike. "But I will make her love me," she said with a

little sigh as she prepared to go down stairs.

When Hetty entered the kitchen, Elizabeth was skimming milk and emptying it into a large wooden pail to be carried out to the pigs.

"Good morning, Aunt Elizabeth," Hetty said cheerily. Her aunt answered shortly without looking up from her work.

"Mayn't I help you?" ventured the girl.

"No," was the abrupt reply. Hetty went to the ditch and brought in a bucket of water, then washed herself at the wash-stand in the corner. This done, she went eagerly to the barn where she found her uncle doing the morning chores. She was soon so interested in learning to milk that she forgot her aunt's rebuff and a half hour later when she returned to the house with Josiah her eyes were sparkling and her cheeks glowing.

During the morning meal the farmer and his niece kept up a lively conversation in which Elizabeth did not join. Occasionally she glanced furtively at the fresh young face opposite her at the table. Perhaps she was thinking of the baby girl she had buried years before, who might now have been a blooming maiden also. But if there were any such tender reflection in her heart she did not reveal it.

When the meal was finished Hetty said, "Now, auntie, you just see how nicely I can wash up the dishes." "and she began clearing up the table in a brisk happy manner. Elizabeth felt that she was not living up to her resolution when she could think of no sharp retort with which to repulse the intruder. Later, as she wiped the dishes while "Dorothy's girl" washed them, she felt more ashamed of her weakness than ever. She kept a grim silence, however, and would have been far from ad-

mitting even to herself that she was experiencing a sort of comfortable pleasure in the girl's happy talk.

After the house was all in order, Hetty having set the rows of shining pans out in the sun and swept and dusted the living room, in spite of the evident lack of her aunt's good will, she said with more tact than she herself even knew, "O, Aunt Elizabeth, I want you to teach me to knit. Mamma used to tell me how your knitting always took the prize at the country fair."

Now, if there was one thing in the world besides her brother Abner of which Elizabeth Taylor was proud it was of her skill in knitting. Hetty could never have found a more probable way to her aunt's good will. But natures as hard as Elizabeth's are not softened in a moment, so it was with little outward show of interest with which she complied with the girl's request.

The first week after Hetty's arrival passed much as the first day. She spent much of the time with her uncle, and how she enjoyed the free outdoor life and the companionship of a real kinsman. She had not given up the determination to win her aunt, but was beginning to grow discouraged. Elizabeth was not sharp and cutting as she had intended to be, but she tried to ignore the girl, and though Hetty did not know it she was finding it harder every day. Though unwilling to do so she was forced to admit that her guest was as far from the picture she had formed as possible. "She don't set around an' hold her hands an' talk grammar an' she knows how to work an' ain't afraid to, but I won't let Josiah know I think it," Elizabeth soliloquized.

At the same time Hetty was saying to herself, "She never will love me, I know," and she bit her lips

to keep back the tears. But her opportunity to win her aunt was near at hand. It was the day the minister was to be at the Taylor home. Elizabeth's pride in her house and table had got her out of bed an hour earlier than their usual early hour of rising. Everything must be ready before the visitor's arrival. Josiah was kindling a fire in the kitchen stove and his wife had gone down the cellar. She was just starting back with a pan of milk in one hand and a plate of butter in the other. The lamp at the top of the steps gave only a faint light at the foot. In some way Elizabeth took a misstep. She fell with a crash and a splash. She was not seriously injured, but her right ankle was sprained and she was unable to walk for many days.

Hetty had been awakened by the confusion below and hurried to the kitchen. Taking in the situation she at once recognized the opportunity of her visit. Josiah seemed to have lost all presence of mind, and, strange to say, Elizabeth her temper. She did not say a word as Hetty gave orders to her uncle for wild sage, hot water and cloths, while she proceeded to bathe and bandage the swelling foot. When Elizabeth was comfortable Josiah's admiration for his niece broke out.

"La, child, where did you learn all that?"

"O, I haven't lived with Dr. Thornton all these years for nothing," she answered.

"Now, auntie," she said, patting the silent woman's cheek, "you will have to make me deputy housekeeper. Of course, Rev. Greene will be disappointed at not getting one of your dinners, but he'll be glad to see you looking as well as you do after such a fall. Uncle Josiah, you

just take care of Aunt Elizabeth" this morning; I'll see to everything else."

The authority she had assumed seemed wonderfully sweet and unoffending. Whether young Mr. Greene was very disappointed with the dinner at the Taylor farm that afternoon may never be known, but he certainly could not have been disappointed at the wonderful change in his hostess. Perhaps it was her new geniality,—perhaps it was something else which brought him there much oftener than his circuit schedule in the months that followed.

Elizabeth meekly permitted herself to be carried out on the front porch by the minister and Josiah, since it had suited the fancy of the deputy housekeeper to serve her dainty meal there. Perhaps flowers had never before graced the Taylor dining table; perhaps never before had the meal time passed so pleasantly. If so it was by no means the last time. Yes, Hetty had won the day, but more than all, Josiah and Elizabeth had found each other and a better and happier life.

Two months later Maria Peters was again spending the afternoon with her friend, Sarah Branch.

"Did you ever see such a change as they is in Josiar an' Lizbeth since Hetty come?" asked Maria.

"La sakes, no. An' who ever would have drempt of spending an afternoon at Lizbeth Taylor's like we did last Friday? Why, I never hed sich a good time in my life."

"An' the way they both dote on Hetty; Lizbeth couldn't be prouder of an own girl. An' as fer Josiar—well he's as took up with her as the minister is an' that's sayin' 'bout as much as kin be said."

"An' thev say she got the North Fork school, though Josiar an' Lizbeth both tried to git her not to teach, but jist stav home with them. Of course, she'll stay there anyhow an' Josiar'll drive her over ever mornin'."

"Yes, an' I reckon she'll make a good teacher, too, even if she don't seem much mor'n a child herself. Folks just can't help likin' her, so it's no wonder Josiar an' Lizbeth's kinda resurrected an' the minister's gone kinda daffy since she come."

## Beyond the Darkness.

*By Grace Ingles Frost.*

*There never dawns so dark a day  
That 'yond the clouds, the sun's bright ray  
Doth not with golden splendor shine,  
But doubting eyes can ne'er divine  
That it still shineth on.*

*'Tis faith alone that giveth sight  
To see our way thro' darkest night,  
With feet that weary are and worn,  
And heart that bleeds, pierced by the thorn  
Of bitter agony,*

*But when we reach the brighter shore,  
And enter in at Heaven's door,  
Ah! then will sight still clearer grow;  
We shall the why and wherefore know,  
There'll be no darkness there.*



# Cyrus Edwin Dallin.

*By Alice Merrill Horne.*

We strewed John Hafen's grave with flowers and then turned aside to visit the aged mother of our Utah sculptor Cyrus Edwin Dallin. She sat on the front porch under the green trees, and sighed over the loss of her son's friend, for Dallin and Hafen have been helpful and appreciative of each other. The white haired, bright eyed "mother" talked freely of her son and his work.

## FATHER DIBBLE STORY.

"Did I ever tell you the Father Dibble story? Then listen," she said: "Old Father Philo T. Dibble of Nauvoo days, whose life was closely linked with that of Joseph Smith, was our townsman. He used to go about from town to town carrying a show. He was a character indeed. The main features of the show were, a panorama of the exodus from Nauvoo, an oil portrait of Joseph Smith, and clay busts of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. When "Bird," as we always call Cyrus, was about twelve years old he came to me in great excitement, saying that Father Dibble's show was coming to Springville, and could he go? I had not the money, so he sold corn and paid his own way, for see the show he would.

"The boy came home enraptured, he had beheld his first statue. The next day he spent with the clay in the field. Missing him, I asked 'Where is Bird?' 'Making things with mud,' was the reply. In the evening he brought me two busts in clay. I put them upon the window sill. As it happened Father Dibble came in and recognized one

of the busts as Joseph and the other as Hyrum. At this he broke into a prophecy concerning Cyrus—that he would become a great sculptor. He was to make figures or busts of Joseph and Hyrum for the Temple and other things he predicted as well.

"We are not Mormons but we have all noticed and laughed at it, too, that one by one these things promised have really come to pass. He has made the Moroni for the Temple, and the Brigham Young monument, but he has not yet made the Joseph and Hyrum."

Mrs. Dallin spoke as if she really believed that her son would get a commission to do this work.

When Father Dibble prophesied over the boy's future he did not see why he should not set right out in his career as a sculptor. He did not realize the years of arduous study, of patient, constant effort, and unflinching courage, Cyrus Dallin would have to bring to his aid before he could land safely past the shoals and bars of the Would-be-Artist, into the Harbor of Success.

Mr. Thomas Dallin, our sculptor's father, was employed at Tintic and the son's modelling was noted by the miners thereabout, especially by a Mr. C. H. Blanchard, who came from Boston and knew the sculptor Bartlett. To him he wrote telling of this wonderful gift of a miner's boy. Bartlett replied, "Send him along and we will soon see what he is made of." Dallin was young—barely nineteen years old—but Blanchard sent him on a venture.

Dallin's fame had traveled from

Tintic to Salt Lake and the fair of 1879 showed two clay heads and two drawings by the boy artist.

Dallin remained four years in

H. Bartlett on Federal Street, Boston. Next spring he was in the Terra Cotta works, and 1881 found him with Sculptor Sidney H. Morse.



C. E. DALLIN.

Boston studying hard and enjoying his wonderful opportunities. He never looked back, but with an iron determination forged ahead. He first entered the studio of Truman

1882 was spent in Charlestown and the fall of 1882 found him in a studio of his own in Pemberton Square, Boston. A portrait bust, a statute of a comedian, a copy of

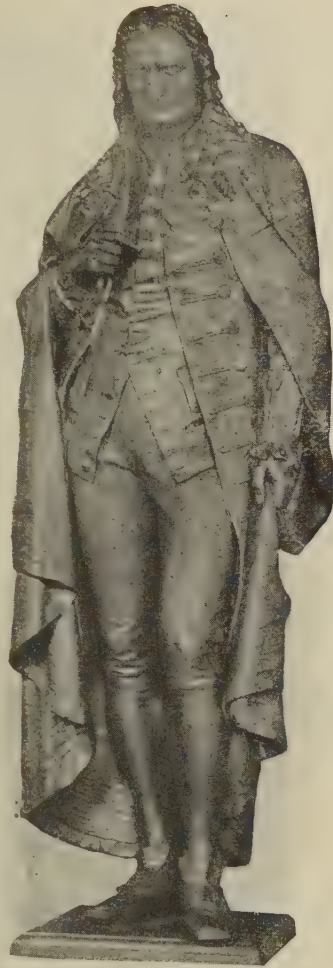
Praxiteles' Hermes, a bust in relief of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and busts in wax for use in a department store show window came from his hands. But in 1883 he won a commission for a Paul Revere statue. A committee offered three cash prizes for studies of Paul Revere for a monument. Dallin spent six months upon this work, winning one of the prizes. The other prizes went to Dan C. French and James S. Kelly. He made other models for this same work, and finally signed for the contract to erect the monument, but the scheme fell through for lack of funds.

1887-8 was devoted to "The Indian Hunter," which brought the sculptor the gold medal in an exhibition in New York in May of 1888. This was voted by the artists themselves. The following August and only two weeks later than Harwood, he set foot in Paris and entered the Julien Academy.

#### DALLIN'S TEACHERS AND FRIENDS IN PARIS.

Henri Michel Chapu who modelled the charming Joan of Arc that is to be seen at the Chicago Art Institute was his teacher. The academic school of art was in full swing at this time, and naturally wielded an influence which few students could escape. Augustus St. Gaudens was his friend and visited him in Paris while he worked on his General Sherman.

Dallin was asked by Dr. Evans of America to make a model for a statue to Lafayette. This was satisfactory and was executed in bronze and later presented to France by the American people. This statue was shown in the Great Exposition of 1889. In 1890, Dallin got in the Salon at Paris with his famous "Signal of Peace," which won there an honorable mention.



SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

This was sent to Chicago to the World's Fair where it won a medal and diploma, and it did not end there, for Judge Lambert Tree bought it and presented it to the city of Chicago as a memorial to the American Indian. It was unveiled in Lincoln Park in June, 1894. This was a proud day for Utahns.

Dallin in the mean time had returned to Boston in 1890, and was offered important commissions by a gentleman from Utah. He now



BUST OF HIS SON ARTHUR.

thought his financial success assured and married Vittoria Colonna Murray, of Boston, and brought his bride with him to Utah. It was with surprise that Dallin now discovered that his commissions had been given by a man with more enthusiasm than discretion, and that they were only roseate bubbles. He was not without friends and appreciation, however. He secured the commission for the bronze gilded figure of Moroni on the highest

tower of Salt Lake Temple. This beautiful figure is one of his most charming works. The artist was given *carte blanche* as to design, and the work shows grace, power, freedom, and refinement. The monument to Brigham Young and the Pioneers of '47 is not so good. Dallin was terribly interfered with and in order to compromise his ideas with those who had the power to dictate he was forced to sacrifice art. No one is so sure of his own



good taste and judgment on art matters, and no one is so sure that his ideas are better than the artist's as the man who totally lacks knowledge and feeling for art. If you want a roasting criticism on a good work of art find a person who has no knowledge of these things and he will give you ample satisfaction. If you would have carrots judged in a vegetable show you do not select a sausage grinder to award the prize, and it would be as foolish to take a book worker or a real estate agent. Why will we take from the artist his finest tool appreciation of the best and substitute the brutal club of interference?

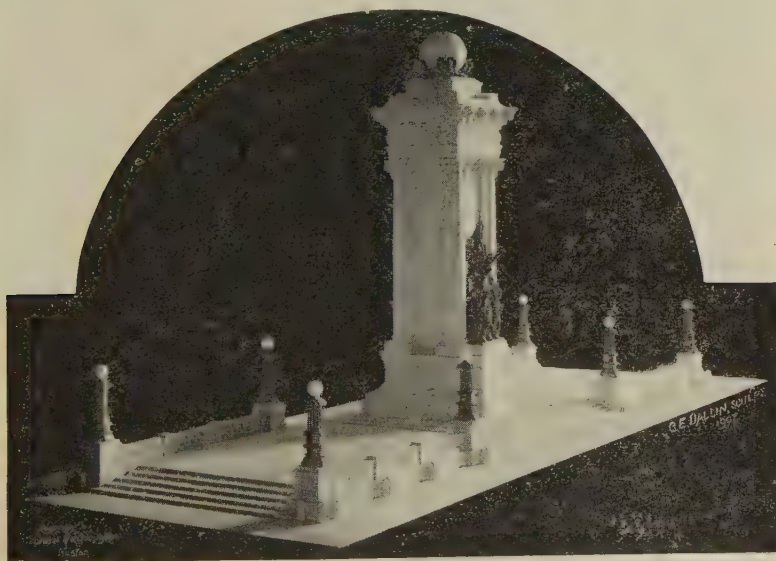
1895 found Dallin in Philadelphia as instructor in modelling at the Drexel Institute. At this time he did his statue of Sir Isaac Newton for the rotunda of the Library of Congress in Washington. It is considered an excellent portrait. The artist made a close study of the death mask, and a bust and portrait that are preserved of Sir Isaac Newton.

Dallin next went to Paris for three more years and was in the three successive spring Salons with "Apollo and Hyacinthus" in plaster, a bronze equestrian statuette of "Don Quixote" and the "Medicine Man."

William Howe Downes, writing of Dallin in brush and pencil, 1899, said:

"Don Quixote is the artist's best work up to the present time. It is conceived in an absolutely ideal spirit and is enveloped in an atmosphere of romance which is completely in harmony with that of Cervantes. The character of Don Quixote, moreover, is taken seriously and with a proper appreciation of its intrinsic nobility and pathos."

The type is that of the nervous, melancholic, and imaginative man, and his traits are reflected in the guant and bony physique. His face is exceedingly expressive. The eyes are set deep in their sockets, the nose is aquiline, the cheek bones are salient, the form of the jaws and the pointed beard accentuate the idea of length and emaciation. The



eyebrows almost meet in a single arch, but the vertical wrinkles between them and the piercing, sustained, and dreamy gaze of the sad eyes well bear out the conception of a solemn, cranky, and romantic old

"Don Quixote, paladin of olden day!  
In vain at thee the throng its taunts  
may fling:  
Thy death a martyr's was, thy life a  
lay,  
And wrong were all the mindmills, O  
my King!



APPEAL TO THE GREAT SPIRIT.

gentleman, somewhat out of date, but eminently imposing, dignified, and even lovable. He sits his horse well and has a noble bearing. The Rosinante is positively a creation of genius, nothing less.

Protected by thy faith, forevermore  
On thy fantastic steed I love, ride  
on!  
Gleaner sublime, still ride! more than  
of yore  
The law doth fail and justice is not  
done.

"Hurrah! we follow thee, we poets  
 blest,  
 With locks unbound, with vervain  
 gayly dressed,  
 Led to assault the lofty heights of  
 song.  
 But yet in spite of treason everywhere,  
 Shall Fancy's winged standard float  
 crelong.  
 Reason with her hoary  
 hair."\*

The "Medicine Man" was expressly planned for the great International Exhibition in Paris, 1900. It brought Dallin fame. The group in bronze was placed at the end of the Alexander Bridge near the *Petit Palais*—than which no more beautiful spot can be found in Paris. Now praise came to our sculptor from the continent and from America something else followed. The Fairmount Park Association of Philadelphia, a group of art critics, bought the "Medicine Man" for their park in Philadelphia, close on the heels of this came an offer from Vienna, Austria for the park there. This was the first time an American ever received an offer for statuary from Europeans. Dallin would

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Translated by Mr. Dallin's wife.

gladly have duplicated his first sale but of course they would not consider buying anything but the original work. At this hour of triumph a third son was born in Paris to Mr. and Mrs. Dallin. Since that time the "Appeal to the Great Spirit" has brought him a gold medal. His latest work is a commission just completed and unveiled on June 21st, at Syracuse, New York, and is a monument to the Soldiers' and Sailors' of the Revolution.

The unveiling occurred with great ceremony and with more laurels for Dallin. He did all the work for this monument in America, but went to Paris to have it bronzed, as the cost is less and the work is more satisfactory.

Mr. Dallin has won honors far ahead of any other Utah artist. His talent is of a high order. He is genuine, and is extremely refined in spirit and feeling. Native art gifts and intellectual powers together with hard work, a spotless moral character and a life as open as a book have made him successful. Such men are not to be passed by at least not for long. They must eventually reach the high places.

## THE DOLLAR GOWN.

In one of the great high schools of New York City, twenty-seven girls in a class of two hundred and forty lately distinguished themselves by graduating in gowns the material of which cost only a dollar each. Among their classmates were some whose gowns cost from \$50 upward, but it was said that the dollar gowns looked every whit as dainty as their more luxurious rivals, and could not be distinguished by the committee delegated to discriminate between them. This incident is only one of many that indicate a radical reform in the matter of commencement costumes for girls. The elegance and

elaboration of these gowns during recent years were alarming thoughtful observers; but in many of our high schools warnings have been issued on the subject, while at Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke and other colleges, stringent rules were made this year concerning the cost of graduating gowns.

At Bryn Mawr the specifications were most minute, the very height of each collar and character of each tie being indicated. This movement for economy among our girls is an encouraging sign of the times.—*Christian Herald*.

# True Blue.

By L. E. Cowles.

"Mr. Charles Casper and wife, of Big Horn, Wyoming, are visitig friends and relatives in this city. Mr. Casper was a resident of this county until eight years ago, when he moved to Wyoming and engaged in the cattle business, in which he has been very successful. This is the first time he has visited his old home since he left here."

The foregoing brief "local" which appeared last week in a Provo paper, started a whole train of recollections in my mind. It seemed strange to me that the Charley Casper I had known in boyhood was this same Charles Casper, the wealthy ranchman. I thought of the times we had gone fishing and hunting together, and how, once when he beat me shooting, he gave me part of his ducks and told Joe Salter and Will Taylor that I beat him. I thought of the dances we had gone to in the old adobe hall, and of the time after the dance when he had slept with me. I remember now one night in particular. On the way home, Casper had been very quiet, even more so than usual. I suspected the cause but waited for him to say something. After we had gone to bed he began bluntly, "Jack, I wish I wasn't just like I am."

"Why? who would you want to be like?" I replied.

"Anybody but me." Then, after a silence: "Say, Jack, do you think that Marie would ever have anything to do with a fellow like me?"

"Why, Charley," I replied, "everybody with good sense likes you."

"Mebbe so," he grunted, "but I can't talk, you know, and my brown hide and big nose all marked with small pox sure wouldn't look good to a girl like Marie."

"Marie knows enough to take a fellow for what he is worth," I assured him. Besides that, you *can* talk if you will and you can learn to waltz, too."

"Mebbe," he grunted, and then remained silent.

Marie Huntly was the youngest daughter of old farmer Huntly, who had the big apple orchard close to the old bridge. She and my sister, Alice, were chums. I asked Alice if Marie cared at all for Charley. She replied, "Yes, I think so, but Charley is so slow, and then he never has any money to show her a good time, and you know Marie is lively."

Charles did not mention Marie to me again for several weeks, and when he did, it was simply, "Well, I'm going to see her Sunday."

He did go that Sunday, and the following Sunday and many Sundays. He learned some of the new dances, and took her to all the parties in the vicinity. They were a striking contrast as they wheeled past in the waltz; his big shoulders, thick neck and black head, her lily form with the yellow hair just peeping above his shoulder.

When again he stayed with me all night. He whistled "Annie Laurie" very softly as we unsaddled our broncos, and then, whacking me on the back with his big hand, he exclaimed, "Jack, she likes me. I'm goin' to Colorado and make a little stake and then I'm goin' to make her happy; you see if I don't."

In less than a week he was gone. During that same week, Alice announced at supper. "There's a brand new fellow come to town. He's fine looking, too. Some say he's got money. He's going to be



at the dance Friday night and we girls must all look our best."

The stranger, Raymond Gray, was boss of the works at the new brick yard. On Friday night he was at the party and waltzed twice with Marie, and, afterward, when I danced with her, she whispered, "Mr. Gray dances so well and talks of such interesting things, I think he is perfectly charming."

The next day he remarked to a fellow workman that he thought Marie about the freshest little blossom he had ever seen, and he meant to get his share of the sweetness. Two weeks later he was out driving with Marie, and within six weeks he was calling frequently at the Huntly farm. Marie told Alice that she simply wanted to have a good time while Charley was away, because when he should return she would have to settle down.

A little later, my mother gave a "sewing bee"—you know what a "sewing bee" in the country means. More news is published in one such "bee" than could be printed in a Salt Lake daily in a month. The skeleton in the closet of every family within ten miles is dragged out and the bones counted. I was trying to shut out the buzz and clatter and to busy myself in a book when I heard old Miss Peterson say, "And now he has bought her a big diamond, and she a silly girl only eighteen."

"Well, well," piped in Mrs. Decker, "I wonder what about Charley Casper?"

"O, she never cared for Charley. She's got too much sense. She was just fooling with him."

"She might do worse," chimed in Mrs. Salter, "Charley's a good boy."

"Good? yes, good for nothing. He's slower than molasses in January, and too lazy to draw his breath."

"Yes," added Mrs. Decker, "and they do say that Mr. Gray is going

to join the Church and marry Marie, and make a lady of her. Won't they be a fine looking couple, though!"

"My girl, Annie, says that Marie's pa talks to Marie just awfully about Gray," spoke up Mrs. Webster, "and Marie says she'll leave home if her pa ever says a mean thing to Gray."

"Well," retorted little Mrs. Salter, my man Peter says that Charley's worth a dozen of Gray and that if Marie doesn't look out she'll come to grief."

At this moment the conversation suddenly shifted to the outrageous way Molly Jones was powdered last Sunday.

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Autumn came and Casper returned. The day after his arrival I met him in town. "Hello, Jack. How you comin'?" he said.

I asked about his success in saving up a "stake."

"I saved a little," he replied, "but I guess it's all off now."

"Why? What's up," I said, refusing in my own head to believe the truth.

"Six weeks ago I quit gettin' letters from her, but I thought they got lost on the way to the ranch. Tom Wilson said she had another fellow, but I choked him till he took it back."

He was silent for several minutes and then continued slowly. "Last night I went to see her, thinkin' all the time how sorry she'd be I didn't get her letters. She came to the door and jist said, 'Mr. Casper, I thought you'd understand when I did not write, and that you would not come to see me. I am sure, now, that we could never be happy together.'"

Again he dropped into silence, while I strove vainly for a comforting word for him.

"Yes, siree," he resumed, "she called me *Mister*. I felt like a mule had kicked me, but I couldn't say nothin'. I just hiked."

He turned half away from me and then continued hoarsely. "Jack, I saw 'em buggy ridin' today. He's a lady's man and I never was. If the little girl will be happier with him, guess I can't kick, but he looks sneakin'. If he ever does her harm"—he did not finish the sentence except by forcibly clapping together his big jaws. Finally he lifted his eyes to the town clock.

"Train leaves in twenty minutes," he muttered. "So long, Jack. Tell mother I'll write."

He stalked off to the depot, bearing his suffering like a big dumb animal. Marie was more and more with Gray, and correspondingly less with her rustic neighbors. One evening Alice called on her. She told Alice of the grand balls and theatres Gray took her to in town and how lifeless the neighborhood parties had become. While they were talking, Mr. Gray came. Alice, by urgent request of Marie and Gray, remained for a time. The conversation was suddenly interrupted by Marie's father, who bluntly stated that he wanted to talk to Gray. Alice quickly excused herself and departed. It leaked out afterward that Gray and Huntly had some stormy words and that the old man ordered Gray never to come round again. At any rate, after that night, Gray was seldom seen in the neighborhood, and Marie almost as seldom. Her brother told me that Gray had gone to Denver; that he would soon send for Marie, who was living with her sister in town.

One morning, in the spring, Joe Salter called out to me. "Hey, Jack, did you hear the news? Little baby boy left last night on Huntly's door step, with a piece of paper saying the parents were too poor to keep

the kid, and asking Mrs. Huntly to raise it."

I simply stared.

"Devil of a note, ain't it?" he went on. "And then to try to pull the wool over our eyes that way. She had better have taken 'Honest Charley' if he is slow," and lunch pail in hand he trudged on toward the brick yard.

I was angry and sick both at once. When I thought of a pretty little Marie and big hearted old Charley, I wanted to head a party to lynch that smooth tongued devil Gray.

Weeks wore along. Marie refused to see any of her old friends. And then she went away and only dark whispers suggested her whereabouts. In autumn Alice and I went to Salt Lake to a teachers' convention. While elbowing along State street, Alice grasped my arm, exclaiming, "Look! There's Marie Huntly."

She could not escape us, and in a second she and Marie were in each other's arms. We took her to our hotel and they hid themselves in Alice's room. My sister, afterward, gave me a few hints of what took place there. As the two sobbed in each other's embrace, Marie poured forth her bitter story.

When the awful truth came that Gray had deceived and deserted her, suicide seemed the only open door. Three times she purchased poison and three times she threw it into the fire. Once she toyed with a loaded revolver, wondering how to use it. Twice she had leaned hesitatingly over the railing as the river eddied temptingly under the bridge. Each time her conscience had said, "Only cowards fear to reap their own harvests."

Time lagged along! A horrible day dawned and darkened, and a wee, helpless, unwelcome accuser came. In spite of her prayers to

die, she grew stronger. With strength came more bitter shame, and remorse: she determined never to see anyone she had ever seen before.

Then followed the dark and lonely days in San Francisco, and the real struggle for bread. She suffered through the grinding labor of a laundry girl, afterward the lighter work of waitress, enduring the significant remarks of men, and finally the insistent proposition of the woman with the red scar. This old creature pictured a life of ease, money, music, finery. To Marie, these things were no temptation, but the assurance of being forever buried from all her past life almost conquered her. In spite of herself, the vision of Casper, mutely but manfully suffering, and not for his own folly either, came before her. No! she would go no farther in a life of shame! One great sin was enough. The old hag threatened and plotted. Marie could endure it no longer; she must leave San Francisco. Following a sudden impulse, she returned to Salt Lake City. She had no money to go farther, and when we met her, she had been searching all day for employment; she was on her way then to answer the fifteenth advertisement.

I knew that Marie's brother was in the city, and after breakfast I brought him to the hotel, a reconciliation followed and he induced Marie to go home with him. She went, at first, just to see the old folks and to ask their forgiveness. But the old home was such an asylum that she stayed. Sometimes, but not often, her pale face, contrasting sharply with her black dress, was seen at public services.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three years had passed from the time that Casper went away. Though he had not written to me directly, I had heard of him a few

times in Wyoming, Montana, Canada. Marie had settled into the dull village life so that people had ceased to talk of her. Sometimes one might see her tenderly caressing the little Elmer. She went oftener to church, and twice, though she refused to take any part, she had sat quietly in the corner during a party in the old hall.

And then, one day, Charley came home.

"Hello, Jack. How you comin'?" he drawled.

"Splendid, Charley," I replied, as I separated the fingers he had crushed together. "Where did you drop from?"

"Just came down from Big Horn to see mother."

"But Charley, you look older, you've got gray hairs and deeper furrows in your forehead."

"Hard life, knockin' around."

"Well, you've seen lots of country," I ventured, "and I heard you had taken up a claim. I suppose you've laid away a little wad, too?"

"I've got a little, but, Jack, I'd give it, every damn copper, and a lot more, too, if I could just see that scoundrel for two minutes. I followed him to Denver, and then to Pueblo and there he doubled on me and I lost him before I got a crack at him. That skunk killed the happiness of Marie and me, too," and his jaws clapped together.

According to his promise he spent Christmas with me, and we went to a party in the old hall. He was just lumbering round the floor in his second waltz when Marie and her brother came in. When she saw Casper, the only sign of emotion she manifested was a sudden turn toward the door as if about to escape. The impulse was instantly checked and she quietly took her place in the corner. Charley seated his partner and came over by me. I watched him closely. He

saw Marie; their eyes met, then, glancing at me with the expression of a hungry watchdog, he settled heavily into a chair and was impenetrable for half an hour.

"Thought she never went to parties," he finally muttered.

"She seldom does, and never takes part," I replied.

After another half hour, during which he was perfectly passive, he blurted out, "Mebbe she'll dance, I'll see."

He charged straight at her, bowed, extended his arm. She accepted and the stocky form, thick neck, black head, wheeled round the floor, with the yellow hair just peeping above his shoulder. No one but Marie knows what Charley said during that waltz. possibly he said nothing. But when the music closed, they left the hall together.

Next morning, even though Charley was as silent as ever, I thought his black eyes betrayed an unusual warmth within. Finally, after breakfast, when we were alone in

the corral, he burst out, "Jack, mebbe I'm a fool. Folks'll say so I guess. When I started down here my brother Bill said he hoped I'd have better sense than to pick up Gray's leaven's. Bill don't know much."

Then he dropped into silence again.

"I stayed with her last night till day light. She told me the whole business. She cried and I purtner did too, I just thought—how young and green she was, and how that slick devil pranced around and lied to her. I thought of the girls I've seen in Butte and Helena and that Marie didn't go like them. There never was no real badness in her—just green, that's all. Now she is like one of the bricks in that kiln over there, all the greenness is burned out. I can't live alone and I can't live with anybody else. I told her she had to go with me to Big Horn, and we'd forget Gray and the whole business. We're goin' next Monday; but—don't blab."

## Consecration.

*By Susa Young Gates.*

O Builder, let me fill my little niche  
With feeble work or strong—  
A word of help, a broken crust—choose which—  
Or e'en one little song.

Nay, Builder, better—let the midnight toll  
No deed of mine today,  
If in the doing of it, some weak soul  
Would find seeds of decay.

If, Builder, in some hidden tower-stair,  
Thou needst a block like me,  
On which may climb the toilers upward there,  
O, there I fain would be.

Not deeds alone, calm Builder of the sun,  
I offer on thy shrine,  
But heart of passionate desire to learn  
The patience that is Thine.



# An Alphabet of Women.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG was an American operatic singer whose reputation was as wide as the world and who was loved and respected as a woman as well as admired for her beautiful voice. She was born in 1842, in South Carolina.

CHARLOTTE VON KALB was a German writer who was fortunate enough to have the friendship of Goethe, Schiller, and Richter. She is probably better known through this than through writings of her own, which are mostly memoirs. A history of the American war of Independence came from her pen. She was one of the glorious women of the earth. The Linda of Richter's "Titan" is said to be she. And Schiller's "The Conflict," and "Resignation" both refer to her.

One of the best of late English authors was Julia Kavanaugh, born in Ireland, died at Nice, 1877. She made France the scene of her novels, and she wrote about French women of letters and French women of the eighteenth century.

A popular and prolific writer of her day (1825-1879) was Annie Keary (Yorkshire) whose letters were published in 1883. "Castle Daly" is her best work. She came into prominence through her sketch of Irish life.

GRACE KENNEDY, moral and religious writer (born Ayrshire, 1782) is chiefly known for her "Father Clement," a book which was translated into almost every European language, and reached its twelfth edition.

ALICE KING, English novelist

(1839-1894) is not so noted for her novels as that she wrote many of them, besides many magazine articles, under a great affliction. She became blind at seven years old, but learned seven languages, and wrote her manuscripts on a typewriter.

MRS. ANNA E. KING (Mrs. John Lane of London) wrote "Brown's Retreat and Other Stories," and the Dutch "Kitwyk Stories" (1895).

GRACE ELIZABETH KING is historian, short story writer, and novelist. She was born in Louisiana in 1852. She is ranked amongst the foremost Southern writers and her subjects are generally topics of the South.

ELLEN W. KIRK, born at Conn., 1842, has been one of pleasing and popular magazine writers and novelists. The best-known are "A Daughter of Eve," and "The Story of Margaret Kent," rather a "problem" tale that passed into several editions.

The greatest woman mathematician ever known was a Russian, born in Moscow, 1850. She became professor of mathematics at the University of Stockholm. She wrote many books on mathematical problems, one on "Light," and several novels. Her name is Sonya Koval-evsky.

Roumania has received a good deal of attention in story form from a prolific German, Marie Kremnitz. Some books, among them, "Anne Boleyn," were written in conjunction with the Queen of Romania, "Carmen Sylva."

BARONESS BARBARA VON KRUDENER (Russian, 1764-1824), had a decidedly changeable career. She was not a good woman; she deceived her husband and afterwards left him for a round of gayety in Paris. Later she became converted to the Swedenborgian religion and became so devoted to the cause that in traveling over Europe on a somewhat strenuous missionary course, she met with considerable ill-treatment, and was ejected by different governments. She was greatly concerned in the poor and afflicted. She counted among her friends Alexander First of Russia and Queen Louise of Prussia. The formation of the Holy Alliance was largely due to her. She became a mystic and claimed to have foretold Napoleon's triumphant return from Elba. She grew so thoroughly fanatic that her death resulted from her asceticism.

That the studio should have been closed to women up to such a late date is a pity, just as it is a pity that women were debarred from so many other things. Flowers and still life were the things permissible for them. It was generally the custom for talented women who could work upon figures and higher subjects than the daisy in the field to do the work some artist had outlined without having that work credited to them! The men artists appropriated all to themselves. This is one reason why Angelica Kaufmann (1741-1807) is "really the first woman who gave the stamp of her own individuality to a new epoch in art."

She was born in Switzerland. She began to paint portraits when she was but a child, and later went to London, where she became famous for her portraits and mythological and classical pictures. Most of her time was spent in Italy, and she

married the Italian painter, Zuchi. Her life in Rome was spent in a circle of brilliant people of all arts.

Most of the "healthy, pure spirit that began to reign in art in the middle of the last century" came of Angelica Kaufmann's influence.

"She introduced the plainer and more truthful ways of modern art which through all the different schools have proved to be alone in harmony with the feelings of the new age. The return to nature and not merely to classical sternness was in a great measure her work. She bridged over the chasm to an approval of simplicity and truthfulness in art by the loveliness of her painting and the deep and natural expression which characterizes every one of her figures. Therefore she is truly a mark stone in the history of art, and no wonder she is mentioned when others, even as remarkable as Madame le Brun, Rosalie, Carriere, Felicie de Fauvau, etc., seem to be forgotten."

To go into the famous actor families of the English Kembles and Keans, and perhaps the Kendals would take some little time. Fanny Kemble's "Recollections of a Girlhood" is one of the most interesting books people fond of personal touches with great folks could read. Fanny Kemble was a beautiful, vivacious girl with a pair of glowing dark eyes. An astonishing thing is that she declared that she neither liked nor honored "the art in which she excelled. Her debut was as "Juliet," with both parents in the caste. That appearance was the initial triumph of many that followed. She was a merry, good, and lovable character. In seeking domestic happiness she found only sorrow, as so many have done. She died in London in 1893.

And surely one of the miracles of the age and a prophecy of wonders to come is found in Helen Kellar, a deaf mute who, under an attack of scarlet fever became blind. She was born in Georgia, but was sent to the Perkins School for the Blind in Boston. To Miss Sullivan, her teacher, who took her day by day with infinite patience and untiring affection, Helen Kellar owes more gratitude and devotion than her lips will ever be able to frame through any of her marvelously developed mediums of speech. Miss Sullivan remained with her pupil until she saw her graduated from Radcliffe College with a degree, then she married. Miss Kellar's touch is sensitive to more than a degree. She

learned with her fingers on the lips and throat near the larynx of her teacher. She won her honors at college equally with her unaffected sisters. Her degree was not given her out of pity. Besides being educated she is accomplished. She talks well by means of the lip movement system (that God-sent discovery!), does almost everything the average woman can do with her hands, is a writer of no mean ability, and a very fair musician. Her pluck and perseverance and happy, unspoiled disposition where great odds might have made her most unhappy, had she been a smaller soul, have placed her far, far above the general plane of much more fortunate women.

## If I Were You.

*By Ruth M. Fox.*

If you were I and I were you,  
And one bush held us—just us two—  
In yonder nook, where roses blow,  
Where Cupid springs his silver bow,  
I'd join the song-bird's sweetest lays  
In pouring forth a lover's praise.

When through the trees the dawn did slip,  
My heart would leap t'your crimson lip;  
I'd look on you with eyes of dew,  
And drink the fragrance sent by you;  
Should passing elf the branches sway  
I'd bow so low to you and say:

"I love you so, my rose-bud fair;  
Oh, how I long your bough to share;  
To live forever in your smile  
Would pain and sorrow all beguile.  
Yea, e'en in death I would be true  
If you were I and I were you.

# Art for Utah.

*By J. Leo Fairbanks.*

A few years ago a very worthy movement was commenced by a few men in Salt Lake City to stem the tide of sight seekers going to Europe. They realized that much money was spent by tourists in foreign countries and that our land was not enriched nor developed. They hoped to create a patriotic sentiment in favor of our own land, to keep tourists in our own domain and to encourage enterprising men to take hold of schemes that would give our people the advantage of our own resources and civilization.

A slogan was adopted that they hoped would be caught up by the public and appropriated by the business and professional classes. For a while "See Europe if you will, but see America first" was quite popular, especially in local circles. It sounded well and had a good ring.

If the movement were carried on it would be a wonderful factor in developing our national life. It involves many problems, however, which demand careful consideration. One of them is the purpose for which we go abroad. Believing as the originators supposed that it was for sight seeing they advertised that our scenery is as grand as the Old World can afford. That Italy can offer no more sunny clime than our own California, that our mountains are just as sublime as the Alps, etc. I wonder if we do go abroad to see scenery or do we go to see the civilization and art of the other world? Do we not love to see the interpretation of these phenomena as manifest in the arts quite as much as the facts themselves.

To hold our people and their money, to develop our resources and our trades we must secure for ourselves that which the people seek. If it is art we must provide it, if

culture or historic interest we must provide them. France might be an example to us. Her people travel less than those of many of the other countries because they have supplied the things demanded. They have a national life of their own and their expressions as seen in the theatres, concerts, galleries, manifest that life.

In America we are just developing a national life. Many influences have been shaping our characteristics, many of the most important are borrowed. Now that these characteristics are becoming fixed, we are gaining national standards in art, commerce, etc.

With this fixing of national traits we should not destroy local manifestation. Los Angeles should be peculiar to the coast instead of imitating Chicago. Boston should remain distinctly Puritanic, and New Orleans not copy New York, etc. Salt Lake should be a typical mountain and desert city. If these local characteristics are encouraged we can hope to convince the people that they should see America first. It would then be interesting to travel, but under present conditions who cares to go for pleasure from city to city and see the same kinds of shops, restaurants, churches, show museums, institutions, and traffic. Our cities are too much alike and at best are partial imitations of European cities. If one has the time and means of course he will go to see the original cities instead of copies.

Each state and city should preserve its local life and the monuments which speak of its past life. This is to be done by creating a sentiment for preserving worthy institutions, to love the works of our fathers. (But until our people do worthy work how can the next



generation revere the works of their ancestors?) To preserve his memory and his labor each father should teach his children to build for the future instead of for temporary purposes.

Salt Lake City is a good place for a national movement such as "See America First" to receive its birth. Here we have preserved some institutions of our fathers. Here we have interesting monuments. If the movement goes no farther than our own city and causes us to realize our obligations to future generations it will accomplish a worthy end. If it teaches us to respect our fathers work and prevents us from allowing the spirit of gain taking hold on us to the extent that we allow monuments to be effaced or obliterated then it will preserve to us the civilization that has made ours possible.

To all lovers of art it causes grief to see old relics that have served noble purposes and that could be now used for galleries, museums, or relic houses, give way for automobile shops or other concerns, that a little profit might be realized on the rent. What cities do not have garages? but where else can you find buildings erected by hardy pioneers who were devoted to their religion and bequeathed to their descendants a love for the country from which they were exiled? Are not such monuments of interest to our sons and to travelers?

We have relics that would fill a museum lying useless in cellars. All that is lacking is a ground floor where they can be exhibited. They would bring more revenue to the city than it would cost to house them properly. If only our business men would realize that to interest American people to see America first we must have something to show them then they would awaken

to the great opportunities we have in Salt Lake City.

Our industries are important factors in showing our civilization. Every year these are collected by the State Fair Association, but why not have a permanent display that will show our labors to the travelers?

What has been said applies with even greater force to education and especially to hand work and manifestation of great skill. In either line we have had fair training and some encouragement. Our fathers came from the old world where they had the advantages of older civilizations. They were trained artisans and have taught their children to love the crafts, but in our pioneer life the subduing of the desert has had a strong tendency to draw from this training. Our environment has not fostered the earlier schooling but the love for it still lives. Conditions are now changing and we have more leisure to put into being what we have talked about and hoped for. It is for this generation to realize the dreams of the past to put into enduring form the ideals of their parents, and to preserve the type of western life for future generations. This can be accomplished only through art, by our buildings, our paintings, decorations, sculpture, drama, hymn and poem.

To accomplish this the youth must be trained. The home reaches some but it is in our schools where these ideals are taught, not as matters of information but as subjects for inspiration in doing or creating. This brings about art in our education which should remain distinctive and local, while giving breadth in training to acquire skill and knowledge. Thus do I see a chance for us to preserve our civilization and its manifestations so that in the near future Americans will desire to see America First.



# GIRL · QUERIES

*Conducted by Catherine Hurst.*

*Address all communications in this department to Question Box,  
Bishop's Building 40 N. Main St.*

Will you tell me how to remove white spots from furniture?—Martha.

Rub the spot with spirits of camphor or ammonia; after which polish with a mixture of linseed oil and vinegar, equal parts, or coal oil and turpentine, equal parts. If a spot is on a mahogany table caused by a hot dish or boiling water, rub in some oil, then pour on a little spirits of wine and rub with soft dry cloth.

If you will put white oilcloth under linen or embroidered covers, it will protect the polished surface of dining tables, dressers, or washstands from hot dishes, bruises, etc.

Please tell me how to prepare an Almond Bag.—Retta.

Take one pound of fine oat meal, one pint of clean bran, two-fifths pound each of powdered orris root and best almond meal, one fourth pound of best castile soap, powdered, and one ounce primrose sachet powder.

This makes a large amount and it should be put away in glass jars closely covered. Fill a bath bag as needed and do not use bag more than two or three times as the oatmeal will sour.

How can I wash fine white lace, so that it will look like new?—Clarice.

Cover a long bottle with fine white flannel, and with needle and thread tack the edges of the lace upon it, being careful to fasten down every little point and to lay the lace straight. Have plenty of lukewarm water and soap and press the bottle with the hands until the lace is clean; then rinse in the same way. Put in sun to dry; dip bottle and all in weak starch or gum arabic water, then wrap clean cloth around it and let dry in the

open air. Tea or coffee put in the water in which it is rinsed will give a yellow tint. When quite dry unfasten the lace, and it will rarely need ironing.

Will you give me a simple preparation to soften and perfume bathing water?—Mildred.

Mix together four ounces of alcohol, one-half ounce of ammonia and a drachm of oil of lavender. A few drops of the mixture is sufficient for a bowl of water and is very refreshing.

If "Rose" will soak her finger nails in warm olive oil they will be less liable to split. After having hands in water where strong soap or powder has been used, wash them with warm water and some bland soap, using a nail brush to clean the nails. Do not use scissors, or any sharp instrument to clean the nails.

When a young lady returns home after visiting in another town, is it proper for her to write either a postal or a letter to young men with whom she became acquainted?—Dot.

The entire acquaintanceship would have to be considered. I would have to know more details before giving a decided answer. Generally speaking, young girls should be very cautious in regard to corresponding with young men.

To "Elsie M." The prices of specialists vary. One usually has half-hour sittings. There was one good specialist in Salt Lake but she has gone now. If you will send a self-addressed, stamped envelope I will give you more detailed information.

# Domestic Science.

By *Blanche Caine.*

## FATS.

Fats produce heat and energy and store heat in the form of fatty tissue. There are two kinds of fats, namely: the animal fats and the vegetable fats. The animal fats include the fats of all kinds of meat and fish, the fat of the egg yolk, and the fat of milk or cream.

Vegetable fats are obtained from the olive, the cotton seed, from nuts, from the cocoa and castor beans.

The vegetable fats are more easily digested than the animal fats while their nutritive value seems to be fully equal to that of the more solid animal fats.

For frying purposes olive oil, lard, beef drippings, and cottolen are used. A combination of two-thirds lard and one-third beef suet (tried out and clarified) is better than lard alone. Cottolene is economical, as it may be heated to a high temperature without discoloring, therefore may be used for a larger number of fryings.

Great care should be taken in frying that fat is of the right temperature; otherwise food so cooked will absorb fat.

Nearly all foods which do not contain eggs are dipped in flour or crumbs, egg, and crumbs, before frying. The intense heat of the fat hardens the albumen, thus forming a coating which prevents food from "soaking fat." All fried food on removal from fat should be drained on brown paper.

### *Rules for testing fat for frying.*

1. When the fat begins to smoke, drop in an inch cube of bread, from soft part of loaf, and if in forty seconds it is golden brown, the fat is then of right temperature for frying any cooked mixture.

2. Use same test for uncooked mixtures, allowing one minute for bread to brown.

Many kinds of food may be fried in the same fat; new fat should be used for batter and dough mixtures, potatoes, and fish-balls; after these, fish, meat and croquettes. Fat should be frequently clarified.

### *To clarify fat.*

Melt fat, add raw potato cut in quarter-inch slices, and allow fat to heat gradually; when fat ceases to bubble and potatoes are well browned strain through double cheese-cloth.

The potato absorbs any odors or gases, and collects to itself some of the sediment, remainder settling to bottom of kettle. When small amount of fat is to be clarified, add to cold fat boiling water, stir vigorously, and set aside to cool; the fat will form a cake on top, which may be easily removed; on bottom of cake will be found sediment, which may be readily scraped off with a knife.

Remnants of fat, either cooked or uncooked, should be saved and tried out, and when necessary clarified. Fat from beef, poultry and pork may be used for shortening or frying purposes; fat from mutton and smoked meats may be used for making hard and soft soap; fat removed from soup stock, the water in which corned beef has been cooked, and drippings from beef, may be tried out, clarified, and used for shortening or frying purposes.

### *To try out fat.*

Cut in small pieces and melt in top of a double boiler; in this way it will require less watching than if placed in kettle on the back of range.

### *Drop Doughnuts.*

1 cup sugar  
2½ tablespoons butter  
3 eggs.  
1 cup milk.  
4 teaspoons baking powder.  
¼ teaspoon cinnamon.  
¼ teaspoon grated nutmeg.  
1½ teaspoons salt.  
Flour to roll.

Cream the butter, and add one-half sugar. Beat egg until light, add remaining sugar, and combine mixtures. Add 3½ cups flour, mixed and sifted with baking powder, salt, and spices: then enough more flour to make dough stiff enough to roll. Toss one-third of mixture on floured board, knead slightly, pat, and roll out to one-fourth inch thickness. Shape with a doughnut cutter, fry in deep fat, and drain on brown paper.

Doughnuts should come quickly to top of fat, brown on one side, then be turned to brown on the other, avoid turning more than once. The fat must be kept at a uniform temperature. If too cold, doughnuts will absorb fat; if too hot, doughnuts will brown before sufficiently risen.

# OUR GIRLS.

## "A Shower."

*By J. S. B.*

It was really the first shower that had ever been thought of in the village, and it was to be given by the Y. L. M. I. A. The girls in charge had met to make the arrangements, and after they had carelessly grouped themselves in committee fashion, suggestions began.

"It's this way, girls," said Fawn in perplexed earnestness, "it must be a success, and the kind of shower to decide upon will be the big problem. We could all plan and fancy the dearest of affairs, but you know in this small store of ours—our only resource—it is impossible to find enough things of a kind to call this shower by any particular name, and we all insist that this last small act of friendship shall be such a success that it will always be a pleasure and delight to remember us by. How shall we solve our difficulties?"

"Don't worry," said Bess, as she tried to calm the suddenly troubled waters, "Margaret will take the will for the deed. She is too sensible and understands conditions too well to expect a china or linen shower, when even a tin shower would be impossible."

Ora suggested a bundle shower as the only solution of their fate.

"Yes," spoke up Beth despondently, "but think of one thing you could get for your bundle that you would like to be lovingly remembered by; and then, girls, you know she will live in the city and I would never offer anything that she would have to tuck away in some tight drawer for fear of being seen."

"It does seem like we will have to transform the elements and have a rain shower," said Ruth hopelessly.

"Since we have figured things down to an unusual departure," spoke Bess, "who would object to a rose shower?"

Every girl seemed to catch the vision of loveliness and it was decided upon in a breath. It was May, and the few flower gardens in town were in their first and rarest flowering of rich colored, fragrant roses, mammoth peonies, snow-balls and numerous other kinds of flowers, smaller but not less beautiful. Each girl agreed to bring all the flowers possible. So, after the daintiest of lunches had been planned, they parted, hopeful that Margaret would yet be given something that would be a dear and fond remembrance.

The appointed evening came. Margaret had been occupied all day with the usual daily home affairs. Just at dinner time, Aunt Mary happened in, in a most unassuming way, asking Mrs. Clark to call with her on a sick relative. But, according to prearrangement, Margaret's mother found a most plausible excuse, so the usual chatting continued. Finally Aunt Mary ventured: "Well, Margaret, won't you come with me?" At first, she felt inclined to hesitate, but her mother urged her to go, so she quite willingly went to take what cheer and comfort she could to the sick.

Aunt Mary was not the least frustrated in performing her part of the



program, but stayed and stayed until Margaret reminded her that it was rather late, and suggested it was time to be going.

They met Beth, a chum cousin, just outside of Margaret's gate, and the two girls, as by habit, went direct to the little front porch to pour out their many confidences gathered since they last met—perhaps the evening before—but so long for secrets to be kept.

They were scarcely seated when the silence was broken. It was a song:

"Hail! hail! We crown thee Queen of  
May;  
We are Thy willing subjects dear," etc.

The door opened, but at this stage of the surprise Margaret was shedding tears. She had experienced a surprise in its fullest sense, and when she entered the room she was the more speechless with the wonder and beauty of all she saw. It was not a scene of potted plants or a few vases or festoons of green and flowers, but a veritable flower-land. It seemed that every spot in the room was adorned and covered. Roses were banked up on everything and hung in clusters of every design imaginable from ceiling to carpet. Truly this shower, this wealth of gorgeous flowers, made a most beautiful picture.

"Girls," tremblingly spoke Margaret, as she regained her speech,

"this is a most glorious revelation of your love. This scene has made one of the deepest impressions I shall ever know, and I am sure it will be everlasting. My heart is overflowing with inexpressible feelings of love and gratitude to you all."

Every heart in that rose-land throbbed with delight as Margaret still stood perfectly entranced and spell-bound, for it was so evident that the joy she was experiencing at that moment would be far more lasting, real, and dear to her than the costliest of linen or china they could have given.

The solemn and impressive part of the evening had passed, and soon the party went merrily on. The flower games were a particular feature, and the evening, as on most all like occasions, was a continuous round of laughter and fun.

Then came the lunch table—a scene of beauty in decoration by itself. For place cards were found wee bunches of the most dainty, fragrant flowers, circled with tiny love knots of ribbon. The flower idea was carried out perfectly in everything and the lunch could not have been more dainty and complete.

The shower, lunch and all breathed that sincerity, sweetness, and simplicity to a degree most artful and tasteful, and the flowers all spoke in a language more eloquent than could ever be told.

## HONORS FOR TWO AMERICAN WOMEN.

Two Chicago women have recently been made the recipients of unusual honors. Miss Jane Addams, whose name is inseparably connected with Hull House, was made a Master of Arts at Yale. This is the first time a degree was ever given by that university to a woman.

Superintendent Ella Flagg Young, who has done so much to bring order from the chaos which existed in the Chicago Schools before her regime, was elected president of the National Educational Association.

# OFFICERS' NOTES.

## M. I. A. CONVENTION DATES, CHANGES AND APPOINTMENTS.

Aug. 14—Alberta.  
 Aug. 21—Taylor, Wayne.  
 Aug. 29—Panguitch.  
 Sept. 5—Kanab.  
 Sept. 11—Hyrum, Teton, Liberty.  
 Sept. 18—Tooele.  
 Sept. 25—Bingham, Star Valley Box Elder.

## CONVENTION PROGRAM, 1910.

### Morning Session (10 o'clock).

I—THE RESTORATION: (20 minutes.)

A—*A Restoration was Necessary.*

- 1—The apostasy of the ancient church was complete; a restoration was necessary. The Christian church departed from the Church of Christ in every important detail.
- 2—The modern religious world was confused; contention and strife prevailed when there should have been love and peace.
- 3—The true Church—if it had existed at all—could have been pointed out to man only through special revelation. Since, however, the apostasy was so complete, the true Church could become established again only by a special restoration.

B—*The Church of Christ was Restored through Special Acts of Revelation.*

- 1—As apostasy had been foretold before the event, so also had the restoration.
- 2—The story of the restoration advances with the needs and the growth of the Church established.

C—*Sources.*

- 1—The story of the restoration is best told in the revelations themselves.
- 2—Much valuable matter relating to the story of the restoration is contained in the "History of the Church."

The lessons will develop the story of the restoration as it is found in these sources.

NOTE—See address by Osborne J. P. Widtsoe, in Officers' Notes, July Journal.

II—Fifteen-minute talk on topic selected by each stake board applicable to their special needs.

III—Instructions from member of General Board.

IV—Questions and Discussions.

### Afternoon Session (2 o'clock).

THE GIRL—HOW TO REACH HER.

A—*Intellectually and Spiritually.*

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, faith."  
 —Gal. 5: 22.

- 1—The study of literature, of art, or of the theology of the Gospel should be contributory to spiritual awakening.
- 2—Truth and God are not dependent upon any individual, but the sacrifice of individual interests and desires to good of the cause perfects and glorifies the individual.
- 3—The most anyone can hope to do for another is to inspire her with a desire for a testimony. A strong testimony will follow the sincere effort to guide others to a knowledge of the Truth.
- 4—"If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."—John 7:17.

B—*Socially and Morally.*

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or, who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart."—Psalms.

- 1—The human need of sympathetic companionship. The most cheerful person has some lonely moments.
- 2—Better at once set about trying to enlighten one soul, than to dream for a lifetime of enlightening the world.
- 3—The study and practice of physical education is necessary for

the development of the divine spirit within.

- 4—It is the glory of a woman not to entertain evil even in her thoughts. Says an old Scotch proverb: "You are not blamed if the birds fly over your head, but you are if they make nests in your hair." Put purity before you, then, as the badge of the noblest womanhood.

"Not by precept, only, but by the more impressive force of example, He gave to man, by His own pure life, the encouraging possibility of triumph."

#### CONJOINT MEETING.

Provision has been made by the M. I. A. General Boards for an additional conjoint meeting a month, whereby literary work, debates, contests, lectures and other educational exercises, aside from the regular guide work, may be considered. It has been deemed advisable by the committee on Guide and Manual, that the supervision of the programs for these evenings be under the direction of a conjoint committee, appointed by the president of each association, whose duty it will be to provide suitable exercises and provide for their proper presentation. No subject should be chosen for debates except such as are approved by the General Board, and published in the Journal and Era.

For detailed instruction on debating see the address of Dr. John A. Widdsoe, published in the August Journal.

#### DRAMA AND STORY TELLING.

In introducing new features in M. I. A. work we feel these innovations will prove productive of much good in raising the standard of entertainment among the young, creating interest in the work, and developing along lines that are instructive in ethics, history, romance, literature and also good breeding.

Many of our young people have dramatic talent of a high order, and since elocution has become part of the curriculum of the schools, the boys and girls, through training, have become more than ordinarily proficient in this accomplishment. It will be an easy matter, therefore, to form dramatic clubs. A list of suitable plays for

presentation will be published when approved by the committee.

Story telling is an art worthy of cultivation, and a great means of acquiring fluency in language, and eloquence of expression; it also develops concentration of thought, and enables one to become an entertaining conversationalist.

#### YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

Stake Presidents:—As the season's work is about to begin, it would have a good effect upon the local officers if a few questions such as the following were asked them:

1st—How many subscribers to the Young Woman's Journal did you have for the year 1909?

2nd—How many for the year 1910?

Local Presidents:—Now is the time for the local presidents to ask the Journal agent how many of the girls are subscribing for the Young Woman's Journal? The lessons for the winter began in the August number and every home should be supplied with at least one copy.

We wonder if it is possible that there is an officer whose name does not appear on the subscription list of the official organ of Y. L. M. I. A.? If so, she is not thoroughly equipped to discharge her duties as an efficient officer, and can not expect to extend a favorable influence over others in this most important direction. Presidents, see to it that all are converted to the necessity of possessing the Young Woman's Journal.

#### PRICE LIST.

##### *Suggestive Books.*

|                                               |        |
|-----------------------------------------------|--------|
| Life of Heber C. Kimball (Whitney) .....      | \$3.00 |
| The Fair God (Wallace) .....                  | .65    |
| Ivanhoe (Scott) .....                         | .40    |
| The Crisis (Churchill) .....                  | .65    |
| Character (Smiles) .....                      | .40    |
| John Stevens' Courtship (Gates) ..            | 1.00   |
| The Indifference of Juliette (Richmond) ..... | .65    |
| Aurora Leigh (Browning) .....                 | .35    |
| Hamlet (Shakespeare) .....                    | .25    |

\$7.35

M. I. A. discount..... 1.10

\$6.25

# THE RELIGION CLASS.

Heretofore, the Religion Class has had three departments, namely, the primary, the intermediate, and the advanced. From now on it is to have four, and they will be called the primary, the first intermediate, the second intermediate, and the advanced department. Formerly the primary department included the first two grades of the district school; the intermediate, the next three grades; and the advanced, the three grades following. According to the new arrangement, the primary department will include, as in the past, grades one and two; the first intermediate, grades three and four; the second intermediate, grades five and six; and the advanced, grades seven and eight.

This change, it is believed by the General Board, is a distinct step forward and is necessary in order to keep pace with the growth of the organization and the fuller development within it of educational principles. It is desirable to have the new grouping of pupils adopted wherever the Religion Class is organized and wherever also there is a district school having the eight grades. The new lesson-book has been made to conform to the new plan. That is, there are four departments, each with a separate set of lessons.

The plan calls for four teachers and a principal instead of three teachers and a principal. Some principals have required two or three teachers to each group of pupils, but this is not at all necessary. One teacher, if he or she is a responsible person, is better than two or more. Where more than one teacher has been accustomed to teach the same group of children, this new plan will make no additional tax for teachers. But where only one has hitherto had the responsibility of teaching a group of pupils, another teacher will be necessary. When a ward is hard run for teaching material, it may be necessary for the principal himself to take a group.

Or the difficulty may be overcome in another way. The same instructor may conduct two departments on different days. This of course will entail additional labor on such teachers

as undertake the task. But we know of numbers of cases where it could be easily done; namely, where the teacher of the Religion Class is also teacher of the district school. We have known cases where the teacher (who was also district school teacher) took all the classes himself, dividing the children up into appropriate groups and teaching them on different days. To what extent this suggestion is practicable will have to be decided by each principal for himself, with such aid and counsel as he may be able to get from the stake superintendent and others. At all events we throw it out as a means of overcoming a difficulty.

The new arrangement, depend upon it, is a good thing. It is a step in the way where lies progress. The pupils in a given group will be more of a kind, mentally, and the groups will necessarily be smaller. This will, therefore, bring the teacher in closer touch with the class. But its advantages need not be enumerated. Up-to-date principals and superintendents will immediately see these for themselves. Then, if their eye for difficulties is not keener to see and magnify than their hand is strong to overcome, they will go ahead and lift the Religion Class a little higher and look around for more things to conquer.

The new Lesson-book is ready, and can be obtained at the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store. There are two volumes, one for the primary department and another for the other three departments. Stake superintendents and ward principals should see that all the instructors are supplied with the Lesson-book, and that they fellow it in their classes. It would be well if the principal could purchase the Religion Class Lesson-book for the teachers out of the organization fund, if there be one; or, if there be no such fund, in some other way other than out of the instructor's private resources. It might be that the bishop would make a small appropriation to the Religion Classes in the ward. Anyway, see that the Lesson-book is obtained and that it is followed in the classes.



# Young Woman's Journal

ORGAN OF THE YOUNG LADIES' MUTUAL  
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS.

IMPROVEMENT OUR MOTTO,  
PERFECTION OUR AIM.

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SALT LAKE CITY, - SEPTEMBER, 1910

## Education.

Every child of God hungers and thirsts after knowledge, development, power in proportion as he fosters the divine within him. The youth look upon the school as the open door to growth and feel deprived of their birthright if they cannot attend. Fortunate are they who can finish high school and university courses, but those who cannot should not feel that there are no openings nor possibilities for them. Life is a great school. Each day there are lessons to be mastered; each day brings information to those who will receive it; each day are there countless opportunities for advancement. History's pages are replete with stories of

men and women who have made glorious records, not because they had the advantages of scholastic training, but because they accomplished some high purpose in spite of difficulties that to less resolute ones would have seemed insurmountable.

Those who cannot attend school can, by reading and studying systematically, acquire a liberal education. Books are cheap, public libraries are numerous, correspondence schools offer courses in practically every subject. The great book of nature will refine and elevate those who will peruse her pages.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many who have the privilege of attending school do not appreciate it. Some are rebellious because their parents insist on their going. Such get but very meagre benefits compared with what they might gain if they willingly and heartily entered into their work with the proper ideal before them. Too many have as their goal "marks," graduation, the admiration and applause of friends. Too few realize that these things count for little or nothing only in so far as they show their mental achievements. Many have "passed," have received good marks who seemed of very little worth when they left the shelter of the university to commence the battle of life. Parents are often responsible for this condition. They urge the teachers to give their children high marks. To promote them even when their grades do not warrant it. If their children only pass into the next class the hearts of these parents are filled with joy. They do not realize that if their children are not ready for promotion it injures them to be forced on. Thus many children get a false idea of school work. They do only what

they are compelled to do to get passing marks. In deciding on elective studies they take those that will be easiest, not those that will benefit them most in their life work.

\* \* \* \* \*

In this day of advancement and progress they who are not well educated are poorly equipped for life's struggle. But what does education mean? The Standard Dictionary says to educate is "to exercise the mental faculties of, as by instruction, training, and discipline, in such a way as to develop and render efficient, the natural powers; develop (a man) physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually; train for the duties of life." Would that every boy and girl, man and woman had this idea of education "trained for the duties of life." More and more are men coming to realize the fact that education for service is the big ideal of the future. Whatever will most help the student in his life-work is best for him, whatever is foreign to it is of small worth.

\* \* \* \* \*

In school many facts are stored in the memory but boys and girls do not attend merely to obtain them. Dickens has vividly portrayed the conditions that prevail when this is the goal of the teacher. The big things the student takes away with him are the mental training and development, the power to think systematically and logically, the ability to go on acquiring knowledge and growing more broad-minded and cultured, the habits of life formed, the thirst for knowledge, the influence of books and teachers and associates. He may forget the facts he has learned; he may never look at his sheep skin after the day he receives it; he may never remember what mark he received in this or

that subject, but gratitude for the advantages he has had wills up within him as he realizes that he could never have been what he is had he not had the development that comes from systematic and carefully supervised study.

\* \* \* \* \*

There will doubtless be great changes in the curricula of the future. Many studies that have grown venerable with age will be supplanted by those of more practical worth; people are beginning to realize that there is culture and mental training in domestic science and manual training. Many are calling for courses in home nursing and for training in the duties of fatherhood and motherhood.

\* \* \* \* \*

In this age people are expected to know a little about a great many things and a great deal about their particular line of work. Only the one trained for this work commands the big salary.

\* \* \* \* \*

The student should remember that he is a many-sided creature and that his physical, mental, moral, and spiritual nature needs attention, training, and development. The age does not call for prodigies but for well rounded men and women. Many realize when too late that mental power is all too dearly bought when it is obtained at the cost of health and vigor.

\* \* \* \* \*

One often hears the expression, "She will finish her education this year." How foolish! Education goes on forever. The child of God must always advance and develop. The school only lays the foundation. As long as there is life there should be progress and growth.

# GUIDE DEPARTMENT.

## The Story of the Restoration.

### LESSON IV.

#### AN ANGEL FLYING.

Three and a half years passed silently by after Joseph Smith received the vision of the Father and the Son. During that time, there was no further communication from heaven. That he had received one vision, Joseph stoutly and fearlessly maintained. and because he did so, he continued an outcast from the society of those whom he had known before the great vision was vouchsafed him. For three and a half years he was apparently shut out, not only from communion with old-time friends, but also from the presence of God. It was a period of perfect silence.

On the evening of the twenty-first of September, 1823, Joseph Smith approached the Lord God again in secret prayer. This time it was in his private chamber. Fearing that he had offended God, that he had not walked so circumspectly as he should have done in the light of the revelation he had received, the youth, now in his eighteenth year, besought the Almighty for forgiveness of sin, and for a manifestation that he might know his standing before God.

"While I was thus in the act of calling upon God I discovered a light appearing in my room, which continued to increase until the room was brighter than at noon-day, when immediately a personage appeared at my bedside, standing in the air, for his feet did not

touch the floor. He had on a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness. It was a whiteness beyond anything earthly I had ever seen; nor do I believe that any earthly thing could be made to appear so exceedingly white and brilliant. His hands were naked, and his arms also, a little above the wrist; so also were his feet naked, as were his legs, a little above the ankles. His head and neck were also bare. I could discover that he had no other clothing on but this robe, as it was open, so that I could see into his bosom. Not only was his robe exceedingly white, but his whole person was glorious beyond description, and his countenance truly like lightning. The room was exceedingly light, but not so very bright as immediately around his person.

"When I first looked upon him, I was afraid; but the fear soon left me. He called me by name, and said unto me that he was a messenger sent from the presence of God to me, and that his name was Moroni, that God had a work for me to do, and that my name should be had for good and for evil among all nations, kindreds, and tongues, or that it should be both good and evil spoken of among all people. He said there was a book deposited, written upon gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent, and the source from whence they sprang. He also said that the fulness of the everlasting Gospel was contained in it, as delivered by the Savior to the ancient inhabitants; also, that there were two stones in silver bows—and these stones, fastened to a breastplate, constituted what is called the Urim and Thummim—deposited with the plates; and the possession and use of these stones were what constituted 'Seers' in ancient or former

times; and that God had prepared them for the purpose of translating the book."<sup>a</sup>

There followed then further instructions based upon the Holy Scriptures. The angel read and explained portions of the third and fourth chapters of Malachi. The third chapter predicts the sending of a messenger to prepare the way of the Lord when He shall come suddenly to His temple. The coming will be attended with much glory; and the Lord Himself shall purify Israel, and purge it of iniquity. The time of the fulfillment of this prophecy, said the angel, was at hand.

The fourth chapter of Malachi, however, is particularly interesting as quoted by the angel. The first verse he rendered thus:

"For behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly shall burn as stubble, for they that come shall burn them, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch."

And the fifth and sixth verses, he read thus:

"Behold, I will reveal unto you the Priesthood, by the hand of Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. And he shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to the fathers; if it were not so, the whole earth would be utterly wasted at his coming."

These predictions, too, said the angel, were about to be fulfilled.

Moroni then quoted the eleventh chapter of Isaiah. It predicts a day of peace and righteousness, when an ensign shall be set up for the Gentiles, and when the Lord shall set His hand again the second time to gather His scattered people. This

time was at hand, and was about to be fulfilled.

Next the angel read from the sermon of Peter on Solomon's Porch:

"For Moses truly said unto the fathers, A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me; him shall ye hear in all things, whatsoever he shall say unto you. And it shall come to pass that every soul which will not hear that prophet shall be destroyed from among the people."<sup>b</sup>

This prophecy, also, was about to have a complete fulfillment.

Finally among many other scripture, the angel quoted from the great prophecy of Joel. Before the great and terrible day of the Lord, according to this wonderful prediction, the old men shall dream dreams, and the young men shall see visions, and wonders shall appear in the heaven and the earth. The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood; but whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be delivered.<sup>c</sup> This same prophecy was referred to by Peter on the day of Pentecost, and was possibly in part accomplished then. But the prediction refers unmistakably to the last days—before the great and terrible day of the Lord. Now is the day of Joel's great prophecy, and now, said the angel Moroni, it is about to be fulfilled.

The vision was ended; gradually the light assembled from the room about the person of the angel; then he disappeared into heaven, leaving the room in total darkness. The youth to whom had been given this marvelous manifestation lay wide awake in his bed. Sleep was driven from his eyes. He was filled with amazement at the singularity of the

<sup>a</sup>History of Church, vol. 1, pp. 11, 12.

<sup>b</sup>Acts 3: 22-23.

<sup>c</sup>Joel 2: 28-32.



vision, and at the doctrines that had been explained to him. Then suddenly, in the midst of his wonder and meditation, the heavenly messenger appeared again. He stood again in the air by the bedside, and repeated minutely all the instructions he had given before. Then he added predictions concerning the great judgments that should come to the earth, with desolations by famine, sword, and pestilence—and all these things should come during the present generation.

Again the vision was ended, and again the light centered in the angel as he disappeared and left the room in darkness. The youth lay again wondering at the marvelous vision, when, to his astonishment, the same divine messenger appeared again the third time, and repeated all that he had said before. "After this third visit," writes the Prophet, "he again ascended into heaven as before, and I was again left to ponder on the strangeness of what I had just experienced; when almost immediately after the heavenly messenger had ascended from me the third time, the cock crowed, and I found that day was approaching."<sup>d</sup> Thus ended the second act in the great drama of the Restoration.

Now, what is the significance of this second vision—or of this series of visions? Of what importance is it in the story of man's relationship to God? What bearing has it on the story of the Restoration?

First, it was declared that the Lord God had a work for Joseph to do. In the first vision nothing is recorded of the boy's future mission. He had been told merely to join none of the contending churches striving to win his favor. They were all corrupt and apostate. Now, the life-work of the boy is

briefly outlined. He is to raise an ensign to the nations, and become an instrument in the hands of God in bringing about the gathering of Israel. God is to set His hand a second time to recover His people. Moreover, Joseph is to become a prophet and to reveal the word and the law of the Lord. And his name, therefore, shall become known for good or for evil the whole world over.

Next, a book, written in a strange tongue on golden plates is to be delivered to the boy for him to translate. This book contains the history of the inhabitants of the American continent, and will reveal the mysteries of the origin of the American Indian, and of the relics of ancient civilization.

Moreover, this book of golden plates contains the fulness of the everlasting Gospel. It was taught by Jesus Himself to the ancient inhabitants of this continent. Now, when the world has apostatized from the truth, it is to be restored by an angel to a divinely chosen prophet of God.

Then the priesthood is to be revealed to Joseph Smith by the hand of Elijah. The keys of the dispensation of "turning the hearts of the fathers to the children and the children to the fathers" are to be committed into the hands of the Prophet Joseph.

And this work of which Elijah appears to be the director, is of a particular kind. He shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers. If it were not so the whole earth would be utterly wasted at the coming of the Lord.

Again, wonderful signs shall appear in heaven and in earth in the days of these things. Dreams and visions shall be given to the old and

<sup>d</sup>History of Church, vol. 1, p. 14.

the young. The earth shall be troubled, and the sun shall be darkened, while the moon shall be turned to the color of blood. Blood, and fire, and pillars of smoke shall come to consume; but whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be delivered.

And finally, great judgments shall come upon the earth—judgments of sword, and of famine, and of pestilence. And all these things shall come in the present generation.

In this remarkable vision, then, are revealed again seven remarkable truths:—a great work is appointed for the young man, Joseph Smith, to do, and his name is to become known the world over for good or for ill; a book of golden plates containing an account of the ancient inhabitants of America is to be given him to translate; this book, moreover, will contain a fulness of the everlasting gospel which he will be required to teach to the nations; the priesthood will be revealed to him by the hand of Elijah, the prophet; through the operation of the power thus to be committed to the Prophet Joseph, the hearts of the children will be turned to the fathers; in these days, strange signs will appear in heaven and in earth; and, finally, the great and terrible day of the Lord will then speedily come, when judgments of sword, and of famine, and of pestilence, shall visit the earth.

Thus did the angel bear a wonderful message to the eighteen-year-old boy, and thus was the great prediction of an angel flying as recorded in Rev. 14: 6-7, in part fulfilled. The far-reaching character of the visions will appear as the story proceeds. Already the boy has received in brief something of most of the great saving principles that distinguish the Gospel of Christ.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. How long was it after the first vision before Joseph Smith received another revelation?
2. What was his condition (a) spiritually, (b) socially, during that time?
3. Do you think there would have followed three and a half years of "perfect silence" if Joseph Smith had been an impostor? Why?
4. Under what circumstances did Joseph Smith receive the second vision?
5. Describe the Angel Moroni.
6. Relate what happened during the night of Sept. 21, 1823.
7. What did the angel say concerning the third chapter of Malachi?
8. How did he render the fourth chapter of Malachi?
9. What did he say about the eleventh chapter of Isaiah? The third chapter of Acts? The second chapter of Joel?
10. How many times did the angel appear during the night? How did each visit differ from the one preceding it?
11. How long a time did the visits and instructions of the angel occupy?
12. What was Joseph Smith's mental condition when he retired on the night of Sept. 21, 1823?
13. Analyze the message of the angel:
  - (a) What was declared concerning Joseph Smith and his life-work?
  - (b) How was his life-work to be connected with a book written in a strange tongue on golden plates?
  - (c) How was this book connected with the fulness of the everlasting Gospel?
  - (d) What important keys are to be committed to Joseph Smith by the hand of Elijah?
  - (e) What is the particular mission of Elijah?
  - (f) What wonderful things are to appear in heaven and in earth in the days of these things?
  - (g) What did the angel say concerning the judgments to come upon the earth?
14. How was the vision of John in part fulfilled by the visions of this night?

#### SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

- A. Find at least three accounts in the Old Testament, and three in the

New of the appearance of angels. Compare these accounts carefully with that related in this lesson. Can you find any point in which Joseph Smith's story is any less credible than the stories of the ancients?

B. Give a sketch of the life and character of Elijah the prophet. Why does he hold the keys of the priesthood that shall turn the hearts of the children to the fathers, and the fathers to the children?

## LESSON V.

### HIDDEN GOSPEL RECORDS.

On Monday the twenty-second of September, 1823, Joseph Smith was weary from the vigil of the night before. He went into the field to work with his father, but was too nearly exhausted to carry on his part of the labor. The father observed that Joseph was ill, and advised him to return to the house to rest. On the way, however, while climbing a fence, the boy fell to the ground unconscious, and remained so for some time. "The first thing that I can recollect," wrote the Prophet later, "was a voice speaking unto me, calling me by name. I looked up, and beheld the same messenger standing over my head, surrounded by light as before. He then again related unto me all that he had related to me the previous night, and commanded me to go to my father and tell him of the vision and commandments which I had received."<sup>a</sup>

Joseph obeyed. He returned to his father and related the whole matter to him. Joseph Smith Sr. was himself a serious and spiritual man. He recognized the ring of truth in the words of his son. "It is of God," he said; and thereupon he advised his son to go and do as the angel had commanded him. Immediately, therefore, Joseph departed for the sacred hill that had been shown him in vision.

Not far from the town of Manchester, New York, stands a hill of considerable size. It is the largest elevation of the kind in the neighborhood. The north end of the hill rises abruptly from the plain to a height of some one hundred fifty feet. The southern end, however, rises gradually from the plain near Manchester, and ascends by easy grade until it meets the high elevation of the north. It was in the west side of the hill, not far from the top, that the golden plates were hidden. So distinctly had the Prophet seen the place in vision, that he recognized it the moment he reached it. The top of a rounded stone was exposed to view. When the earth was cleared away, the stone proved to be a kind of convex stone, thick through the middle, thinner at the edges, and flat underneath. With a lever, the Prophet pried off this convex lid. There, under the cover, was a box made of slabs of stone laid in cement. And there, in the box, resting on cross-pieces of stone, lay the golden plates, the Urim and Thummim, and the breast-plate.

It is perhaps impossible to imagine the exhilaration of soul experienced by the young Prophet at that moment. The Father and the Son had deigned to appear to him and to speak to him personally. An angel from heaven had appeared to him four times in succession, had given him great promises, and had

<sup>a</sup>History of Church, vol. 1, pp. 39-42.

instructed him in a life-work for which he had been chosen by the God of heaven Himself. And now he stood before the visible and tangible evidence that what he had seen and heard was no delusion. Before him lay indeed the golden book; there, too, were the sacred interpreters by means of which he should be able to translate it. There, undoubtedly, and in an unknown tongue, lay the Scripture containing the fulness of the Gospel. Enraptured—filled with the ecstasy of supreme joy—the boy reached forth his hand to take the sacred relics from their hiding-place.

But the hour had not yet come when these things should be revealed to the world. As Joseph stretched forth his hand to take the sacred plates, the holy angel appeared again the fifth time and forbade his touching them. He explained to Joseph that the time was not yet ripe for bringing the records forth. Four years were yet to pass before the plates could be delivered to him. "During those four years, Joseph should come to the sacred hill on each succeeding twenty-second of September, and the angel would meet him there and give him needful instruction for the consummation of his great life-mission. "Accordingly, as I had been commanded," writes the Prophet, "I went at the end of each year, and at each time I found the same messenger there, and received instruction and intelligence from him at each of our interviews, respecting what the Lord was going to do, and how and in what manner His kingdom was to be conducted in the last days."<sup>b</sup>

It is remarkable how deliberately the acts of the Restoration were brought about. In the spring of

1820, in answer to the boy's prayer, the great God of heaven and earth appeared Himself with His Son, Jesus Christ, to the Prophet Joseph Smith; but that glorious vision bore no further immediate fruit than the restraining of Joseph Smith from joining any of the denominations then contending for new converts. The fact that he had beheld the Father and the Son, and had spoken to them, did not seem to justify the boy in establishing a creed of his own. For three and a half long years, he held no further converse with heaven. He was nearly eighteen years of age, and he knew no more of many of the purposes of the Lord than did those who persecuted him for his testimony. Then a special messenger from heaven appeared to him. Three times during the night, and twice the following day, did the angel visit the boy and instruct him. And those instructions, it would seem, covered the ground of the purpose, the mission, and the government of the Kingdom of God. Surely now, the young man was prepared and might be sent forth to accomplish the work divinely appointed him. But no; yet another period of four years must pass—a period of careful preparation—before the sacred record containing the fulness of the Gospel could be delivered to the young prophet. And even then, after four long years, with the golden book in the Prophet's hands, the time would not yet be fully come, as we shall see, for the restoration of the Church of Christ.

The four years passed quickly by. It was the twenty-second of September, 1827. Joseph Smith, now a young man of nearly twenty-two, stood once more before the uncovered stone box in which lay the sacred treasures of a former people. The angel, too, was there. The

<sup>b</sup>History of Church, vol. 1, p. 16.



young prophet's four-year course of training was ended. The angel instructed him for the last time. Then he took the sacred plates, and the Urim and Thummim, and the breast-plate, and delivered them to the Prophet, enjoining him to be careful of them. If he should let them go carelessly, or should lose them through any neglect of his, he should be cut off; but if he would use every endeavor to preserve them till the angel should call for them, they should be protected.<sup>c</sup> And so the ninth vision of the angel Moroni closed. Holding the sacred records carefully in his arms, the prophet returned to his home, elated, thrilled with joy at the confidence reposed in him by his God.

The work of translation proved a long and difficult task. The golden book was engraved in ancient characters. Two men came, through the providence of God, to the assistance of the Prophet Joseph: first, Martin Harris; later, Oliver Cowdery. These men acted as scribes, while the prophet read them the English translation of the strange engravings on the plates. Joseph Smith was far from being a scholar. He knew but little about his own mother-tongue, let alone the ancient languages. It is not to be wondered at, then, if the labor of translation became at times long and tedious, even with the help of the inspiration of the Lord; for the method of the translation is thus described by the Lord Himself:

"Behold, I say unto you, that you must study it out in your mind; then you must ask me if it be right, and if it is right I will cause that your bosom shall burn within you; therefore, you shall feel that it is right; but if it be not right, you shall have no such feelings, but you shall have a stupor of thought, that shall cause you to for-

get the thing which is wrong: therefore you cannot write that which is sacred, save it be given you from me."<sup>d</sup>

The translation of the sacred record occupied the better part of two and a half years. The whole book was written out in long-hand; and a copy was carefully made, before any of it was sent to the printer. As the young boy had been persecuted for asserting that he had beheld a vision of the Father and the Son, so now he was persecuted for asserting that he had in his possession a sacred record of an ancient people, and that he had translated the record through the inspiration and power of God. Many attempts were made by the Prophet's enemies to steal the plates; but they were protected and preserved as the angel had promised. When the translation was finished, the enemies of the Prophet tried again to destroy his work. They secured from the printer advance sheets of the printed work, and published garbled versions of it. In this, however, they were finally restrained by fear of the law. Joseph Smith had secured a copyright of the book before he sent it to the press. Trial and persecution did not cease, however, but grew rather greater and more severe. Yet, the work of printing went steadily on, and was finally completed. In the early part of the year 1830—ten years after the first vision—the inspired translation of the ancient record was published under the title "The Book of Mormon." Thus was accomplished another act in the great drama of the Restoration.

And what is the "Book of Mormon?" First, it is an abridgment of certain extensive records made by the ancient civilized peoples of America. The abridgment was

<sup>c</sup>History of Church, vol. 1, p. 18.

<sup>d</sup>Doc. and Cov., 9:8, 9.

made by a prophet called Mormon, hence the name "Book of Mormon." The people to whom Mormon belonged are known in the book as Nephites. The record is, then, mainly the story of the ancient possession of South and North America by the Nephites. Besides, the book tells of the Lamanites—the brother-descendants of the Nephites, who remain to the present as the American Indians, the Mulekites, a colony from Jerusalem that became afterwards merged with the Nephites; and the Jaredites, a company of people led by divine power to the promised land of America from the cursed and confounded Tower of Babel. The Nephites themselves, whose history forms by far the greater part of the book, were descended from a Jewish family led from Jerusalem by the prophet Lehi, about 600 years before Christ.

But the "Book of Mormon" is more than history. The angel that John the Revelator saw fly in the midst of heaven, had the everlasting gospel to preach to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. That is why the "Book of Mormon" is more than history. It contains the fulness of the everlasting Gospel. It is so simple that the child will read its pages with interest, yet it contains a profound treatment of the philosophy of the Gospel. In the restoration of this sacred record, the prediction of the Apostle John was indeed beautifully fulfilled. Besides the Holy Bible, there was now given to man another volume of Scripture equally sacred—a monumental volume, free from the doctrines of men, in which the Gospel is treated fully and simply.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. What was Joseph Smith's condition physically on the 22nd of September, 1823?
2. Under what conditions did the An-

gel Moroni appear to him the fourth time?

3. What did the angel command Joseph to do?
4. What kind of man was the Prophet's father?
5. How did he receive his son's account of the visits of the angel?
6. Describe the hill Cumorah.
7. In what part of the hill were the sacred records hidden?
8. How did Joseph Smith know the place when he came to it?
9. Describe the box and its contents.
10. How do you imagine Joseph felt when he saw the golden plates and other sacred relics before him?
11. Why did he not take the plates from the box at once?
12. What course of preparation must the young Prophet pass before he could receive the sacred contents of the stone box?
13. What do you find remarkable in the way in which the acts of the Restoration are brought about?
14. Do you think the Restoration would have developed so deliberately and so simply if Joseph Smith had been an impostor?
15. Tell what happened when Joseph went to the hill Cumorah for the last lesson in his four years of training.
16. Describe the manner of translation of the golden plates.
17. What difficulties beset the publication of the book?
18. When was the "Book of Mormon" finally published?
19. Of what significance is the publication of this book in the story of the Restoration?
20. What is the "Book of Mormon?"

#### SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

- A. Study carefully the testimony of the Three Witnesses, and of the Eight Witnesses. Learn from the *History of the Church* or from the *Historical Record* what became of these witnesses, and how they looked upon their testimony in later life.
- B. Read Orson Pratt's *Divine Authenticity of the Book of Mormon*, or Talmage's two lectures on the "Book of Mormon" in *The Articles of Faith*, and report on the evidences that most impress you.
- C. Advanced students should read and report on Roberts' *New Witnesses for God—The Book of Mormon*.

## LESSON VI.

## THE LESSER PRIESTHOOD.

When Martin Luther, after years of serious meditation in the monastery, became convinced of the doctrine of justification by faith, he set to, to promulgate that doctrine among his countrymen. When, later, he became aroused by the monstrous traffic in indulgences, and through the indignation then aroused, finally led in a general revolt against the church catholic, he proceeded with his friends to organize a new church. A large part of Teutonic Europe came under the influence of Luther's teaching; to this day, the Lutheran church is the dominant church of the north.

It is noteworthy, however, that Martin Luther did not receive, nor did he apparently expect to receive, special appointment from God to reform the great church bearing God's name. After long years of the severest rigor, he came finally no longer to rely on his own "good works," but to trust in "justification by faith" alone. Yet, there had been given—either to him, or to another—no revelation revising or changing the well-known doctrine that faith without works is dead. Through a righteous indignation at the reckless claims made by the hawkers of indulgences, Luther was led to protest against the wicked practice of the Catholic church, then to secede from it, and finally to establish a church of his own. Yet, he had received no special commission to institute the Church of Christ. His protest against the Catholic church was unquestionably well taken; but he had received no appointment to establish a new church. The only authority he possessed was that bestowed upon him as a monk by the church from which he seceded. The church bear-

ing his name, then, is undeniably man-appointed.

So it is also with all the Protestant creeds. As with Martin Luther, so it was with John Calvin who organized the Presbyterian church, and formulated its beliefs; so it was with Henry VIII., "the English Pope," who founded the Church of England to suit his own purposes; so it was with Wesley who organized the independent sect of Methodists; and so it was with all the religious reformers from the first to the last. They recognized evils in the mother church. They appreciated the necessity of reform. But no one of them received special appointment to accomplish the work they endeavored to do. Indeed, they held no authority whatever, except such authority as had been conferred upon them by the church which they declared to be apostate, and that authority, certainly could not be called divine.

Judging then, from the many examples set before the time of Joseph Smith, we are justified in saying that he, too, might have organized an independent church of his own. He, too, recognized the evils in the Christian sects. He, too, felt the need of reform. Moreover, he had received divine manifestations; he had been told that the churches of the world were all corrupt, and he had translated by divine inspiration a volume of sacred records attested by eleven men of good repute. And moreover, still, the heavenly being who had visited him had specifically told him that God had a great work for him to do. Notwithstanding these many manifestations, however, Joseph Smith made no attempt to establish a new church, or to reform those churches



already established. He had received no commission so to do. As yet, he had been given no authority to act in God's stead.

It was not until the fifteenth day of May, 1829, that the young prophet received authority to officiate in some of the ordinances of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Joseph Smith and his scribe, Oliver Cowdery, had been engaged as usual on the translation of the sacred plates. On that day, they happened upon a passage referring to baptism. Since they knew nothing of the ordinance they became eager to understand. They went out into the wood to pray for light. Together they knelt, upon the sod. United in their one great desire, they pleaded with the God of heaven to give them understanding. "While we were thus employed," writes the Prophet in his simple way, "praying and calling upon the Lord, a messenger from heaven descended in a cloud of light, and having laid his hands upon us, he ordained us, saying:

"Upon you my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah, I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the Gospel of Repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins and this shall never be taken again from the earth, until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness."<sup>a</sup>

The messenger who appeared thus to Joseph and Oliver said that he was John the Baptist, and that he held the keys of the Aaronic priesthood from the dispensation of Christ. He explained further that this priesthood had not the power of laying on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. He commanded them to baptize each other, and reordain each other after the pattern set them by him. Immediately Joseph and Oliver went to attend to

the holy ordinance. First the Prophet baptized Oliver, then Oliver baptized the Prophet. The Prophet then laid his hands upon Oliver's head and ordained him to the Aaronic Priesthood; and afterwards, Oliver ordained the Prophet. Both of them received thereupon glorious manifestations from heaven. They prophesied of things that were to be. They were filled with the Holy Ghost. And thus was consummated another act in the story of the Restoration.

And what was this Priesthood restored by the heavenly messenger, John the Baptist? Priesthood is the authority to act in God's stead. Since the powers of God are infinite, so also must His priesthood be infinite. Therefore, what a man may or may not do in representing God, will depend upon the degree of priesthood—or authority—he has received from the Great Master. One who has been commissioned with great authority may undertake great responsibilities for God; whereas one who has been commissioned with but little, can do but little. The principle of authority will not permit a man to attempt responsibilities greater than his priesthood, though he may feel himself otherwise competent to do them fully as well as does the man who holds the necessary authority. This divine authority or priesthood—becomes an attribute highly to be respected.

Now, since there is but one supreme God, there can be but one priesthood. That priesthood is the Priesthood after the Order of the Son of God. It has, however, two divisions—the Lesser and the Greater. It was the Lesser Priesthood that John the Baptist conferred upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. It is also called the Aaronic Priesthood since Aaron was the great representative

<sup>a</sup>History of Church, vol. 1, p. 15.



of old representing this authority. The powers and limitations of this division of Priesthood—or Divine Authority—are indicated in the words of ordination and the instructions of John the Baptist to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery.

First, the Priesthood of Aaron holds the keys of the ministering of angels. One who has received this degree of authority has the right to receive revelation and instruction from the angels of heaven. They may minister to him, inspire him, and guide him, in his labors. Moreover, the authority of this Priesthood may call down upon man the ministration of holy angels when it shall be necessary so to do.

Secondly, the Priesthood of Aaron holds the keys of the Gospel of Repentance. One who holds this degree of authority may cry repentance to his fellow-men. He may preach the Gospel of Jesus to them that they may follow in His ways.

Moreover, the Priesthood of Aaron holds the keys of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins. The preaching of one having authority may be effective. Those hearing it may be converted. They may confess their past sins and repent of them with a Godly sorrow. It becomes necessary then to administer the ordinance of baptism to them. This, one who holds the authority of the Aaronic priesthood may do. By virtue of the delegated power which he holds, he may lead the candidate for baptism into the water, and immerse him in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Finally, the Priesthood of Aaron may be said to hold the keys of all temporal ministrations. Those holding this authority may look after the needs of the poor, and the afflicted. They may care for the temporal welfare of the Church.

They may attend to such duties as will make for the peace and comfort of worshipers. And they may attend to the sacred ordinance of the sacrament, or the Lord's Supper.

Now, what is the significance of this twelfth glorious vision in the story of the Restoration? It can mean only two things: First, man must have authority to act; secondly, the religious world in the time of this vision had no authority to act for God. It is inconceivable that any one should presume, without authority, to take another's place in the business affairs of this world. It is further inconceivable that any one would, without protest, permit another to usurp his place and authority in the business transactions of this world. And if this is so with finite men, how much more unready will the God of heaven be to permit His creatures to usurp His power and authority? How unwilling will He not be that one to whom He has never delegated authority of any kind or degree, shall represent Him, and officiate in His name? Certainly God will no more permit men to arrogate authority and dominion, than will an earthly monarch.

But the Priesthood held by men of old is unknown to the sectarian churches of today. The Lesser, or Aaronic Priesthood finds no place in their creeds. John, the Baptist, had had no need to ordain Joseph and Oliver, had the Aaronic Priesthood been held by anyone on earth. All those who assumed, then, to organize churches, both before and after the appearance of John the Baptist in this age of the world, did so without the necessary authority. These two men—Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery—were the only men on earth at that time who held any degree of Priesthood—Divine

Authority—from God. And the priesthood that they held did not yet give them power to call down the Holy Ghost.

These facts are apparent, then: In answer to earnest prayer, a heavenly being giving his name as John the Baptist appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery; he conferred upon them the Aaronic Priesthood, which holds certain definite keys, or powers; the possession of Priesthood—or Divine Authority—is absolutely necessary to one who would officiate in God's stead; the religious world at large has lost entirely even the knowledge of the Aaronic Priesthood; with this order of Priesthood conferred upon them Joseph and Oliver became authorized to perform certain duties for God, but even now they could not officiate in the higher ordinances of the Gospel, therefore they could not yet establish the Church of Christ with authority.

Finally, it is to be remembered that this glorious appearance of John the Baptist, and the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood was not to Joseph Smith alone. Associated with him in this great manifestation was Oliver Cowdery. Oliver Cowdery was in no way related to Joseph Smith. They had no worldly interests in common. Oliver Cowdery became estranged from Joseph Smith in later years. But to the hour of his death, Oliver Cowdery testified faithfully that he had been a partaker of the sublime blessings poured forth on the fifteenth day of May, 1829. In the mouths of two or three witnesses all things shall be established.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. What did Martin Luther proceed to do when he became convinced of the doctrine of justification by faith?
2. What did he do when he was led

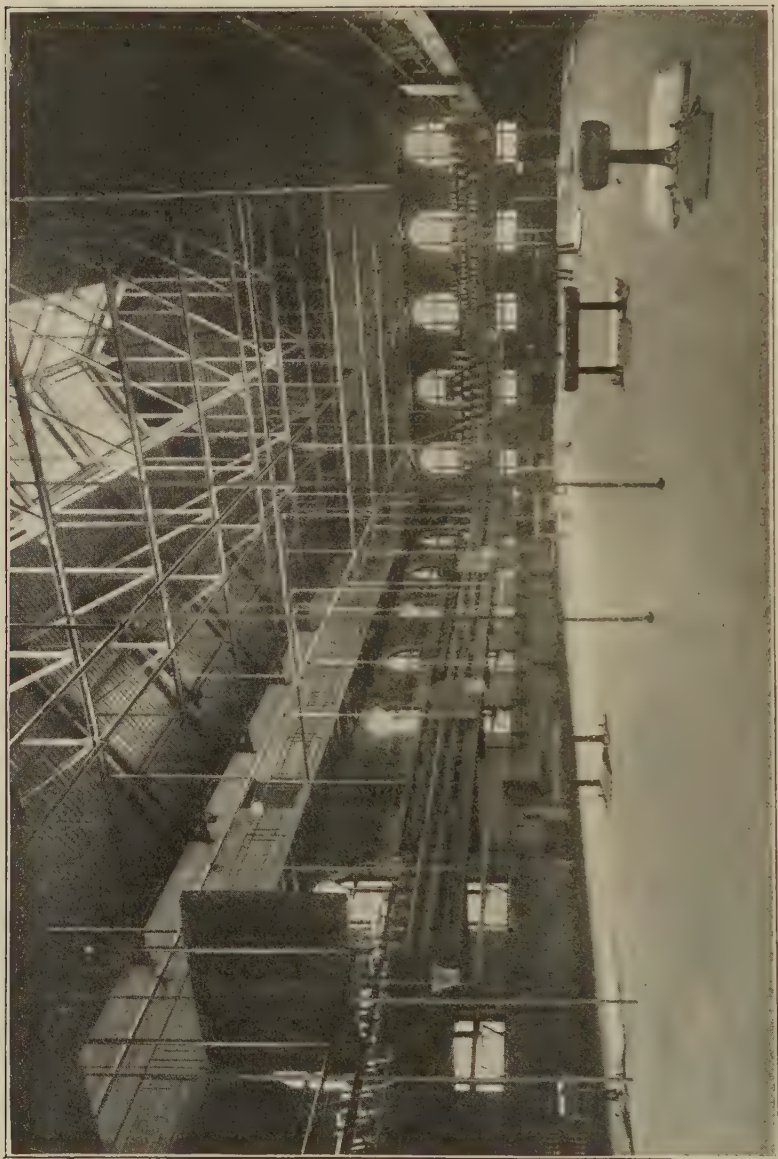
to revolt against the Catholic church?

3. By whom had Martin Luther been authorized to change the doctrine that faith without works is dead?
4. From whom did he receive authority to establish a new church professing the name of God?
5. What must you conclude concerning the authority of the Lutheran church?
6. What must you conclude concerning the authority of the Presbyterian church? Of the Church of England? Of the Methodist church? Of any sectarian church whatsoever?
7. What might Joseph Smith have done if he had been no more inspired than were the reformers?
8. Why did he not establish a church of his own?
9. When did Joseph Smith first receive Divine Authority?
10. What led to the appearance of John the Baptist?
11. Describe the appearance of John, and repeat the words of ordination.
12. What instructions did the Baptist give Joseph and Oliver?
13. Describe the subsequent baptisms and reordinations.
14. What is Priesthood?
15. Why is Priesthood, or Divine Authority, to be highly respected?
16. What is the Priesthood of Aaron?
17. What are the powers and limitations of the Aaronic Priesthood?
18. What is the significance of the twelfth glorious vision in the story of the Restoration?
19. Summarize the facts presented in this lesson.
20. Of what significance is the fact that Oliver Cowdery was associated with Joseph Smith in the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood?

#### SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

- A. Prepare a sketch of the life, character, and mission of John the Baptist. Consult the Dictionary of the Bible, some good life of Christ, or similar work.
- B. Read President John Taylor's *Items on Priesthood*; also an article entitled *By Right of Authority*, by Osborne J. P. Widtsoe, in the Young Woman's Journal for March, 1903, vol. 14. Show that the Aaronic division of the Priesthood is eternal and must exist in the true Church of Christ.





DESERET GYMNASIUM FLOOR.



# YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL

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## The First Library in Utah.

*By Levi Edgar Young.*

The Mormon people have always been lovers of learning. Today one finds in nearly every Mormon home throughout the West a good collection of books, a Bible and a magazine or two. The Latter-day Saints have ever been great readers, and as a result, they stand today among the world's most intelligent thinkers. In one town in northern Utah, it was recently determined that every family had some good works of fiction, history, and philosophy, besides having all the standard Church works. It is surprising at times the amount of good music heard in the smallest and most remote towns of the State; and the intelligent work being done in the Mutual Improvement Associations is remarkable. This condition has been brought about by the ever-constant desire on the part of the people to glorify God by cultivating the highest thoughts and motives of life. For this reason, not only were good schools maintained in early days, but possibly no other people in American history were so enthusiastic in the establishment of good libraries as were the colonizers of Utah.

When the Mormon people lived in Nauvoo, before their coming to the Rocky Mountains, they encouraged the collection of all kinds of good books in their homes, and a free public library was established for the use of both old and young alike. In many a private library

there were Latin and Greek books, which the people studied with avidity. The enthusiasm for such books came as a result of the idea that they were to become the exponents of a new religion, wherein the Bible would play a great part, and a depth of knowledge would be required. The Mormon people have always had a great love for learning. Their philosophy is that of the German Lessing: "The path by which the race reaches its perfection, every man must sooner or later travel." In their preparation for their long march into the wilds beyond the Missouri, the Mormon leaders issued an epistle to all the Saints. They asked for a concerted effort in gathering food and raiment; they appointed companies to plant grain along the route until they crossed the Missouri, so that enough wheat might be gathered to supply them, and then the epistle closed with an earnest appeal for all to carry "what books and valuable treatises they have" for use in their new homes. It reads:

"It is very desirable that all the saints should improve every opportunity of securing at least a copy of every valuable treatise on education, every book, map, chart, diagram that may contain interesting, useful, and attractive matter, to gain the attention of children, and cause them to love to learn to read; and also every historical, mathematical, philosophical, geographical, geological, astronomical, sci-

entific, practical, and all other variety of useful and interesting writings, maps, etc., to present to the general Church Recorder when they shall arrive at their destination, from which important and interesting matter may be gleaned to compile the most valuable works on every science and subject, for the benefit of the rising generation.

"We have a good printing press, and any who can take good printing or writing paper to the valley, will be blessing themselves and the Church. We also want all kinds of philosophical and mathematical instruments, together with all the rare specimens of natural curiosities and works of art that can be gathered and brought to the valley, where, and from which, the rising generation can receive instruction; and if the saints will be diligent in these matters, we will soon have the most useful and attractive museum on the face of the earth."

Books and scientific instruments, maps and charts were hauled across the plains by ox teams, so that the "rising generation" might have the best equipment possible for their school work. The company of emigrants that came to Utah in 1850, boasted of having a library in every wagon. Says Lorenzo Dow Young:

"We spent many an hour on the plains studying our books and gathering specimens along the route to place in our prospective museum, and when Captain Stansbury came to the Valley, we elicited his help in classifying the specimens of the flora that we had gathered on the plains."

In 1850, two large globes, one a terrestrial and the other celestial, were brought across the plains. They were something over three feet in diameter, and were purchased in New York City, by Dr. John M. Bernheisel, who was representing the Territory of Deseret at the time in Congress. These globes are still in the possession of the University of Utah, where they are used in the department of mathematics.

Utah was possibly the first com-

monwealth to establish a public library west of the Missouri River. In 1850, through the urgent request of Brigham Young and the people, Congress appropriated five thousand dollars for the establishment of a library "in the State of Deseret." Dr. John M. Bernheisel went from Washington to New York to purchase books, which in a short time were sent to Utah.

In the fifth general epistle to the Saints issued in 1851 by Brigham Young we find the following paragraph:

"Dr. J. M. Bernheisel has been appointed by the president (Brigham Young) to select the Utah library, for which Congress has appropriated \$5,000, and at our latest advices, he was in New York making the selection. Dr. Bernheisel has issued a circular letter, soliciting editors and publishers of newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, and books to forward a copy of their productions to Great Salt Lake City, for the benefit of the Utah Library. We are happy in announcing a few papers and pamphlets already, and if the friends of science will also respond in like manner, by forwarding a copy of their works, we shall soon have a most valuable reading room attached to the Utah Library, which will cause the blessings of thousands to rest upon the heads of the liberal donors."

Wilford Woodruff had charge of the emigrant train which brought the library to Utah. It was many, many months owing to hardships endured on the plains before the library was safely unloaded in Salt Lake City. The Legislative Assembly immediately worked for the opening of a free public reading room, where books might be had, and in October, 1851, it passed the following joint resolution in relation to the Utah library:

"Whereas, through the munificence of the United States Government, and the liberality of private individuals from various parts of the United

States, a valuable library of choice books and papers have now arrived in boxes in the city, which require immediate attention, both for safe keeping and for becoming available to the people, according to the original purpose of the government;

"Therefore, Be it resolved by the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah, That the committee on library is hereby authorized to procure a convenient room with proper fixtures and appurtenances, either in the present State House, or at some central position of this city, for the preservation and use of the aforesaid library. \* \* \*

"Resolved, That the office of librarian is hereby created for the Territory of Utah, whose duty it shall be to preserve, and keep to their legitimate purpose all the books and papers of the library of the Territory, under a bond of five thousand dollars, to be approved by the Governor, and filed in the office of the Secretary of the Territory.

"Resolved, That it shall be further the duty of said librarian to keep, disburse, and control all books, papers, maps, charts, globes, and apparatus, etc., etc., that now do or may hereafter belong to the library of the Territory of Utah, subject to the control, discretion, and direction of the Legislative Assembly, and make report of his doings from time to time to the Legislature as shall by them be required.

"Resolved, That the Governor is hereby authorized to appoint a librarian for the Territory of Utah, and remove the same at discretion."

William C. Staines was appointed librarian, and a public library was opened in Salt Lake City. The basement of the Social Hall was first used, and then later, the Seventies' Hall on State Street. In 1852, Brigham H. Young, the official printer of the Mormon Church, issued a catalogue of the books in the territorial library. The list includes treatises on theology, ecclesiastical history, and law; art, science, history, literature, and biography. There were the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Byron, Homer, Juvenal, Lunetius, Virgil, Euripides,

Sophocles, Plato, Montaigne, Tacitus, Spenser, Herodotus, Goldsmith, and many other of the great masters of the world's best literature. It was a wonderful collection of books, and they brought the people from the first into contact with a very elevating standard of literature. The library received copies of the "New York Herald," "New York Evening Post," the "Philadelphia Saturday Courier," and the "North American Review." Of the scientific works there were Newton's "Principia," Herschel's "Outlines of Astronomy," and "Von Humboldt's "Cosmos." The treatises on philosophy included the works of John Stuart, Mill, Martin Luther, John Wesley, and Emanuel Swedenborg. These are but a few of the names found in the list. The library became a great influence in creating a high standard of education in the early days. The books were read by practically everybody, as it was customary for the people to meet in the several ward assembly halls, and to discuss the substance of the best works on literature, philosophy, science, and history. This was the movement that gave rise to the establishment a few years later of the Mutual Improvement Associations throughout Utah.

Salt Lake City was not alone in establishing libraries. It was a custom to have reading rooms and museums in all the towns of the State. Ogden, Spanish Fork, St. George, Tooele, Lehi, Provo, Logan, Ephraim, in fact, all the earlier settlements took a pride in their free public libraries. The following act passed by the Legislature in 1864, is an example of what was done for the smaller Utah towns:

"An Act to incorporate the Saint George Library Association.

"Sec. 1—Be it enacted by the Gover-



nor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah; That Orson Pratt, Jr., and James G. Bleak, their associates and successors in office, are hereby constituted a body corporate to be known and styled Saint George Library Association; and shall have power to purchase, receive, and hold property, real and personal; to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, defend and be defended in all courts of law and equity; and to do and perform all things that may be necessary and proper to enable them to carry into effect the objects of the Association in the diffusion of knowledge by establishing a library of books, maps, charts and scientific instruments, connecting therewith a reading room and scientific and other popular lectures, and the above named persons are hereby appointed a Board of Directors of said Association, until superseded as provided in the following sections:

"Sec. 2—A Board of seven Directors may be elected by the members of said Association on the second Monday of November annually who shall hold their office for one year and until their successors are duly elected; and they shall have power to appoint a President, Secretary, Treasurer, Librarian, and such other officers as may be deemed necessary, and define their duties; and to enact such bye-laws as may be necessary for the proper management of all business of the Association. A majority may form a quorum to do business, and they may fill any vacancy in the Board, until the next regular election.

"Sec. 3—This Association may raise means by shares, contributions and donations for the purchase of books, maps, charts, etc., and for leasing and erecting suitable buildings for the library, reading room and lectures; and new members may be added on such conditions as may be prescribed in the bye-laws of the Association; and the library and reading rooms shall be opened for the use of the public, books loaned out under such regulations and at such times as the Board of Directors may determine.

"Approved January 22, 1864."

In 1865, the Territorial Legislature presented a memorial to Congress asking for an appropriation of ten thousand dollars for the purpose of increasing the territorial li-

brary. It is an interesting document and is presented here in full.

"Memorial to Congress for an appropriation to increase the Territorial Library:

"To the Honorable, the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled:

"Your memorialists, the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah, respectfully represent that:

"Whereas, your honorable body did in the year 1850, appropriate five thousand dollars for the purchase of a library, for the use of the Federal and Territorial officers and inhabitants of this territory; and

"Whereas, the sum was expended and the basis of a good and valuable library was obtained; and

"Whereas, during the fifteen years that have elapsed, said appropriation was expended, many standard works on almost every branch of knowledge have been published, which are necessary for reference, and the want of which is greatly felt:

"Therefore, we, your memorialists, respectfully pray your honorable body to appropriate the further sum of ten thousand dollars for the extension of said library, to be expended by our delegate to Congress, in procuring the latest and most reliable standard works as will be useful for purposes of reference and improvement, and such productions of art and science as will aid in the progress of enlightenment in the Territory of Utah. And your memorialists, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

"GEO. A. SMITH, Prest. of Council.

"JOHN TAYLOR, Speaker of House.

"CHARLES DURKEE, Governor."

But not only were there public libraries built and maintained in the towns of Utah, but wherever there was a Sabbath School organization, there one found a splendid stock of good reference books. Every ward had its Sabbath School library. The books were not always of a religious nature, but a great number of the best historical reference books and fiction were always on hand. As a rule these books were put at the disposal of



the pupils of the district schools.

Mr. Samuel Richards, who recently died, and who was one of the first regents of the University of Deseret, told the writer that he believed that a train of Mormon emigrants never arrived in the valley of the Great Salt Lake but what it

had some books stored away for the use of the schools.

The first library established in Utah, however, remains one of the monumental facts of our history. Considering the times and conditions, are we doing as much today for our youth?

## The Truth Shall Make You Free.

*By Dr. George Middleton.*

A few days ago I was driving in an automobile from a suburban town toward the city, and I came up beside a gentleman who was driving a wagon in the same direction, and leading behind his vehicle a beautiful horse. The animal had evidently never been in the city before, and every strange sight or sound filled its mind with fear. As my automatic vehicle drew near, it floundered and threw itself to the ground, and almost broke its neck. Evidently in the mind of this frightened animal the automobile was a monster going about to destroy life or inflict great bodily injury.

If we could see this same animal a few weeks later, when it had learned to adjust itself to the various activities of city life, it would be perfectly docile, because it would then have learned the truth. And what is true of the animal mind is true on a greater scale of the human mind. Perfect knowledge banishes fear. The truth shall make you free.

The child mind peoples the darkness with ghosts and goblins and all kinds of dreadful things. Every sound that rises from the stillness of the night is the footfall of a *harpie*, or the rustling wing of a destroying angel, and every object lighter

than the universal darkness is some wandering spirit from the land of the departed. But with the intellectual development of advancing years, all these imaginary things take their departure. The child discovers that the same great universal law reigns in the darkness as in the light, and that the cause of all his fear was in his own imagination. So the truth comes into his life and makes him free. But with the unenlightened races of men there is no escape from the thralldom of superstition. To the hobgoblin of the night the primitive mind adds the fear of charms and spells and omens. Perverted religion entails such nightmare dreams of infuriated deities, and spike-tailed demons that the barbarian finds no rest from his fears by night or by day.

In ancient times knowledge of geography was very limited, and the terra incognita outside of each man's country was a domain of all kinds of imaginary things,—gods and goddesses, gorgons and hydras, and monsters of every description. And the fear of these things was largely the basis of the ancient religions. But when men began to explore, and to find that the same beneficent sunshine falls upon the haunted mountain or the blighted valley, as

upon the parts already known, that the dews of heaven distill themselves the same, and the great laws of nature make no exception to their universal application, it dawned upon them that the mythological gods were of the imagination, and not actual entities.

A few weeks ago we beheld in these parts a spectacle in the heavens that was most beautiful and interesting. A total eclipse of the moon in the east and a great comet with a tail millions of miles long, in the west. A thousand lifetimes linked together could hardly witness such a combined phenomenon. Knowing the laws that govern the motions of these heavenly bodies we look on with complacency, and have no fear. In the precision of their movements we behold the glory of the infinite mind that regulates them.

But if we follow backward the periodic returns of this Halley's comet through a few centuries, we find that it has been a reflex of the mental condition of the people. At the time of the Roman supremacy it was sent as a special conveyance from heaven to take away the soul of Julius Cæsar. At the time of William the Conqueror, it was the harbinger of war and pestilence and all kinds of disaster. The fear of comets has gradually decreased as we have learned the truth about their relationship to our solar system, and the mathematical precision with which they return from the abyss of space to swing around our sun, and although the mystery of them is still unsolved, we know that they are a part of the natural universe, governed by the law of gravitation, and all the physical laws of planetary bodies an eclipse of the sun or moon is so simple a matter

to explain that our school boys understand it perfectly. But among primitive peoples they were sources of great superstition. It is reported that Columbus made use of his knowledge of an approaching eclipse to overawe the natives of Hispaniola. He told them that unless they acceded to certain of his demands he would take away the light of the moon. The savages were obstinate until they saw this luminary begin to disappear, when they acceded to every demand of the great explorer.

Perfect knowledge of the governing laws of these astral phenomena banishes fear, and in the mathematical precision of their movements we behold something of the glory of God, who works by law and order, and not by capricious irregularities.

And this mental condition that sees God in the law and order, and not in the wild irregularities of nature is the condition in which the truth has made people free. Superstition is no part of an enlightened mind. Not the fear of punishment but the love of living the truth should be the motive underlying our religion. To hold myself open at all times for the influx of the divine mind and to live up to its mandates is plainly my religious duty. To believe that God is a beneficent being who desires the happiness and well-being of all His creatures gives us confidence in the exactness of His great plan. But to live in fear of impending calamities betrays a distrust of the Creator. Superstition has made slaves of men from the beginning of time, but in this glorious age of big conceptions, we have become emancipated. The truth, has come into our lives and made us free.

# Physical Education.

*By Anna Nebeker.*

The mother who says she has a broom and a scrubbing brush and, therefore, desires that her daughter be excused from physical training in school; and the father who thinks our new "Gym" is only a place to teach boys to hang by their toes, have a narrow conception of the purpose of physical education.

The human machine is prepared to face any emergency and will fight its way most surprisingly if given the opportunity. Note the patient consumptive who was promised by physicians that he would recover if he would sleep out of doors, eat certain food, etc. The sufferer did everything as advised but sleep out of doors; and after a time, complained that he was gradually growing weaker and weaker. When it was learned that the most essential part of the prescription had been ignored, he was persuaded to try an environment of fresh air; slowly but surely he regained the desired strength.

The vitality of the body must be kept up by every possible means in order to withstand disease. Such destructive germs are every where present. It is said that the tubercular type even, may be found in nearly every human being, and the dreaded disease does not appear because there is sufficient tissue resistance to withstand it. It is when vitality is low that disease germs prey so effectively. Fresh air, sunlight, good food and proper exercise are the best preventatives, to a body having been thoroughly cleansed internally and externally and given sufficient rest after the ravages of such bacteria in its weakened condition. Fred L. Lee, Professor of

Physiology in Columbia University, says:

"Fatigue is one of the most important obstacles to development of physiological efficiency, that its cause is two-fold—due to diminution of substance essential to protoplasmic activity (and here oxygen and carbohydrate loom large) and accumulation of toxic products of katabolism, among which we reckon carbon dioxide, paralactic acid and monopotassium phosphate. Physical training brings about this efficiency by adapting tissues to the toxic fatigue substances; "he who wins is he who can best resist the poisons of fatigue."

All agree with the psalmist that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made" and we should consider the fearful liability of "breaking down" or "getting out of order."

"The healthy man doesn't know that he has a stomach, the dyspeptic doesn't know that he has anything else." The "Pore benighted heathen" in Kipling's ballad is "a first-class 'fitin' man and two-thirds of his virtues—moral, physical and mental are the fruits thereof."

A thoroughly erect, well proportioned person, easy and graceful in his movements is not frequently found. Physical weakness, and tendencies toward imperfections are often inherited. Particular work develops particular, often peculiar personal characteristics. The farmer does not mow nor the house-wife sew in an upright position. Men and women of business, working incessantly with brain at white heat, scarcely taking time to eat a meal or indulge in physical exercise of proper nature, show over-work in their faces, and in their incomplete movements. They as well as over-

mentally worked school boy or girl often suffer from neural exhaustion, etc. Average working men in heavy mechanical labor, though termed hearty because they can eat and sleep well, are most prone to disease; because of over exerting one part of the body to the expense of the other:

Comparatively few of our girls are blooming, healthy, and strong. Many have flat chests, angular shoulders, weak backs, pale complexions, eyes sparkling and intelligent, but lacking vigor and force. They can neither run a respectable distance at a good pace, nor walk well. They will carry six or eight books when they ought to be free-handed and are just what they appear to be pale and weak,—perhaps full of fatigue products. It may not be mental work that is breaking them down so much as the lack of proper physical work to build them up. Every school should send pupils home at the close of the year's work in practically as good physical condition as when it received them. There is "no need of anyone of ordinary health, becoming a weakling." Woman no longer prizes "weakness as a dainty attribute of her sex."

Education is defined as a preparation for complete living. "Life is a gift from God and is divine, and its physical is no less sacred than its mental and moral manifestations." "Train the hand, then answer half the questions that the brain which it builds will ask and you have education at its best." Aristotle made his order of education first, bodily; second, morally; third, scientifically.

It was Thomas Jefferson who said:

"Attention to health should take the place of every other object. The time necessary to secure this by active exercise should be devoted to it in preference to every other pursuit."

Teachers are often required to defend their positions in relation to physical education, and their opinions and even those of modern educators are often not sufficiently convincing so the words of the world's greatest teachers are used in support. This paper is largely a collection of expressions from such sources.

From the History of Education we learn that the world's greatest and most successful nations have regularly cared for the body. Not much is known of the Chinese, Hindoos, Egyptians, or Persians, but among the Greeks do we find most splendid types—the product of excellent bodily training. In Greece the one who knew neither swimming nor his letters was termed an *ignoramus*. At fourteen the boy began athletics. It is claimed that through the great care of the body the Greeks became the most beautiful and gifted of mankind. The seven accomplishments of the squire in the days of chivalry were swimming, boxing, shooting with the bow, hunting, chess playing, reading, and verse making.

Luther associated gymnastics very closely with music, and of music he said, "It is a beautiful divine gift of God and next to theology."

Rousseau's influence along physical lines was great and far-reaching for his time. He says,

"Exercise not only the physical strength, but also the senses that direct it, make the best possible use of each, and verify the impressions of one by those of another. To learn to think, therefore, we should learn to exercise our limbs, senses, organs, since these are the instruments of our intelligence, and in order to make the best use of these instruments, it is necessary that the body which produced them should be robust and healthy. Thus so far is a sound instinct from being independent of the body that it is owing to a good constitution that the operations



of the mind are effected with ease and certainty."

In the words of Francis Marion:

"Physical perfection serves to assure moral perfection. There is nothing more tyrannical than enfeebled organism. Nothing sooner paralyzes the free activity of the reason, the flight of the imagination and the exercise of reflection, nothing sooner dries up all the sources of thought, than the sickly body. Then have no scruples and if you would form a soul which is to have ample development, a man of generous and intrepid will, a workman capable of great undertakings and arduous labors, first and above all, secure a vigorous organism, of powerful resistance and muscles of steel."

To Milton the first steps in education were to delight in liberal exercises—amusement, bodily skill, cheerfulness of bright companionship are associated with physical training. Clark believes that "No perfect brain ever crowns an imperfectly developed body."

Physical Education is considered in three ways:

(1) "In a very general indefinite sense, including too much—bathing, dress, diet, ventilation, personal hygiene, etc.

(2) "In a semi-general sense signifying exercise for the sake of health, of recreation, or prevention of mischief. This conception is too narrow but is generally the idea of school boards and educators.

(3) "Strictly scientific, based on critical consideration of demonstrated physiological and psychological effects and relations. Its general and special scientific significations should be distinguished and determined."

There are various schools of Physical Training with varied views—Swedish, German, American, Delsarte, etc.

The aims of the Swedish are mostly:—

(1) "Recreative—not for fun only

but for restoration of the power of the individual—play (a) unorganized, (b) organized.

(2) "General physical health (for adults mostly). Here quantity more than quality is the important thing. Whether rowing or gold, it makes little difference.

(3) "Corrective (curative), to be taken under special teacher. General teacher's duty is to observe defects and prevent conditions operating. Let her work be largely preventive, slightly corrective.

(4) "Educational Aspect. Idiocy has for its most prominent characteristic physical inability. To train the idiot is to make impressions on the physical being. Physical activity is said to be the basis of mental life, sensations coming before precepts. 'There are no sensations without muscular activity, physical trainers must develop sensory perceptions.' 'Learn by doing is the slogan of the New Education.'"

Dr Munger of Yale says:

"When we think it is not alone the mind that thinks, it is the whole man, and the process begins with the body. A poor body means a poor life all the way up even to the highest stages of spiritual life. There can be no healthy thought, no normal feeling, no sound judgment, no vigorous action, except in connection with a sound body. Great minds are often shut up in poor bodies, as Pascal and Cowper, and Carlyle and Amiel—but in each case we make allowance for what is called the personal equation, their opinions are examined in the light of their physical weakness or disease before they are trusted."

G. Stanley Hall pleads for physical education on the grounds of good morals. He believes that the temptations that overcome young people at the present time would not do so if their muscles were strong.

It is the purpose of physical education to train the individual for proper citizenship—to make him efficient in life's work, to do work with the least expenditure of time and effort, to lay the foundation for correct habits, etc.

Conditions of home, school or business life are adverse to physical development and nothing but gymnastic exercise will counteract this. From sedentary occupations alone, three general results follow:—

(1) "The nutritive processes of the body, consisting of circulation, digestion, and respiration become impaired because of insufficient demand for their work which comes through muscular activity.

(2) "Correct posture of the body, including erect carriage and improper development of chest and shoulders. This comes through lack of muscular tone, due to weakening or to overcontraction of antagonistic muscles, too long sitting which leads to relaxation. It has been stated by good authority that 'There is more suffering due to incorrect posture of the body than to all the wars and pestilence that have ever been.'

(3) "Psychological development is retarded, especially the inhibitory power of the will."

The objects of the various systems of physical education may be summed up as follows: better health, better physique, grace, self-control, self-reliance, fortitude, courage, power of endurance, alertness of perception, quickness of action, higher degree of co-ordination, muscular development, will-power, morals. No *one* system will produce all the results mentioned in the highest way.

It has been remarked that there are few well built men and women among physical directors, that the voices of the women particularly are weak, the faces thin, pale, chests poor, and bodies unevenly developed, etc. Let it be remembered that such persons are generally hard-working, hard thinking, enthusiastic, earnest men and women who are caring for the bodies of their pupils more than their own. Yet from the same delegation it is observed that these characters show

"intelligence, kindness, self-control, self-reliance, quickness and accuracy in movement, and a possession of more than ordinary will power. The ethical part of their training is far more noticeable often than the purely physical and this training plays a far greater part in child training than is recognized in physical directors generally.

The object of life it is said is "the complete development of all the moral possibilities of man, and these are seven fold; for he has the capacity for development physically, aesthetically, religiously, socially, politically, intellectually, morally. The physical nature is developed by physical training, and all such training has an aesthetic element, i. e., all systems have aesthetic gymnastics. It goes without saying that the morals are helped. In all gymnastics and athletics, if he wishes best results, the player must be good. Every kind of vice is forbidden. The laws of training are strict and demand the best care of the body. Two elements constitute moral character. They are a strong will and desire and choice of good in preference to evil. The question may be asked, does the physical training develop will and is the choice of good influenced by gymnastics and athletics? Professor James says:

"The will is the power which holds the idea prominently before the mind until it results in action. That the will is the power that commands action is shown in every gymnastic feat and without doubt it is strengthened by such activity. Of course, the will may be used for good or ill and the individual is free to choose; but the influences which determine action are largely his physical condition and environment. The one who has, the sound, more nearly perfect body is more cheerful, hopeful, capable of receiving and reflecting pure light from within. 'Know ye not that your body is a temple of the Holy Ghost?'"

Tryne says:

"The body was not intended to be an opaque shell to obstruct the inner light, but rather a pure crystal through which the rays shine forth not only to beautify itself but to illuminate its related environment."

Epretitus questions thus:—

"Shall I show you the muscular training of a philosopher? What muscles are these? A will undisappointed, evils avoided; powers daily exercised, careful resolutions, unerring decisions."

"Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud,  
'Tis virtue that doth make them much admired,  
'Tis government that makes them seem divine."—Shakespeare.

"All the time and money spent in training the body pays a larger interest than any other investment."

If history be correct, the great men of our Christian lands had remarkable mothers. William Blackie says, "The Sandwich Island proverb, 'If strong be the frame of the

mothers, the sons will make laws for the people,' suggests truths that will hold good in most every land." Let all intelligent persons,—girls and women especially—bear in mind that from every point of view, a vigorous and healthy body kept toned up by rational, systematic, daily exercise is one of the very greatest blessings which can be had in this world, that many persons spend thousands of dollars in trying to regain even a part of this blessing when once they have lost it, that the means of getting it are easily within the reach of all who are not already broken by disease, that it is never too late to begin, that an hour a day properly spent is all that is needed to secure it. Remember that properly spent means a good deal—a string of exercises of any nature is not sufficient. The work must be carefully, systematically taken or taught with the idea of a gymnastic progression, then "Work will win."

## The Deseret Gymnasium.

The Mutual Improvement Association has always taught the necessity for three-fold development,—physical, mental and spiritual. Their instruction along the physical line has necessarily been limited. But the time seems to be near when they will be able to give to their members better advantages of this kind. The officers in the various stakes are awakening to the fact that the very best means of interesting and holding their young people is by directing and supplying necessary activities. The efforts so far have been necessarily more or less crude; but the interest is good and the growth steady. The General Board of the Y. L. M. I. A. has thus far not considered it advisable to provide any course of study in physical

culture. True in 1896 they did provide such a course, but lack of efficient teachers prevented the best results. The idea took root, however, and has been steadily growing, until now several stakes are endeavoring to start such work.

Perhaps the best organized effort of the Mutual Improvement Association in this direction was the one of the Weber, North Weber, and Ogden stakes, when, in the past summer, they organized and conducted successfully junior and senior classes one evening each week. The city wards of the three stakes met at the same hour in the Academy building, each stake holding separate opening exercises; then all separated, some of each stake going into the senior and some into





Private Exercise Room  
Swimming Pool.

Deseret Gymnasium.  
Bowling Alleys.



the junior class. Brother E. J. Milne conducted the gymnastic work for one class while his wife, Sister Annie Spencer Milne, gave instruction in voice building, respiration, etc., to the other. While they have not accomplished all they desired, those who have had experience in such work feel that they may be highly pleased with their success. The beginning is necessarily difficult, but it paves the way for more successful work.

In Salt Lake City such an effort was made on a different plan, when in December, 1895, the Mutual Improvement League was organized. It was a decided success so far as its accomplishments were concerned, but it was hampered by lack of means and was finally closed after making a heroic struggle against adverse circumstances for three years.

With the opening of the Deseret Gymnasium in the block east of the Salt Lake Temple, we trust a new and successful era for physical improvement begins. The Board of Control has been laboring diligently to perfect plans for conducting the place. Necessarily some changes will have to be made as the work progresses, but an effort is being made to suit all classes who may desire to attend.

Every morning, except Saturday and Sunday (until noon), every Monday evening and for one period on Thursday afternoon, the entire building is given for the use of women and girls over twelve years of age.

#### FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS.

##### *Classes:*

L. D. S. University girls—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 10 to 10:50 and 10:50 to 11:40 a. m.

For women and Mutual Improvement girls—Monday, 8 to 10 p. m. and Thursday, 4 to 5 p. m. Tuesday and Thursday, 10 a. m. to 12 m. with corrective period to be arranged.

#### FOR PRIMARY GIRLS (12 to 14 years OF AGE.

Monday, 7 to 8 p. m. and Thursday, 4 to 5 p. m.

Upon application of a sufficient number special private classes (in swimming, dancing, etc.) may be formed at hours and upon terms to be decided upon.

##### *Fees:*

Girls 12 to 14 years inclusive—\$5.00 for two periods per week.

Girls 15 to 17 years inclusive—\$7.00 for three periods per week.

Women 18 years and up—\$7.00 for two periods per week.

Women 18 years and up—\$10.00 for three periods per week.

And \$1.00 locker fee for all.

Girls from twelve to eighteen years of age as well as all students, who are faithful in attending Sunday School and either Primary, Religion Class or Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association will be given a discount of one-half.

#### FOR MEN AND BOYS.

##### *Classes:*

L. D. S. boys—3 periods weekly, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, as follows: 1 to 1:50, 1:50 to 2:40, 2:40 to 3:30 p. m.

Young Men's Classes (seniors) two weekly periods, Tuesday and Friday at 8 p. m.

Intermediates, two weekly periods, 7:30 Wednesday and Saturday.

Juniors—Tuesday at 4 and Saturday at 10 a. m.

Boys—Wednesday at 4 and Saturday at 9 a. m.

Students (High School)—3 o'clock Tuesday and Saturday.

Business Men—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 5:30 p. m.

Business men are allowed the use of entire building at any hour when it is not occupied by women, and special classes will be arranged to suit their convenience.

*Fees:*

For Juniors (12 to 14 years inclusive)—\$6.00 for 2 periods per week.

For Student Intermediates (15 years)—\$11.00 for 3 periods per week.

For Intermediates (16 and 17 years)—\$14.00 for three periods per week.

For Seniors (18 to 22 years, and students)—\$17.00.

And \$1.00 locker fee for each of above.

For Business men—\$25.00.

Juniors, Intermediates and Seniors who are faithful attendants at priesthood quorum meetings and at one auxiliary association will be given a discount of one half.

Individuals who want only special privileges are provided for as follows:

They must pay an annual membership fee of \$5.00 each, which will enable them to take advantage of—Senior privileges in the baths for an additional fee of \$7.00 per annum; senior privileges in gymnastics for an additional fee of \$7.00; unlimited use of tennis ball court for additional fee of \$5.00; or a single bath for 25c.

While the greatest benefits to be derived from the Deseret Gymnasium accrue to the people of Salt Lake, Ensign, Liberty, Pioneer, Granite and Davis stakes, it is hoped to be of service to others also. One

hope of the Board is to be able to train young men and women as teachers for the more distant stakes.

The Board feels to congratulate itself and the people concerned in having secured the services of Professor W. E. Day, H. Leo Marshall, Robert Richardson, Anna Nebeker, Margaret Caldwell, Mary Johnson, and Hazel Edwards as teachers and directors of the work. Professor Day has had many years experience in Y. M. C. A. work and comes with the highest recommendations of men of national reputation. Mr. Marshall and Miss Nebeker, besides completing their studies in the U. of U., have had experience in teaching there and in the L. D. S. University, while Mr. Richardson and the Misses Caldwell, Johnson, and Edwards have successfully completed their studies in prescribed physical work at the U. of U.

The building itself is one of the finest in the United States. The accompanying pictures will give evidence of this. In addition several tennis courts are to be made soon, and the hope is entertained of being able to maintain others in different parts of the city. While we are delighted with the building we realize that that alone will not make it a place where the Spirit of God may dwell. A palace is not necessarily a temple. Our aim will be to let no unclean thing enter,—no rude or boisterous action, no sinful life, no impure thought. Thus may we become a living example of the perfect development,—strong and powerful mentally, physically, spiritually,—remembering always that each individual according to his acts brings reproach or approval on the whole.

# In the Hills.

*By Ann M. Cannon.*

It was late summer at Aspendell. Guests still thronged the little mountain hotel, but as the nights grew more chilly some began to talk of returning to the city. As a rule the stage brought no new visitors, only an occasional busy husband come to take wife and babies home. Surprise was shown, therefore, when one evening a buggy arrived and a young woman and child alighted. The little girl, of perhaps two or three years, had blue eyes, and an extremely sensitive face. The setting sun lingered long enough to touch to bright gold the brown curls as they spread out over the woman's arm on which the child reclined. The white face and the generally limp little figure told a pathetic story.

The young woman was assigned to a room on the second floor. She had asked for a certain room higher up, one with a porch which could be reached only through that room. This was occupied, as was also another one, with a private veranda overhanging the stream, which splashed noisily down the canyon. The room given her was pleasant enough, but it was on the main floor in the midst of the guests, and the porch on which it opened was common property. After seeing them safely bestowed, their companion, apparently the child's father, departed.

Next morning they did not appear at breakfast till most of the tables were vacated. As they entered they passed a table where a young man and elderly woman were seated. A surprised glance and slight nod were given and returned. She could not see that his eyes fol-

lowed almost hungrily toward the remote corner whither the two retreated. Her anxious thoughts centered on the child. However much he may have wished to hear, no syllable of their conversation reached him. Had it done so he might have heard the childish voice whisper,

"Aunty Nell, see the melon! Tan I have some?"

And the answer,

"Aunty Nell isn't going to have any. Don't you want to have what she has?"

"Yes," hesitating slightly; then, "What you doin' to have?"

"Oh! lots of good things. Let's just play we're at gramma's, and that we're having tea like gramma has. Of course it won't be tea, because that's only for old ladies and gentlemen, and it might make us sick. But we're going to have something nice and warm and we can play it's tea. Will you like that?"

"Yes, Aunty Nell," in the softest of New England accents with which some children are born.

Just then the waiter arrived with two steaming cups of scalded milk, some soft boiled eggs and dry toast. A shade of disappointment came near descending but was anticipated by the woman,

"Now I know you don't want Aunty Nell to be ill. And the doctor says this is what she must eat. Take this," handing her a salt shaker, "and put a little in your cup and a little in mine. Then we'll take a spoon and taste it, like gramma does her tea. My! isn't that good! And we're to take it just as warm as we can."

Both were sipping with a relish

when the young man and his mother withdrew.

"Now," the young woman's voice continued. "I'm going to fix your egg like grandpa does his. You know we used to always break the shell and let the egg come out into a dish. But when grandpa came home from England he didn't like the egg that way any more. He had us get him an egg-cup. Then he put the egg in it, like this; and he gave it a crack with his knife, like that; and the top flew off just like this one does. Then he put some salt in and just the tiniest bit of pepper. Then he took a spoon and took the inside out, just like that, and he ate it; and he said it was good. Don't you want to eat yours that way?"

"Yes, I dess so."

The woman fed the child, keeping her interested in the beautiful places they were going to see and the good time they were going to have. When the repast was finished she lifted the slender little body tenderly and started toward the kitchen exit. In response to a knock, a motherly, middle-aged woman appeared.

"I beg your pardon, but I wanted a few words with the cook.

"Here she is!"

"My little niece has been very ill, and we were ordered to the mountains to save her life. The doctor forbids any starchy food and also fruit, so I want to ask your co-operation. She must live on milk, cream, eggs, and meat. As she doesn't like any of them I fear I'm going to have trouble."

"Well, I guess you are. Everybody here seems crazy for fruit. Why can't she have that?"

"Her digestive organs are weak and the fruit sets up a fermentation. And she can't digest the starch."

"Well how can I help you?"

The woman's eyes were kind, though her tone was brusque. The child stood on a vacant table, shrinking back against the protecting arm and shoulder. The gaze from the blue eyes was penetrating.

"I dot some pretty pansies at home. Do 'oo lite pansies, Sister — What is 'oor name?"

A faint smile crept into the woman's eyes as she answered, not unkindly,

"Birch,—Sister Birch, little girl."

"I'll det my mamma to send me some pansies, and 'oo tan have some!"

"Thank you," touching the tiny, white hand and giving it a gentle pressure.

"I can perhaps get her to eat broth, and eggs if cooked in a variety of ways, some soft custard and things made of milk and eggs, or thin cream. I could fix them myself if I could leave her, but I dare not take her where she will see and want the ordinary food. For that reason I'll eat the same food myself and must come to the dining room late, or have the meal in our own room."

"All right, I'll see what I can do for her."

"Bye, bye, Sister Birch! I tom-ing to see 'oo adain," as the little hand waved over the aunt's shoulder.

They did not seek society, but spent their time mostly out of doors. Soon the room she wanted was vacated and they moved upstairs. The child played on the porch undisturbed and slept in the sun-light when it was not too warm. Or a rug would be spread in some pretty retreat and a pillow make the little one and her favorite doll comfortable. At first she walked very unsteadily, but two or three days overcame that. Then they com-



menced to take walks, sometimes going beyond the cottages where they might have been found fishing with bent pins. Again a straggler from the hotel could have heard,

"Blow, bugle! Blow!  
Set the wild echoes flying!"

repeated in childish tones, which were a wonderful imitation of the rich contralto that first brought the echoes from their hiding.

One day, after about a week's sojourn, as they were returning from a stroll, Mrs. Hunt, a young matron, stood on the bridge, near the hotel in conversation with the man before mentioned.

"Mrs. Elmore!" the matron was saying. "Why, she's Miss. The child isn't hers."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am. She's not married."

"But the child calls her 'Mamma.' My room was next to theirs at first and I couldn't help hearing it. The partitions are so thin."

"You must be dreaming. I've heard her say 'Auntie Nell.' Don't you remember the two Elmore girls at school? They were both named 'Eleanor.' They are distant cousins and very much alike in size, and bearing, but not at all alike in disposition. And Nellie, the other one, married this one's brother. She was as full of fun and mischief as could be. This one was sedate and shy. I always thought 'Nell' would have suited the other mad-cap better, and that 'Nellie' belonged to Nell."

His brain was in a whirl.

Just then the two under discussion approached. Greetings were exchanged, and Nell Elmore said pleasantly,

"Welcome home, Mr. Brown. It's a long time since we've met."

"Yes,—yes, indeed! I arrived two weeks ago."

"I suppose you revelled in the beauties and antiquities of Europe to your heart's content."

"Yes,—I—surely enjoyed it."

The usual inquiries from Mrs. Hunt concerning the child's health were made, and the answer given that she was gaining even more rapidly than could have been expected. Then Mrs. Hunt, exercising the privilege of an old school-mate, said bluntly,

"That child doesn't call you 'Mamma,' does she?"

A faint flush overspread the girl's face, as the little fingers clung to hers and the blue eyes gazed lovingly at her.

"Am I your mamma, Malda?"

"No, Auntie Nell. Dess play."

"Where is your mamma?"

"At home wiv baby bruver."

Then to the others Miss Elmore said,

"The morning after we came she sat on the bed playing with her doll and called me 'Mamma.' I almost held my breath, but she smiled and did it again. I said, 'Am I your mamma?' and she answered as she did now. So I've let her play it in our room. It helps to keep her happy. She's always been very good with me and of course we all live together. But I wasn't sure she wouldn't get to crying for her mother. And the baby is only two weeks old."

"She's my brother Lou's daughter, you know," was added, to break an awkward pause.

They sauntered along. The man seemed dazed and did not attempt conversation. The women talked of the departing crowds, and he excused himself when they reached the hotel piazza. Little Malda was tenderly claimed by Mrs. Hunt's children, and Aunt Nell sat near to oversee their play. The aristocratic Mrs. Brown appeared and Miss El-

more was duly presented. She had heard of Miss Elmore and was both interested and gracious. Her conversation was all of the son who had recently returned from a three years mission to Germany, and who was now devoting a few weeks solely to his mother, before taking up business cares, and responsibilities. How happy and proud of him she seemed!

The second week slipped by and little Malda was wonderfully improved in health. Pure water, fresh air, sunshine, massage, proper food, and pleasant companionship certainly had their effect. The doctor had made several visits and varied his instructions while he encouraged and approved the nurse. Still they must stay on. She was gaining too rapidly to wish for any change.

September came cool and colorless. The fashionable crowd departed, only a few nature lovers remained. There were excursions planned and Miss Elmore and Malda could now be included, as the child was so much better.

One morning Mr. and Mrs. Hunt and their children had planned rather a long climb. They urged Nell to join them. The day was fine and the view would be splendid. Nell Elmore hesitated. Mr. Brown, arriving at that moment, volunteered,

"Do go, Miss Elmore. I'll carry Malda, if I may join the party."

The Hunts gave a ready invitation and Miss Elmore did not deny him. Accordingly they started forth. There was no necessity for haste. The day was all before them, and a good lunch was hung in a convenient basket from each man's shoulder. The winding path led through ferns and low growing brush, while blue bells and white columbine abounded. Constant exclamations of delight escaped the children and their hands were soon

over-full of flowers. Each man was ready to take his load when the little ones were tired.

Nell Elmore was a delight and the children crowded round her. She had eyes for everything, and could tell the most wonderful stories of the flowers and rocks and birds. Her tongue peopled the earth with living, breathing, red men. Once they came to a pile of loose rock on the hillside. This she pointed out as the grave of an Indian princess, and told how, when the princess died, her faithful pony was killed and buried by her side, so she might not reach the happy hunting ground afoot and alone. She called attention to the ledge of rock on which the stones rested, and said: "They dressed the princess in her most beautiful robes and placed her body and that of her pony there, back against the cliff. Then they sent an avalanche of loose rocks down to cover them, so the coyotes couldn't dig up the bodies and eat them."

"Dear Miss Elmore, and is that a really true story?"

"Yes," she answered. "For Grandpa Birch told me, and he knew the old chief, her father."

All fell under the spell of her charm. And Mrs. Hunt, most of all, wondered at the change from the quiet, shy girl she had known at school. She had not yet learned of the wonderful depths in some souls which contact with nature opens.

Half way up the mountain they found themselves in a beautiful grove of quaking aspen. It seemed to the children that the straight white trunks reached up for "hundreds and hundreds" of feet. The sun flecked down between quivering shadows, while here and there a mighty pine gave solid and inviting shade. Nell knew Malda to be heavy, and, seeing that she grew

weary, proposed staying in the shade with the lunch and other encumbrances while the others climbed to the top. Strangely enough Will Brown added his plea to stay and let the babies sleep. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt yielded and Malda and the youngest Hunt child were soon asleep, pillowed on the men's coats. How beautiful and still it was! The voices of the climbers died away. A breeze stirred the leaves till they danced. A chip-monk darted across the trail, a blue bird settled in a tree. Suddenly the man leaned forward, his voice deep and thrilling.

"Miss Elmore, Nellie dear! I love you. Haven't you known it all these years?"

There was a pause while each seemed to hear the heart beat of the other. Then she murmured,

"I used to hope so. But you went away And—I never knew."

"I always loved you." There was the rush of wings. And the man continued, "In the old school days you were shy and I was, too. Then I went away to study. I dreamed and worked till one day the

paper from home told of the marriage of Miss Eleanor Elmore to her cousin, Louis W. Elmore. It gave an account of a brilliant reception at the family residence on First Avenue. Wasn't that your home?"

"Yes."

"And your name?—It said Nell Elmore was bridesmaid. To me you were always 'Nellie,' your cousin was 'Nell.'"

"'Twas not so to others."

"Heaven forgive my stupidity!"

Malda stirred, then suddenly sat up, open-eyed.

"Auntie Nell!"

"Yes, dear!"

"I was so tired. I couldn't det here if someone didn't tarried me, tould I?"

"No, dear!"

"Auntie Nell!" looking straight at the man, "Is it 'Bruver Brown' or 'Uncle Brown?'"

"There was a tense moment. Then strong arms seized her.

"Dear heart, it is Uncle Will!" as he held her high above his head, then clasped her in a close embrace.

## Prospective Mother.

*By Addie S. Pace.*

Prospective Mother!

The purest emblem of unselfish love thou art,  
As soul to soul thou dost commune with newly pulsing heart,  
As hand in hand with God, thou treadest holy ground,  
With Him dost mould immortal clay, and lo, His Masterpiece is formed!

Prospective Mother!

The sweetest task of all life's given tasks is thine.  
Responsibility it is which makes it so sublime,  
A privilege ne'er equaled in all the works of art,  
To fashion tabernacle fit to clothe, of God, a spark.

Prospective Mother!

Let thy day of privilege be one glad day of song:  
To show thy worthiness of favors so divine sing on, sing on!  
Fear thou no evil though thy way through shadow lies,  
God shall not desert thee nor forget thy noble sacrifice.

# Like the Leaves of Autumn.

*By Annie D. Stevens.*

The quiet service of the Sabbath afternoon had closed, and a few of the prominent brethren and sisters of the ward came forward to the stand to extend a hand of welcome to me as the new members who had just been received, and had been called upon to address them that afternoon.

Many words of welcome were given and many warm compliments expressed, which made me feel that after all perhaps I should be able to wear off the loneliness and at last begin to get acquainted in the town where I had come to teach school.

After the others had stepped a little aside there came forward an aged woman. Her bent shoulders were wrapped in a faded brown shawl. On her head was a black woolen scarf from under which there strayed a lock of silvery gray hair. She reached forth to me an ungloved hand, brown and withered and dry as the leaves of autumn; and as she extended it she said, in a trembling voice: "I'm so glad I heard you talk. I wouldn't 'a' missed it for nothing. An' I want to shake hands with you, an' ask where you live so as I can come an' see you some time."

I took her hand warmly, for the sincerity of her manner was very sweet, and as I looked into her face I saw that it, too, was brown and withered and dry. Immediately there flashed into my mind the thought, "'One of the least of these' and my humble words have been 'meat and drink' to her; they have been as the waters of life from the eternal fountain."

We walked down the meeting-

house steps together, stopped to exchange a few hopeful ideas, a few sentences of mutual faith, and then each went on her way cheered and warmed by the chance acquaintance.

"One of the least of these!" The thought kept repeating itself over again and again as I sat by a comfortable fire that autumn evening. "One of the least of these"—the appearance of the dear old soul would certainly justify the thought, if indeed we may justify any judgment by appearances—but who can say that her soul is not nearer and dearer to God than any other amid the throng! Ah, me! she may be one of those who ever stand nearest the throne of God, one of those whose robes are washed white in the blood of the Lamb, one of His choice, His chosen ones.

With this new, big thought in view I again clasp the hard brown hand; I enfolded it tenderly in both my own, for it has done so many hard things in life, has smoothed so many pillows, bandaged so many hurts, made so much bread, and washed so many dishes, it certainly deserves to be tenderly enfolded. I look with a cheerier smile into the deep-set eyes, when I remember how often they have watched beside the couch of suffering, how they have guarded the paths of childhood, how they have poured forth their tears of sorrow. Ah, it is no wonder there are furrows above them and lines below. These lines and furrows are marks of the great tribulation through which the Saints of God have come.

The faded brown shawl fades entirely from my view, and the queer



blue skirt vanishes with it—even the bent form becomes erect and beautiful—when I regard her as the mother of noble sons and daughters who are doing their life work in righteousness and honor.

But a little while and her body will mingle with the dust like the

beautiful leaves of autumn; but her spirit—why, even now I seem to see the heavenly gates ajar, and to hear the joyful welcome she receives: “Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou in to the joy of thy Lord.”

## Use Your Wings.

*By La Rene King Hughes.*

Four-year-old Rita had been crying. Her face was a mixture of mud-pie streaks and tears. She held a headless doll in one hand, and with the other, stroked a featherless chicken which had unmistakably met its death by drowning. I consoled her as best I could; but it was no easy matter, for she had raised the chicken from the shell. She opened her eyes wider and wider, as I explained that the bird had died because it could not get out of the water.

“Why didn’t it use its wings?” she asked, after a few moments of thought.

Only a baby’s question, yet how often we could apply it to our lives. We float on top of the water, with a world of opportunities just outside our narrow view. Some make no attempt to escape. Others struggle and even set the water in motion. They whirl and whirl just within the circumference of their surroundings and at last give up the attempt.

“There is no use—I can do nothing—circumstances are against me,” they always say, and are drowned by the force of their fears and apprehensions.

Does this appeal to you, dear reader? Do you long for things outside your little realm? If you do, then let me emphasize the words of a little child:

“Why don’t you use your wings?”

There is no limit to the boundaries of the soul! There is no end to your spiritual growth! The Great Creator has given you certain talents. You can do with them as you will.

Good books, pure thoughts, and love for your fellow men; an eye for the beautiful in nature, and constant prayer will create within you a spiritual growth which soars far above the petty trials of every-day life, and communes with higher, nobler thoughts and aspirations.

# Daughters of Zion.

By Joseph E. Taylor.

Before entering upon a discussion of the subject proper as indicated in the title of this article, it would perhaps be well to consider first: woman in general, her capabilities and endowments as well as her ambitions; also the true relations of the sexes to each other.

That there are extremists among women as well as men will not be denied. These extremes manifesting themselves in many ways. But one in particular we wish to consider.

Objections most emphatic have been raised by some strong minded women to the use of the word sphere, as applied to woman: they claiming that there belongs to woman equal rights and privileges with man, being not in the least degree diminished because of sex, and that woman should be recognized along every line as man's equal. Which claim comes under the head of what is termed in common parlance, "Woman's Rights."

Without fear of successful contradiction I unhesitatingly state that this wholesale claim of equality is not only untenable, but is in no degree philosophical. One grand reason therefor being that every natural feeling, desire, hope, expectation, or ambition corresponds, to and is in complete harmony with the physical organism.

I will go farther in saying: Any woman whose unwise ambition leads her to reach out in the exercise of those functions that belong exclusively to man unsexes herself; for any attempt or endeavor outside of her legitimate sphere must result

in more or less inability, disappointment and consequently mortification.

The line of distinction as far as adaptability, qualifications, and natural endowments are concerned, is easily drawn. Man is essentially a philosopher; tracing effects to causes and *vice versa* Sir W. Hamilton said: "He may philosophize well or ill, but philosophize he must," which requires time, and often much labor and corresponding patience. Woman arrives at conclusions by virtue of a special and God-given endowment, which we have named intuition—the gift of knowing without reasoning or deduction. A quick and ready insight into all matters presented. I will ask: who would dare to challenge woman's judgment and conclusions as being more often in error than that of the philosophical man?

In the past ages, in fact, up to a late date, with the possible exception of a few short periods intervening, woman has been looked upon and treated more as a serf than an intelligent, divinely endowed being; possessing capabilities, which when utilized, prove themselves to be of incalculable benefit to humanity in general. Particularly has this been demonstrated along the line of letters, music, painting and many of the fine arts. In the school room as an instructor of the youth, (from which she was formerly generally debarred) she has become indispensable; and her good judgment in the school board has in many instances revealed the fact that she comprehends the necessities in the realm of education often more readily and

more thoroughly than her highly gifted brother.

In the sick chamber, her adaptability to intelligently minister to the afflicted ones and prescribe effectual remedies has always been recognized by the peoples of both civilized and uncivilized nations; for be it said to her credit, the remedies furnished by woman (simple as they may be) have proven potent factors in the healing art, and her remedies form the basis of hundreds of the extensively advertized "cure alls" of the present day.

The claim set up by the physicians today that the great efficiency of many of our nurses is due to the education that they have received in the medical and medicinal world is only partially correct. We would rather say that in this particular the opportunities that have thus been given to woman have demonstrated the fact that she has simply developed that innate ability and gift which is hers.

The medical world today readily acknowledge that they are largely dependent upon the intelligent nurse to bring about those satisfactory results so earnestly desired and looked for through the physician. We might ask, if it would be at all surprising that in the near future the male physician would be compelled to look to his laurels in view of the encroachments that woman will make "in the field of practical medicinal and medical skill?

Woman's right to the elective franchise has been awarded her to a limited extent. Utah (then a Territory in 1870) through her legislature made this award: the bill being signed by the acting Governor S. A. Mann. Utah was the second to give the franchise to woman, Wyoming having preceded her in this act about two months. I for

one, welcome her to the polls, feeling assured from past experience that she will commit no very gross blunders in voting freely and untrammelled for the men of her choice to occupy responsible positions as officers in the State, the County, or the municipality: more especially when she is governed entirely by that natural intuition which is essentially hers.

Reverence and devotion being prominent traits in her character explains why the religious element is so marked in woman, and while some claim that her religion is of the impulsive sort, the claim is manifestly unjust for the reason, that her sincerity, which cannot be questioned, stamps her as one that is truly God-fearing.

We now come to that special class which the title in our article defines as the "Daughters of Zion." It is evident from the context where this term occurs, as used by the prophet Isaiah 3: 16-26, and others that they had reference to all the females of Israel and not to the younger and unmarried ones exclusively. As originality will be the burden of my theme, I wish my sisters to keep in mind this fact: That when the Lord made known His will to the Prophet Joseph Smith, the whole plan exhibited an originality so entire that it did not in any one particular copy or imitate any dogma, creed, or ordinance belonging to or practiced by any church of professing Christians. On the contrary, in answer to Joseph's question "which of all of the churches was right?" the Lord replied, "None of them; they are all gone out of the way, etc." Consequently, we must look for original instruction along every line suited to our present condition as well as that which pertains to the distant future. So fully has the ground been covered by the revela-

tions that have been given to us that in the language of the late President Brigham Young upon one occasion, in answer to the question, "Why do we not have further revelation?" "Carry out faithfully and fully the instructions God has already given to us, and I will assure you that your eternal salvation is secured."

The Lord has even condescended to explain and make exceedingly plain everything that relates to our temporal (physical) as well as our spiritual welfare. Among which we might name, the kind of food and drink we should use that is best suited to us, also forbidding the use of many things in which we had heretofore indulged that were injurious. Also that we should retire to our beds early and rise early therefrom that our bodies might be properly refreshed. He also made mention of the class of clothing we should wear in these words: And again, "Thou shalt not be proud in thy heart; let all thy garments be plain and their beauty the beauty of the work of thine own hands." In confirmation of this, He said at another time, "For I give not unto you that ye shall live after the manner of the world." In view of the Savior's saying that we must "live by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God" would it not be well to enquire of ourselves to what extent we are observing His word?

Let me ask in this connection, did the prophet Isaiah, when predicting the disasters and sorrow that would come to the daughters of Zion, who he said were proud and haughty, etc., and because of which they were to be stripped of their clothing and ornaments, even to a nakedness, except a covering of sackcloth refer to the daughters of Zion in the near future from now? This question was brought vividly

to my mind in learning of two instances of threatened baldness. The words of the prophet being "INSTEAD OF WELL SET HAIR, BALDNESS." One case being that of a married woman thirty-seven years old, another unmarried, twenty-three years old. They had become fully convinced after careful inquiry that the cause was traceable entirely to the use of false hair; called by the vulgar, "rats." Be it said to their credit they at once abandoned this foreign head gear and had recourse to remedies for the restoration of that part of the body which Paul said was a "glory to woman," as "woman (with her long hair) is the glory of the man," read I. Cor. 11:4-15. I am fully aware that in treating this subject in the plainness that the gospel warrants and demands, that I may be met with expressions of resentment and perhaps in some instances with indignation, but eighty years of life and sixty-three of experience in the Church of Jesus Christ, gives me a license to speak the truth however plainly uttered. Is there embodied in the word "beauty" which I have quoted in regard to dress, design, as well as execution? I unhesitatingly state that it is embodied; which reminds me of my text, "originality" both in design and execution for our wearing apparel. I have always felt that the organization of the retrenchment association by President Young in the year 1870 was made by divine inspiration, and for the purpose of checkmating the introduction of the fashions in dress from the outside world and preserving among us a simplicity and modesty in our dress as indicated in the words, "Let your garments be plain and their beauty the beauty of the workmanship of your own hands" which he quoted upon that occasion and which President



George A. Smith also quoted and emphasized as the word of the Lord. I regret that although only forty years have passed since then, that it would be hard indeed to find exhibited anywhere throughout Zion even a mere vestage of the spirit of that occasion. On the contrary is there not a disposition to follow, copy, and imitate the outside world in their fashions, folly, and nonsense along nearly every line which I am forced to conclude and rightly too,

is displeasing to our Father; from His words spoken in the year 1833: "For I give not unto you that ye shall live after the manner of the world." It is well that we should remind one another that Babylon with her fashion, coupled with all her abominations will be totally destroyed leaving neither root nor branch. If anything of Babylon should be found existing in Zion it will not escape the general wreck.

## Autumn.

*By Grace Ingles Frost.*

A sunset flush that rests upon the hills,  
 Reflects on pearly clouds a coral glow;  
 And like the rolling waves of distant seas  
 A plaintive murmuring wind doth come and go.

The leaves have changed their gowns of fresh'ning green.  
 In memory of the fleet-winged robin fled,  
 Their robes his mingled colors beautify—  
 The brown and gold with tones of crimson red.

No longer reign the lily and the rose.  
 They safely, sweetly sleep 'neath earthy bed;  
 Yet is the garden not of glory shorn,  
 For there the queenly Christ-flower rears its head.

The fields have yielded forth a golden gain,  
 The vine with weight of royal wealth doth bend.  
 The spring-time petals which we mourned, but feel  
 That God might Autumn's bounteous harvest send.

Thus runs the mystic symbol of our lives,  
 From joyous spring to Autumn—glory won;  
 The pristine sweetness of our youth's glad day  
 Merged in the lawful gain of work well done.

# An Alphabet of Women.

*For why should men do all the deeds?*

MME. MARIE LE BRUN was born in Paris, 1755. She was a great beauty as well as an exceptional artist. She had the honor of painting the queen Marie Antoinette, and a friendship resulted from the association. After much opposition on account of her sex she was admitted to the Royal Academy. During the time of the revolution she left France and toured Europe, being received with honor everywhere. She made portraits of the Prince of Wales and other noted subjects, Lord Byron being among them. Some of her paintings hang in the Louvre. She died in Paris (1842).

A genius of song,—her sweet, flexible voice, thrilling with passionate feeling,—was Jenny Lind,\* the "Swedish nightingale." She was born a humble little Jenny. But her voice attracted a retired actress who gained her admittance to the conservatory of the town (Stockholm) at nine years of age. She often pleased Stockholm audiences, and at sixteen appeared in *Der Freischutz*. When she appeared in London she caused a sensation before unparalleled in its musical history. Upon her second visit to London the royal family was her constant audience. The receipts were enormous. Her tour over the United States and Canada in 1850 put into her pocket as her share of the receipts, \$300,000. \$200,000. she gave bodily to the land of her birth in founding schools. Her American tour ended her public life. While here she was married to Otto Goldschmidt, her pianist, and they took up their home in Dresden. Her only appearances after were in concerts for charity. For the biggest part of the money her divine voice

earned went for causes she thought worthy. Our own country as well as every other place her foot trod upon, was the recipient of the substantial kindly thought of Jenny Lind.

MME. DE LA FAYETTE (1634-1693) lives still for her "Princess of Cleves." Her work was all received with interest. She marked a new era for fiction, for she deserted the old, far-fetched romantic style, and gave a truer picture of honest emotions. She is the originator of the analytical novel that has grown to such greatness with more modern authors. She raised the tone of story-writing by employing simple, more true, to life themes and robbing them in straightforward language.

One of France's romantic characters was an intrepid young beauty, best known as Louise Labe. She was sixteen when she took part in the siege of Perpignan disguised as a cavalier. She had an unusual gift for languages, and was very clever at graceful and original verse. Her home was the gathering place of important people. She has been dubbed "the fair rope-maker" after her husband's business.

MARTHA READE LAMB was an American historian who belonged to many important societies for advancement in learning. She was editor of the Magazine of American History, and has written principally on such topics as "The History of the City of New York," "Wall Street in History," etc. She died in 1893.

JULIETTE LAMBER, French, writes principally upon social and political things. She founded a periodical called the "New Review," "The

\*Note Jenny Lind in Vol. 14, p. 360.

Seige of Paris," "In the Alps," "The Hungarian Country," "Garibaldi," and "A Peasant Woman's Narratives" are her chief books.

LETITIA E. LANDON, English, a poet of fine, descriptive power and deep feelings; Lucy Larcom, American poet, friend of Whittier and editor of *Our Young Folks*; and Sophie La Roche, German, correspondent of Goethe, and writer of stories containing great heart interest, are three interesting literary figures.

The idol of her people was the "Good Queen," Louisa of Prussia,\* born at Hanover, 1776, died 1810. Her kindness to the poor, her patience under trial, her dignity upon all circumstances, made her as beautiful in character as she was in body. After the battle of Jena she visited Napoleon to negotiate for peace. Her mission was not successful. But her bravery, earnestness and strong-will made as strong an impression upon that redoubtable general as did her personal fascination.

The Honorable Emily Lawless, is an Irish novelist who makes Irish life her subject. "Grania" is her strongest work. The romance, picturesqueness and pathos of the people she writes of are well brought out.

Another prominent native of Stockholm is Charlotte Leffler (1849-92) who stands high in the school of realistic novelists. She is also a short-story writer and dramatist.

Anna Lengren, also born at Stockholm, (1754) is a poetess whose finish and poetic spirit are considered perfect.

ESTELLE LEWIS, American, has the distinction of having a tragedy translated into Greek (modern) and played at Athens. Edgar Allen Poe called her the rival of Sappho, and Lamartine called her the female Petrarch. She translated the *Aeneid* while still at school.

LA MARA, or Marie Lipsius was a German writer on music. She has a unique book upon musician's heads that was in great demand.

MARY ASHTON LIVERMORE is a prominent American (born at Boston), who has done the country much good service. Her list of lectures comprises almost everything that makes humanity better. She is heart and soul in the temperance and suffrage movements. During the Civil War she was appointed agent of the Northwestern branch of the United States Sanitary Commission. The vigilance with which she looked after the supply of bandages and other necessities, inspected the drainage on fields of temporary hospitals; the tenderness with which she cared for the wounded; the tact and ability and precision with which she saw that disabled soldiers reached their homes, have given her a name that will be long held in grateful remembrance.

MARY LYON hangs in her frame at Mount Holyoke, and looks down at her girls with great, soft eyes. It was not easy for her to obtain her own education, but, after a struggle, she gained enough learning to teach throughout her own state (Massachusetts). She believed that girls should have a chance. In 1837 she began to realize part of the dream of her life, when she founded her famous seminary for girls at South Hadley, tactfully uniting a course of domestic science with

\*Louise, Vol. 17, p. 296.

the merely intellectual subjects. She presided over this institution for twelve years, when she died. This school was the nucleus of many more that sprang up all over the country. And her brave beginning has made her memory sacred and beloved to all lovers of education and friends of woman.

## Light Within Night.

*By E. C. T. Jones.*

The darkness is so black and still  
As forth I go  
Danger and fear crouch everywhere  
My steps are slow.

The shelter of the home-porch passed  
The path I dread,  
For utter darkness fills the way,  
No lights ahead.

With trembling, fearing, groping steps,  
Since needs must be,  
I pass, until beside the path  
A hedge I see.

I see it: Where's the darkness  
That I feared?  
I see the path, the lilac-bush,  
The trees I neared.

But ah! The darkness on ahead:  
That, still, is black.  
And triple darkness looms behind  
As I look back.

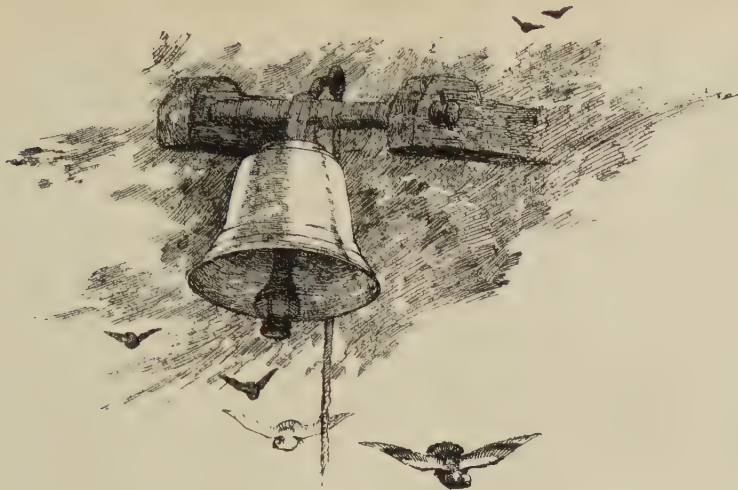
I hasten now: but in the space  
That's close to me,  
All objects pass, unharmed. There  
Is light to see.

What folly mine, to fear the dark ahead.  
That dark grows light  
When entered: and my hurring tread  
Escapes no night.

The night is black and near, but nearer  
Is the light.  
Comfort replaces fear, in shapes  
That meet my sight.

That nothing is so fearful as I fear,  
At last I learn,  
In duties bravely done, shall trusting heart  
Its comfort earn.





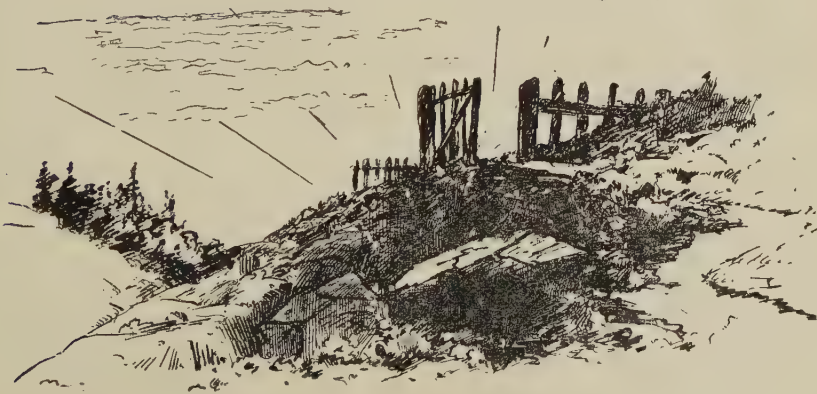
## LINES.

Ah! twilight hour that ends day's strife,  
What to me thy message spoken?  
Again I summon back my life,  
In this stillness all unbroken.

As fades the light beyond the hill,  
While soft the shadows round me creep,  
A thousand thoughts my bosom fill,  
Nor may I choose this hour but weep!

Ah, shall I yield unto cold fears—  
Or shrink to meet tomorrow's pain?  
With love and trust to crown the years,  
Yes, I'll battle with life again!

—HOPE.



# The Glory and the Dream.

*By Valeria DeMude Kelsey.*

The idea to be developed here is based upon a thought of Wordsworth's:

"There was a time when meadow,  
                    grove and stream,  
The earth and every common sight,  
To me did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light—  
The glory and the freshness of a  
dream."

And then, after picturing the strange feelings and desires that fill him with longing while all the earth is at festival, he speaks those familiar words which so many people have come to love:

"Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
Where is it now, the glory and the  
dream?"

Let us analyze this glory and this dream of which the great poet wrote in so masterful a manner. "The glory and the dream" is the best evidence of the divinity of man that we have today, ever have possessed, or can hope to enjoy. It is the basic element in the arts and crafts, and it is this which must dominate in all man's endeavor to express his inmost soul—otherwise he shall strive in vain to give to the world any form of permanent expression. Emerson says something to the effect that genius takes its rise in the mountains of rectitude. The phrase "Mountains of rectitude" is another figure in place of the one employed by Wordsworth. Permanent expression rises in truth, purity, justice, goodness. Incidentally we have the reason why so much effort is without result, for the great mass of human effort is

from selfish motives and cannot be long-lived. Here is one reason, too, why young people should study poetry—because of the subconscious effect of the various rhythmic forms, of truth. Youth may indeed rejoice in the sound of a fine phrase, but it is *truth* which makes the phrase fine, and the ethical effect of the line chosen for beauty is far more lasting than the mere sound of the words, however the words themselves may roll and echo in the intellectual consciousness. This phrase illustrates as well, the value of a great thought as opposed to the common and ineffective expression. Rightly directed, children will respond to the purest ethics with the same fervor that they respond to the tale of adventure and history; for adventure and narrative is backed with fundamental truth, or neither could hold interest at all. We can choose, as parents and teachers, whether we will teach the real values of life at first or second hand.

We have seen how Emerson describes the manifestation of "The Glory and the Dream" to be genius, and we recognize at once that we so term it in the individual, ourselves. But when it manifests in a precocious child we do not so quickly recognize the divine quality, but foolishly take pride in ourselves because we are the parents of brilliant offspring with thoughtless unconsciousness absorbing the credit of inspiring what now seems to us so worthy because it is to be seen by the multitude, but which we were too self-centered to discover before the manifestation took visible form.

*Parenthood should bring with it the power to recognize the divine in the child, however hidden.*

Most of us think of our lives as beginning on this plane. With Wordsworth this was not so. To him life was a vast process of force, and it needed more than a few years on the earth plane to account for all he found in himself which he could neither understand wholly nor yet put aside and ignore. He bore throughout his life the burden of intense thought, and he came at last to have a profound belief in life. The conviction grew upon him that the soul came into the physical state for the experiences it could gain, for the knowledge it might acquire. He believed that these factors in life were the immaterial property of the spirit of man, more to be valued than all the material possessions he could possibly gain and which he could by no scheme or plan take with him on his lonely exit. It is a common experience to find people who frankly tell you that they find Wordsworth dull, and yet his poetry is alive and richly endowed with sound philosophy. It depends for understanding upon minds and hearts attuned to the same high motives, just as all great art depends upon the awakened consciousness of man for its interpretation. If you find those who do not like poetry never be guilty of thinking there is nothing in the lore of the poets. Look inside yourself for the difficulty. You will find it if you dare to look.

"The glory and the dream" about which Wordsworth wrote such immortal verse is that evidence of spiritual consciousness which the individual has not yet covered beneath the habits and customs of daily living—that which persists in spite of these. Bear this definition in mind and read again these lines:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;

The soul that rises with us, our life's star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar;

Not in entire forgetfulness,

Nor ye<sup>t</sup> in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come,

From God who is our home.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

Shades of the prison house begin to close

Upon the growing boy,

But he beholds the light and whence it flows,

He sees it in his joy;

The youth, who daily farther from the east

Must travel, still is nature's priest;

And by the vision splendid,

Is on his way attended.

At length the man perceives it die away,

And fade into the light of common day."

"The glory and the dream" is a witness to 'the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.' It never wholly fades; not even when we can see no evidence of its survival. When our life is fullest of pleasure, of interest, whether we fail in health or faint in despair—somewhere, sometime, the flame burns high within us, and we cry out again, in recognition, wanting

"Those first affections,

And shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Were yet the fountain light of all our day."

It is this longing which is the proof of our high destiny, of our immortality. This it is which we should turn to when weary, which we should remember when the arguments of the intellectualists fill us with hunger for more satisfying truths. The fact that we cannot prove it away, that we cannot dispel these gnawing desires or tell whence

they come, is our security; if we will but be true to them. A great philosopher tells us that "the law of nature is: *Do the thing, and you shall have the power*: but they who do not the thing have not the power." So it is with the need to trust the fine impulses and aspirations of our individual selves—"The glory and the dream." Something within us constantly bears witness to the truth of the old phrase, 'Sons of God,' and it is because we do not recognize how wonderful we are that we descend to common and ignoble things.

What would it mean to the race if we could keep "The Glory and the Dream," seeing it grow clearer as the years pass? If men could do this, there would be no despair, no pessimism, no unjust conditions: there would be instead the actual realization of Brotherhood which the world dreams of in a troubled kind of way, but does not really grasp. There would develop in the individual a power of adaptation which is but germ-like now. The arts would revive and rise into an expression of perfection never equalled, no, not even by the marvelous Greeks. Civilization would advance by leaps and bounds where now it crawls and halts. We should not need to take a thousand years to develop the ideals of a nation, but life itself would be ideal for all—it could not be otherwise. And how the great souls of this earth have labored and longed for this to be! It must come, too, for existence has no meaning otherwise. Wherever you find one actually unselfish life in a community you see the beginning of the end, for when we as individuals know what we are and our responsibility to God we make real, and conscious effort to put ourselves in line with the great purposes of life.

There is growing up in the minds of thoughtful people the conviction that to live for the personal self is the surest kind of limitation, while to live for others is the surest way to live for ourselves; the good of the whole rebounding to a greater good all the time for the individual—the recognition of our inseparable relations to the whole growing keener in a kind of ecstatic joy or service.

Froebel realized what life ought to mean when he founded the Kindergarten. To him the child was the solution of the future. Rightly to environ, instruct, and develop the child solved the problem for him. He saw what might be done if parents and teachers were united in their efforts to bring up the child. Educational methods were immensely defective and must change, must give way to more progressive ideas: opportunity was to be all the time instead of but once and to the few. Perhaps it is true that to begin with the child is the best way, but the entire gamut of human experience is affected and man's whole attitude toward life must be changed to get the result he most needs. While we see in the child a virgin field which men long to cultivate, the fact remains that the real growth of a human being begins, or can begin, at the time when he is first fully conscious of what he is—whether as a child in the physical realm or an adult approaching the end of the road. We are conscious of what we should do over and over again, and again and yet again do we shut the door upon our own light. The consciousness of the Right is like an undying torch which we have power to trim that it burns brighter, or neglect until it is dim and faint; but over which we have no farther power, since we cannot put it out or light it again.



One of the difficulties of life is the ease of doing as every one else does. It is so easy to be a follower that we fairly run to the place where individual effort is rare and extremely difficult of accomplishment, if not impossible. And how can we justify ourselves in our own eyes, to say nothing of the Power over us, if we blindly slip from habit to habit of weak indulgence until life is nothing more than a spineless kind of existence, or a preying on something a little stronger? Is it not presumption for us to rise out of such a state and debate the question of *our* immortality? Why should God help us until we have first done all we could ourselves? Isn't it contrary to the best methods of instruction to help a child to do his work before he has shown a desire to help himself? Man is not so highly evolved in the aggregate as we so fondly think, but he *is* evolving, and he *will* come out, and it is to this that we must turn our eyes in our failure, for here our inspiration lies—the possible heights to which “The Glory and the Dream” will lead us.

This is a real world and the Supreme Being wants real men and real women to live real lives of courage and high aims. Emerson utters a delightfully sarcastic and forceful sentence when he says: “A high aim is curative, as well as arnica.” We have the power to increase the possibilities of life for each other, and so give our fellows a chance to increase the possibilities of life for someone else. What an inspiring “endless chain!” Emerson in his essay on Compensation, tells us that we cannot hope to return a kindness to the giver in actual kind: what we should do is to pass that kindness to someone else—give it wider range, as it were. This is

life in its fulness—to be in harmony with the great world movements, the great ideals, and to so adjust ourselves to our fellows that we can bring the larger harmony with all its thrilling rhythm into the smaller circle of our minutest tasks, open all the time to *all the music of all the spheres*.

If we are no more than observers of custom, blind followers of style and trend, slavish imitators—we just as surely pay our debt in kind. Imitation is the sop which contents the aggregate and makes possible the great social evils of the present day. We grow afraid to be different and become more and more slavishly imitative, more dead to the call of the Spirit within us. Sad day for man when he gives up his own idea and follows someone's else! A real man has the power to estimate values, but an imitator never gains a real working knowledge of the law, though he continually experiments and shouts when the others shout. He is a Jack-in-the-Box and moves on a spring: when night comes he is shut up and put away in the closet.

Fortunate, indeed, is the man or woman who sees life as an entirety, who grasps values and understands something of the laws which operate upon him and his fellows. Life opens to these on every hand, years cease to count, disaster loses its power, death becomes freedom in the superlative sense where the old way was slavery with no hint of freedom in it. People like this are no longer rare on this planet, and to them “The Glory and the Dream” is an actuality, a factor sufficiently powerful to make them realize that life is splendidly full of hard things and splendidly worth living *because* of the hard things. Such people come to a keen appreciation of indi-

vidual growth and understanding, and develop a practical appreciation of their place in the *not* "sorry scheme of things entire." It is what we all are striving for, whether we know it or not—the power to see man—all men—as sacred and with whom we are indissolubly united. We must actually love and serve our kind. It is a great day for any man when he realizes that *being* is more than *doing*. It is a wonderful time for him when he sees that power and fame and all the delightful gauds of the earth can be put aside and he yet make a triumphal passage through life. This is "The Glory and the Dream," again, in the hearing of which we came into life, and within which sounding melody we shall pass out of this plane into a greater life.

How can we doubt but that the good is for all, as is also that which we heedlessly call the "bad"? The bad, in its last analysis, is nothing but a lower form of good evolving to a higher. Remember this beautiful truth and apply it in your daily living: "The darkness and the Light are both alike to Thee." What one soul experiences of joy, of upliftment, of security and peace—all shall share. Life is for the good of the

*whole*, or it is for no good at all. When we think of this and remember what life meant to Jesus, what fountains of tenderness and wide philosophy opened for Him in His ministry—though the people were blind to the glory of it—how our own eyes behold the vistas, too! When we remember His kindness, his love, His beauty and His splendor—how effluent springs our own consciousness, how we radiate power and patience, how simple it all seems! Day swings to a tide outgoing when we become conscious for a single moment what we really are; in moments when the Soul thus sees all life it seems to sing a song of praise like this:

I in Thöu and Thou in me  
Through all empyrean vistas be!

It is this moment of ecstatic comprehension which Wordsworth embodies in his wonderful Ode to Immortality. This is why every child should know it line for line, why it should hang upon the walls of school-rooms, and the walls of homes. Let us be practical realists rather than dreamers about an unknown future, and let us build the great facts of life into our lives and the lives of our children now.





# GIRL · QUERIES

*Conducted by Catherine Hurst.*

*Address all communications in this department to Question Box,  
Bishop's Building 40 N. Main St.*

Do you know of a good remedy to ease tired or swollen feet?—Mother.

For tired feet, bathe in hot water containing salt and borax. A table spoon of each to a basin of water, dashing the water upon the feet. Dry and rub well with a coarse towel, afterwards putting them up on the back of a chair for a few minutes. Women would have less of that "tired, nervous" feeling if they'd take their shoes and stockings off occasionally and let their feet rest—on the back of a chair or center table. Try it and see. For swollen feet, wilt plantain leaves by putting them between the hands. Cover the swollen parts and bind on when going to bed at night. If the feet become calloused apply cold cream and rub with pumice stone or fine sand paper. Do not wear tight or high-heeled shoes.

Kindly give a recipe for apple butter.

Apple Butter—One-half bushel of apples, washed, peeled and cored. Add very little water and cook until pulpy. Then add one gallon of pure apple cider, and cook for several hours, stirring frequently, as it is easily scorched. To test, take a spoonful on small dish and let stand ten minutes. If it looks glazy and has the appearance of jam it is done. Use either sweet or sour apples, according to taste. Most people prefer the sweet ones.

In answer to "A Subscriber." Ordinarily, no. Explain your circumstances to your Bishop, and he can advise you.

What will remove fruit stains from table linen?—S. M. G.

Dissolve five cents worth of oxalic acid in a pint of water; also dissolve five cents worth of chloride of lime in a pint of water. When the table linen is washed ready for the boiler, dip the stained parts in the solution, first the chloride of lime, then the acid; boil and finish as usual. The stains will

have disappeared. Another: Stretch the stained part over a basin and rub with salt; then pour boiling water over it until the stain is no longer visible. In reply to your first query, the beverage is not harmful, but not quite proper to serve to your guests. Cold water or lemonade would be preferable.

No. Three Werner's "Readings and Recitations." Deseret News Book Store.

To "Leona." The size is not so important as the character.

Is it proper to dance with a boy to whom you have never been introduced, although you have met him in a crowd and spoken to him.—Peggy.

It is not good form to dance or speak with a young man before having an introduction to him.

(1) How many dances should a high school pupil attend during school year? (2) At what age can a girl receive calls from a young man?—Ruth.

(1) If you are young—in first or second year—not more than one or two. Being older, not to exceed six. (2) According to established custom in good society a young girl must have passed her eighteenth birthday. Any calls previous to that are family calls.

"Georgia." The objections to such a proposition are not very serious. Much depends on the age of both; also the character and possibilities of the young man.

Please tell me how to make my eye-lashes grow.—Ruby S.

Wash the eyes in warm water to which has been added a little borax. Brush frequently with a tiny camel's hair brush. Rub the lashes with warm vaseline. Bathing with a solution of green tea or rose leaf tea is also helpful. If you will send a stamped, addressed envelope I will send you a formula for eye-lash wash.

# OUR GIRLS.

## Neola's Promise.

*By Amanda T. Russon.*

Neola slipped into a chair beside the table; and as the bright young head drooped wearily upon her outstretched arms, she sighed, "Oh, if mother were only well again."

She had just left the sick room upon the entrance of the physician, and had passed into the room beyond.

As she bemoaned the family's misfortune in having the beloved mother detained from her accustomed place, these words from Dr. Gray's lips fell upon her ear:

"We are all fellow-travelers in the journey of life. A voice from the Great Beyond calls us and we obey. A few more hours, Sister, and you, too, must answer the summons. All that human skill can do has been done. Put your house in order."

Then the mother's cry of anguish, "It cannot, must not be. My babe, my children. What will become of them? And Neola waited to hear no more.

Out into the open air she rushed, down the path and into the clump of willows some distance back of the house; and there, flinging herself down upon the grassy bank of the little brook her tears broke forth in a torrent of pathos and woe. Neola was only fifteen, and she sensed her loss with all the wild abandonment of youth. It was not for long, however. She felt that this was not the time for tears. Something must be done to give comfort to the mother's few remaining moments, and swiftly the thought came that she was the one to do it.

Quickly she rose, her face turned towards the mountains, seeking, as she had so often done, her inspiration there.

How grandly beautiful they looked in the early gloaming. The last rays from the sun lit up the distant snow-capped peaks with a golden glow which blended into a beautiful purple where the shadows fell below. Then as their message of courage was borne to the young girl she sank to her knees, her face still turned toward the heights, and poured out her soul to her heavenly Father for succor in this, her hour of need. A sweet peace came to her. Her prayer was answered.

All within was quiet. The doctor had taken his departure, and the father had gone to a kind neighbor's to bring the children.

Neola softly entered the sick-room, and her heart almost stopped beating as she saw her mother lying there so quiet and ghastly, the little babe clasped tightly to her breast. The eyes unclosed, however, as she felt her daughter's presence.

"You, Neola! Oh, my poor child!" she breathed.

"Yes, mother," she said, stroking the soft hair, "I heard what the doctor said; but you must not grieve nor worry any more at leaving us." Here the brave voice choked, but she kept back the tears and went on, "God has promised me that He will help me to fill your place as best I can. Night and morning, I will kneel and ask His blessings upon my labors, and I know that all will be well."



Looking into that fair face, alight with holy purpose, was it any wonder that the look of anguish died out of the mother's face, and that a gleam of hope entered into her troubled soul?

"Only tell me that you trust me, dear mother, and I will try so hard to be faithful," pleaded the girl.

That was too much for the poor woman, and drawing Neola down to her, she could only sob, but her tears were tears of thankfulness. "My brave girl, my brave girl," was all she said.

Finally, becoming calmer, she said, "I do trust you, my child, but I fear that it will be imposing too much of a burden upon your young shoulders. You cannot know as I know the self-sacrifice such a promise demands."

"I am willing, mother," she pleaded, "only trust me."

"Then promise me, my daughter that you will keep the family always together, and that you will be a mother to this little babe. The greatest desire of my life has been to see my boys and girls grow up to noble manhood and womanhood. Now I must leave all this to you, and I pray God that you may remain faithful, come what may." A kiss from the girl sealed the compact and the smile of infinite peace that came over the dying woman's face was beautiful to see.

Then the father, grave and sad, came leading his little flock, four boys all younger than Neola.

Their little faces were filled with wonder and awe as they tiptoed into the room to bid their mother a last farewell.

The days that came and went found Neola at her post, bravely trying to adapt herself to her new role of home-maker, mother, sister, daughter, all in one.

The father was a farmer just

realizing enough from his crops to keep the family comfortably from year to year without sufficient means to employ any outside help.

The children had been trained from infancy to be of use in the home, and the boys could wash dishes, sweep, and perform other tasks about the house as well as a girl; but upon Neola's young shoulders fell the real brunt of the work. How different from the days of old when her mother had directed and overseen it all. Then all had seemed to go off so smoothly that she had fancied it could not be otherwise. Now it was she to take the helm, she to see to the preparing of the meals, washing of dishes, the dusting, scrubbing, mending, and all the little things that often daunt the hearts of old and experienced housekeepers.

No wonder that her feet sometimes faltered and would fain have halted by the way. No wonder that her groping spirit had to seek for inspiration outside the confines of the little home. And where should she find that inspiration? Where indeed but from her old friends, the mountains?

There they stood, commanding a direct view of the little kitchen, faithful ever, and to the young girl ever breathing the same message: "Courage, faint heart, look up! look up!" Then all the petty trials and annoyances would vanish, and with her face turned toward the heights, she would go resolutely on. True the night would come, and with it the shadows shutting off the view; and often when she was very tired, the tears dampened her pillow as she slept. But in the early glow of the morning, the mountains seemed to take on new strength and grandeur. Sometimes when the rays of the morning sun shone on the heights at a certain angle,

they reflected a sheet of gold which some folks said was a tiny golden lake. Neola liked to imagine it was so, and often thought how she would love to climb to such a beautiful spot, if such a thing were possible.

Each day the mountains seemed to grow more sublime, more inspiring than ever, and so, too, did Neola's spirit take on new strength and energy, and her voice rose in the happy songs of childhood. The hills and vales took up the refrain, filling the air with sweetest music.

Neola possessed a beautiful voice, full of sweetness, volume, and power.

So, often thought her father, as the notes were borne to him across the fields, and so, too, thought many a pleasure-seeker, for the road to the canyon lay just beyond, and Neola was not the only admirer of this particular section of the Rockies. The picturesque spot attracted lovers of nature from far and near.

Among those who passed that way was Professor Holne of one of the large conservatories of music of New York City. He was seeking health and recreation in the pure, bracing air of the mountains.

When Neola's voice came floating to him on the soft morning breeze he drew in his horse, listening intently until the last note had died away.

"Upon my word," he exclaimed, "a songster worthy of the name. I must hear more of such a voice," and turning in at the old field gate, he cantered up to the house.

He knew instinctively that the sweet-faced young girl of some eighteen summers who came to the door was the possessor of the voice. He inquired the way to the "Little Gem;" a small lake far up in the canyon, and then readily accepted

the invitation to come in and rest.

"Do you know," he said to her after awhile, "that you possess a rare voice?"

Neola crimsoned. "I can do my work better when I sing," she said, half apologetically.

"A few years of training in New York," he continued, "would secure for you a place in the world of music such as but few have enjoyed."

A hot flush came over her. Could it be possible that she had within her the possibilities of a great singer? A quick glad light had sprung into her eyes, but when the professor had finished speaking, she answered gravely, "Such a life is not for me. I must not think of it."

"Through my influence," he went on, apparently unmindful of her words, "you could procure the services of the best voice trainer in America?"

"You are very kind," she said, slowly, "but it cannot be."

Then she told him the story of her mother, of the five children left under her care, the father and home to look after.

He listened attentively, sympathetically. "Do you not think," he asked, after a pause, "that your mother, knowing the desire of your heart and what an opportunity of this kind would mean to you, would wish you to take advantage of it?"

"I do not know," she answered. "Oh, how I wish I might." Then quickly, "But I have given my word, nothing can change that."

"But," he reminded her, "these conditions did not then exist. Your mother, I am sure, would not wish to deprive you of such a future as now presents itself. Think well, my dear, before you pass it lightly by."

She shook her head. "I fear it

cannot be, but stay to dinner and meet my father."

During the time which had elapsed since the death of his wife, Mr. Tanner, by careful living and industrious habits, together with the help of his careful daughter and growing boys, had prospered, and been able to lay something aside each year.

After dinner the two men walked over the place, engaged in earnest conversation.

Mr. Tanner was very proud of his daughter, and longed to give her every advantage possible. That this was an opportunity of a lifetime he never doubted. But he thought with a heavy heart of what home would be without her and her sweet voice.

Professor Holne took his departure, promising to call within the week for their decision.

That evening, after the other children had gone to bed, Neola and her father talked it all over. He told her that the money to his credit in the bank was at her disposal should she desire to go to New York. He could hire some trusty woman to come and look after the house and children.

"Oh, father," she cried. "I cannot go. I cannot break my promise to my mother."

"Well, daughter," he answered, "I will leave that for you to decide, and trust in you to act as you feel led."

Little rest came to the troubled girl that night. "No," she said again and again, "I cannot, will not go." Then she would fall asleep only to dream of standing before great audiences, holding them spell-bound as she poured out her soul in song.

Somehow the mountains looked commonplace and somber the next morning, and during the days that

followed, for she had finally convinced herself that Prof. Holne was right and that her mother would wish her to take this step. But her mind failed to be at rest upon the subject, and as she packed her trunk she almost wished that it might not be.

It was her last night. A feeling of sadness seemed to envelope everything and everybody. She retired early so as to be thoroughly rested for her long journey. But it was long ere her eyes closed, and then only to fall into a troubled sleep. She dreamed as she had so often done that she was climbing the mountains—her mountains, but instead of the way seeming clear and bright, her footsteps light and buoyant as in the dreams of old, the way now seemed dark and obscure. The birds ceased to sing and the flowers to bloom. She groped and stumbled, and the distance to the top seemed endless; but at last, after the greatest difficulty and exertion she reached the summit, where she had liked to imagine the little pool laughing and dancing and reflecting the sun in its depths.

To her horror, she now beheld a black, seething mass that seemed to creep up and reach out for her, and ere she could turn away, she felt herself slipping into it. The dark waters seemed to close in upon her, and in another minute she would be swallowed up. Terrified, she flung up her arms and shrieked aloud.

That cry awoke her from her nightmare, and she opened her eyes to find her father bending over her, calling her name and speaking soothingly to her.

It was a dream, yes; but a dream with a significance that could not be mistaken.

There was the little sister lying there beside her, the charge entrusted to her by an angel mother; and

she would have left her to stranger's hands. She clasped the child to her as though she would never let her go. She was thankful to her heavenly Father for that dream—that awakening.

"Father," she called, a glad ring of triumph in her voice, "you don't need to call me in the morning. I am not going to New York."

She was too happy to sleep the rest of that night, but in the gray dawn of the morning she crept out to take a good look at the mountains. She felt that she owed them an apology. Long and lovingly she gazed upon them. They were bulwarks of strength, towering above the whole universe, but still pointing upward to their Creator, acknowledging a yet greater power.

Once again the young girl sank to her knees and an earnest prayer ascended to the heavens.

Professor Holne said that the greatest regret of his otherwise pleasant summer was that of having to leave the voice he had found in the heart of the Rockies, buried there instead of making it known to the whole world. Then he quoted from "Gray's Elegy:"

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed depths of ocean  
bear,  
Full many a flower is born to blush  
unseen  
And waste its fragrant sweetness on  
the desert air."

Neola thanked him for the compliment, but assured him without one sigh of regret, that her own little world was more to her than the great, cruel world without could possibly be.

She felt that she could ask no greater happiness when, as years passed by, she watched her brothers grow to noble and exemplary manhood, such that any mother might well be proud of them. Then one by one they married and became men of influence in the communities where they dwelt.

They often were heard to declare that all the success to which they had attained was due to the life and inspiration of their noble, self-sacrificing sister.

In time Neola, too, married, keeping with her the young sister, her especial charge, and in a beautiful and happy home of her own, she sang songs of praise to her Maker, for she had climbed the heights and found the waters golden.





# Domestic Science.

By *Blanche Caine.*

## WATER.

Water supplies mineral matter to the body, furnishes the liquid for the blood and the other fluids of the body, regulates its heat, and cleanses its various tissues by dissolving and carrying off impurities. In general, the uses of water in the body may be said to be cleansing and stimulating.

About two-thirds of the total weight of the body is made up of water. The importance of water as a tissue-builder and its right to rank as a true "food" are apparent from this statement.

The exact amount of water to be taken must vary greatly with external conditions, and especially with the amount of sweat produced, but it should be about two quarts daily.

It should be taken freely at night, in the morning, and in times of fever.

The rapidity with which water passes through the stomach causes it to be a very dangerous source of disease for the acid of the stomach has no time to act upon any germs which it may contain. For this reason contaminated water is a more dangerous carrier of disease than impure milk. All the greater, then, is the reason for insuring that our water-supply is above suspicion.

It is commonly said that the free consumption of water at meals is apt to delay digestion by diluting the gastric juice. This statement is not well grounded. Experiment has shown that even in quantities of one-half litre (about a pint) it does not in any way affect the rapidity of digestion. It requires about three pints to produce any marked effect.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that water may actually hasten the digestion of some foods by softening them and favoring their reduction to a state of pulp, while hot water is, as we have seen, a powerful stimulant of the stomach's movements.

A good drinking water should have little or no color, no odor, a pleasant, fresh taste, and should contain only a moderate amount of solid matter.

The only sure method of rendering water harmless is by boiling it. It may be objected that this gives the

water a flat and insipid taste, but that objection can easily be overcome by simply shaking up the water with air in a stoppered bottle.

One must warn the reader against the delusion so often cherished that the addition of a little wine, or even spirits, to water can kill any germs that are in it, and so render it safe. That is not the case: the proportion of alcohol in the mixture is never high enough to be certain of killing the organisms.

## BEVERAGES.

### *Cocoa.*

Mix two tablespoons each of sugar and cocoa with a few grains of salt and a very little boiling water; add one pint of boiling water, and boil for two minutes; then combine with an equal quantity of hot milk.

### *Fruit Punch.*

Make a syrup of one quart of water and one pound (two cups) of sugar, and mix with one can of best grated pine apple and one pint of fruit juice (oranges and lemons or currants). Add water and ice to make one gallon, and more sugar if required. When a fine quality of pineapple is used the drink need not be strained. Bits of candied cherries and banana may be added.

The juice and pulp of almost any fruit or combination of fruits may be the basis of an acceptable cold drink for hot weather. Fruits like the banana and peach should be combined with lemons or other fruits having acid juices. When fresh fruits are not abundant bottled grape juice, canned grated pineapple, currant jelly, stewed raisins, the water in which dried apricots have soaked, the syrup from preserved fruits, etc., may be useful. A few cloves, or bits of cinnamon bark, and a little salt are sometimes used to give more flavor. Where there is a lack of lemons a little cream of tartar may be added, but nothing can take the place of fresh lemons. A very little gelatin gives smoothness, and pink gelatin is sometimes helpful when more color is desirable.

The most satisfactory means of sweetening such beverages is a syrup made by boiling together for ten minutes or more one pound sugar and one quart of water. This syrup may be made in large quantities and kept bottled ready for use.

#### *Lemonade.*

One cup sugar.  
One-third cup lemon juice.  
One pint water.

Make syrup by boiling sugar and water ten minutes; add fruit juice, cool, and dilute with ice water to suit individual tastes. Lemon syrup may be bottled and kept on hand to use as needed.

#### *Pine-apple Lemonade.*

One pint water.  
One cup sugar.  
One quart ice water.  
One can grated pineapple.  
Juice of three lemons.

Make syrup by boiling sugar and water ten minutes; add pineapple, and lemon juice, cool, strain, and add ice water.

#### *Orangeade.*

Make syrup as for lemonade. Sweeten orange juice with syrup, and dilute by pouring over crushed ice.

Erratum: In recipe for plain cake in August Journal it should have been  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of flour, not  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup.

## OFFICERS' NOTES.

### ANNUAL REPORT.

Of the Y. L. M. I. A. for the year 1909:

*Membership*—Number of Associations, 673; (In England, the Netherlands, Scandinavia, Southern and Eastern States, and also the Islands the associations meet conjointly with the Y. M. M. I. A., hence are not included in this report.) Number reported, 654; number regular members enrolled, 26,364; number stake officers enrolled, 700; average attendance, 13,423; number regular members on missions, 35.

*Meetings*—Ward officers' meetings, 5716; conjoint meetings of ward officers, 3155; regular meetings, 20,182; conjoint meetings, 5,248.

*Stake Meetings*—Stake Board meetings, 960; conjoint stake board meetings, 446; meetings of stake and ward officers, 556; conjoint conferences, 49; conventions, 61.

*Visits of Officers*—Visits of stake officers to wards, 3,688; number of stake officers visiting wards, 5,364; visits of members of General Board to stakes, 136.

*Library*—Number of books in Traveling Library, 4,001; number of books in Association library, 20,620; number of subscriptions for Journal, 14,500; Associations subscribing for Journal, 309.

*Exercises*—Teachings of Our Savior,

8,278; The Apostasy, 3,289; Literature, 5,441; Ethics, 2711; testimonies borne, 38,841; music, 12,305; The home, 3,126.

*Financial Statement*—Ward: Cash on hand, \$6,242.54; received, \$16,507.10; total, \$22,749.64. Cash disbursed, \$6,948.93; balance on hand, \$5,800.71; total, \$22,749.64. Stake, Cash on hand, \$2,357.85½; cash received, \$4,220.33½; total, \$6,578.19. Cash disbursed, \$4,574.45½; balance on hand, \$2,003.73½; total, \$6,578.19.

NOTE—This report is not inclusive of foreign missions, which is a general rule hold their meetings conjointly. The visits of General Board members to stake conferences, conventions, and wards is not included in this report.

*Martha H. Tingey, President.*  
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*Mae T. Nystrom, 2nd Counselor.*  
*Joan M. Campbell, Secy.*

### REORGANIZATION.

*Utah Stake, July 17, 1910.*

President—Jennie B. Knight.  
First Counselor—Ida A. Alleman.  
Second Counselor—Eliza E. Jensen.  
Secretary—Harriet Walker.  
Treasurer—Beulah K. McAllister.  
Organist—Anna H. Hinckley.  
Librarian—Francis Bird.

Aids—Prilla F. Schill, Hattie Soeckhart, Margaret Maw, Nellie Schofield, Sadie Graham, Atcha E. Paxman.

# THE RELIGION CLASS.

## THE RELIGION CLASS LESSON BOOK.

Pray remember, pupils are not to be taught by rules which will always be slipping out of their memories. What you think necessary for them to do, settle in them by an indispensable practice as often as the occasion returns; and if it be possible, make occasions. This will beget habits in them, which, being once established, operate of themselves easily and naturally, without the assistance of the memory.—John Loch.

The best way to understand and carry out the lessons for the Religion Class this year is to keep in mind the ideas on which these lessons were selected and built up, together with the method by which it is intended that they shall be taught.

The ideas are as follows:

First, that the organization the lessons were made for is religious, not moral and ethical merely. It is named, not the moral and ethical class, but the Religion Class. This thought has not been sufficiently emphasized by some of our workers, and so teachings and practices have crept into the organization with little or no religious value. A strong and abiding belief in the existence of a personal God, in the atonement of our Savior, in the immortality of the soul as we understand it, and in the necessity of a living priesthood, will do more toward establishing habits of conduct in our children than all the ethical and moral precepts that can be inculcated apart from this belief. It acts not only as a powerful restraining influence in the midst of temptation to do evil, but as an effective stimulus to the doing of good. Let us therefore make an effort to carry out the evident intention of those who founded the institution, by conducting the work in harmony with the name they gave it. Everything to be done should look directly or indirectly toward the inculcation of religious truth.

A second idea kept in mind by the committee on lessons is, that some religious truths are fundamental in their character and that these should be

given first and receive constant emphasis. Accordingly, the committee examined all the greater scriptural documents—such as the “ten commandments,” the “sermon on the mount,” and the “Word of Wisdom”—with a view to selecting therefrom whatever could be impressed on the minds of the class of children with whom our institution deals. This idea of the comparative importance of things is vital. It is a good thing, for instance, not to be late at a class. But tardiness is not on the same level as lying, and a grave injury is done the child when we unwittingly give it the feeling that these are on the same moral plane. Nice discrimination is at least as essential in religious as in other truth.

Thirdly, the committee has all the time kept in mind the fact that the aim of the Religion Class is not so much to impart knowledge to the children as to influence their conduct. And this is harder than it looks. Life, even to the child, is a more or less complicated affair, full of things which are to be done and things which are not to be done. And very often, to children, the distinction between what they are to do and what not to do has to be pointed out. That is why we give them general principles for their guidance. But sometimes it does not occur to us that statements of general principles really enter the child-mind only through the avenue of concrete instances. Take the principle of mercy, for example. The beatitude, “Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy,” can be taught a class of children in less than a minute in such a way that they will always remember it. But what does it mean to them? It may signify merely nine words coming in a given order—no more. To be merciful in this, that, or the other particular instance, is quite another thing. And it is the deed that counts, not the remembering of the principle merely. And here is just where the services of the teacher may be the most helpful—in translating the general rule, by means of concrete instances, into such terms as will be comprehensible to the children and helping them to see its application to

the puzzling realities of their daily lives. The beatitude means that they shall do a particular thing under a particular situation. Similarly, the general law, "Thou shalt not steal," means, for example, that no apples may be taken from this particular tree without the consent of the owner. By such concrete means is the significance of the general truth to be brought home to the consciousness of the children; by such means are they to be helped to apply it in all the circumstances of their lives as they arise.

Such are the ideas on which the lessons are based. The method by which the lessons are developed may be stated as follows:

In the first place, each lesson is to inculcate but one idea with its application. The development of this idea begins with a statement of it for the use of the teacher. There follows a question to be asked the class in order to start their thoughts in the direction of the idea. This question is merely suggestive and is not intended to take the place of the instructor's own questions, but is merely an example of a method of approach in accordance with the best educational principles of our times. If there is a picture to illustrate the lesson, this should next be placed before the class in the primary department, where all can see it. Of course, some of the lessons, for obvious reasons, will have to go without such pictorial illustration. Then the story is to be told by the teacher. In the primary department every story is published in the book. In the other departments only a few are told, but in every lesson an incident is suggested and references given to easily accessible books where the material may be obtained. After this there come a few questions, also suggestive; and finally hints as to how the idea may be applied in the daily lives of the children.

In the next place, it is intended that the instructor shall endeavor to help the children form proper habits of thinking and of conduct. Too much emphasis cannot be given this point. And indeed this idea is a fitting complement of the simplification of the

general principles by the teacher. The teacher must, on the one hand, see that the children get clear ideas on questions of religious duty, and, on the other hand, endeavor to embody those ideas in a habit of conduct. Nothing can be more true or helpful in the training of children than the principle laid down by Professor William James: "The great thing in all education is to make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy. It is to fund and capitalize our acquisitions, and live at ease upon the interest of the fund. For this we must make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful actions as we can, and as carefully guard against the growing into ways that are likely to be disadvantageous. The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the effortless custody of automatism, the more of our higher powers will be set free for their own proper work." In view, therefore, of the extraordinary importance of habit in religious instruction, the teacher should make a special effort to reduce as much as possible the fundamental virtues taught in these lessons to habits in the children. Their practice of what is taught them must be followed up.

In addition to what has been said above on underlying principles and on methods of instruction, one other point may be noted.

No attempt has been made in building up a course of study for the Religion Class, to introduce new or striking topics. The virtues here taught are the old virtues. However varied or complex our civilization may become, the ancient rules of conduct must abide—must be reinforced. It may be that they may be illustrated in a new way, and indeed the effort has been made here to treat them in a new way. But the fact remains that these are, in the main, the virtues that must be taught over and over again to our children. To be honest, to be truthful, to believe in God and Christ are old qualities, but they are still root qualities, and are likely to remain so, however anxious we may be for something new, something we have never had before.



# Young Woman's Journal

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IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS.

IMPROVEMENT OUR MOTTO,  
PERFECTION OUR AIM.

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SALT LAKE CITY, - OCTOBER, 1910

## Extravagance.

Thinking people are becoming alarmed over the extravagance which is manifested on every hand. At a recent Stake Conference one of the speakers said that he believed this was the most extravagant age in the world's history. What will be the result, the thoughtful one asks. In many communities a big percentage of the men and women are spending every dollar of their yearly incomes while another large percentage are living beyond their incomes. What can be the ultimate result of this but misery and want? Days of sickness and adversity come to all. Woe will betide those who have not saved for the time of need.

No age nor class seems exempt

from this demoralizing tendency. Children generally are not effectively taught to be frugal. As soon as money is given to them they are unhappy until it is spent for candy, pop-corn, ice-cream, or some other luxury. They take little or no satisfaction in saving. Their pleasure in receiving money comes solely from the thought of the personal gratification of some appetite they will receive from spending it.

Children never used to think of taking money to school to spend, now it is a common thing. Ice-cream venders, pop-corn, and candy men are found on the side walks or in the streets near the school-houses (unless they are prohibited by school officials) ready for the rush when recess or noon arrives. One principal of a large Salt Lake City school said recently that he felt sure that fifty dollars was frequently spent in one day by the children in his school for these luxuries. The physical and mental effect of this indulgence is perhaps more serious than the economic phase.



A man who has a number of young men under his charge and who takes a great interest in their welfare, recently asked them why they went to places of amusement alone, and suggested that it would be better to take some young women with them. They replied, "O we can't afford it. It costs three to four dollars at least to take a girl out to one of the resorts." The man looked incredulous and asked how they could spend that much, and was told that the girls expected to be taken to all the attractions and called the boys stingy who did not gratify their desires. "We can't keep it up and so we go alone," said the spokesman.

A physician, on visiting a patient in a hospital recently, noticed a fine looking young woman leave the room just before he entered it. As he went in the patient asked if he had seen her. On receiving an affirmative answer he said, "I used to keep company with her, but I had to stop. You see, I expect to go on a mission some day and it took all my salary (seventy-five dollars) after my expenses were paid to pay for her pleasures."

What selfishness, what consummate egotism, what a lack of true womanliness is thus evidenced. No girl who has proper standards before her and who has the proper self-respect will accept so much and put herself under such obligations to the boys of her acquaintance.

Those who thus recklessly spend money procrastinate the time of marriage, and when they finally do enter upon the duties of married life it is with little or no money saved; often they have to go into debt for their furniture.



Generally the wife who has been gratifying her extravagant desires during her girlhood days has not the stamina to live within her income. She wants this or that luxury and either gets it, thus bringing the heavy burden of debt on her husband, or she whines and frets because she can not get it. Unhappiness reigns in such a home in either case.



Waste of food is another great evil of the present day. People take twice as much picnic to the resorts as they can eat and not wanting the bother of taking it home they ruthlessly put what is left into the garbage tins. Instead of using the stale bread—there are so many delicious dishes that may be made from it—

many throw it away without a guilty pang. Others feed it to the chickens not stopping to think that a less expensive food would do equally well for them. All kinds of food are thrown away with the same thoughtlessness and the wasteful habit grows until the amount of food thrown away is simply appalling.



A mortgage used to be considered an awful incubus and only dire necessity caused people to thus incumber their homes. Now, many do it for luxuries. It is said that in one week sixty people in Salt Lake mortgaged their homes for money with which to buy automobiles.



It is a well-known fact that people who are extravagant are generally very slow in paying their bills. They often become thoroughly dishonest, not caring whether the accounts are paid or not so long as they can get what they want.

It is to be hoped that a reformation will take place and that the old time frugality will again become the rule rather than the exception. Happiness and prosperity attend the frugal.

## Recent Publications.

A little book entitled "A Brief History of Joseph Smith, the Prophet," by Himself, has recently been published by the Deseret Sunday School Union. Price 25 cents. The Bureau of Information has published a second edition of Dr. Talmage's splendid little book, "The Story of Mormonism." Price 10 cents. These will be of especial interest to our girls just now when they are studying "The Restoration."

# GUIDE DEPARTMENT.

## The Story of the Restoration.

### VII.

#### THE HIGHER PRIESTHOOD.

In the days of Abraham, there lived in Palestine a great king and "priest of the most high God," named Melchizedek. Melchizedek was king of Salem. To him Abraham paid tithes of all that he had, for Melchizedek was the high priest appointed to keep the storehouse of God. Now, Melchizedek had learned when a child to fear God, and had performed marvelous deeds. Therefore, when he came of age, he was approved of God, and was ordained a high priest after the order of the Son of God; "which order came," we are told, "not by man, nor the will of man; neither by father nor mother; neither by beginning of days nor end of years; but of God."<sup>a</sup> And ever afterwards, Melchizedek was distinguished as the great high priest of God, the Prince of peace, and the King of heaven.

In after years the Priesthood after the order of the Son of God—the Priesthood that Melchizedek held as the great high priest—came to be named after Melchizedek. In the one hundred tenth psalm, King David bursts forth in triumphant praise of the Lord who is to come. "The Lord hath sworn," he says, "and will not repent, Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek."<sup>b</sup> Again, a thousand years later, Paul revives the memory of Melchizedek in a remarkable argument for the saving power of the Lord's high-priesthood.

"Though he were a Son," writes the great apostle, "yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered; and being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him; called of God an high priest after the order of Melchizedek."<sup>c</sup> So, from generation to generation, among the ancients, an order of priesthood called the Priesthood after the Order of Melchizedek was undoubtedly well-known. It was this priesthood—or Divine Authority—by virtue of which Jesus himself operated. It represented the power delegated to Him from God the Father.

Moreover, it was the authority of this same Melchizedekian priesthood by virtue of which the apostles of Jesus, and all the divinely-appointed disciples, officiated in Jesus' name. At some time during the second year of His public ministry, Jesus went up into a mountain, and called to Him certain of His disciples. He ordained twelve to be His apostles and special witnesses, and gave them power similar to His own.<sup>d</sup> When the labors of the ministry became too extensive for the twelve alone, the Lord appointed other seventy and sent them two and two into every city.<sup>e</sup> The authority of judgment was committed to the Son; and He appointed to His disciples a kingdom, as His Father had appointed to Him, that

<sup>a</sup> Holy Scriptures, Inspired Version, Gen. 14: 28; Compare Heb. 7: 1-3.

<sup>b</sup> Psalms 110: 4.

<sup>c</sup> Read Hebrews chs. 5, 6, 7.

<sup>d</sup> Mark 3: 13, 14.

<sup>e</sup> Luke 10.

they might judge the twelve tribes of Israel.<sup>f</sup> To one of the apostles the Savior gave the keys of the kingdom of heaven, that whatsoever he should bind on earth should be bound in heaven.<sup>g</sup> Afterwards, he gave the same binding and loosing power to all the twelve.<sup>h</sup> Then, after his crucifixion, the Lord appeared again to the eleven and conveyed to them a commission similar to that on which He himself had acted:

"As my father hath sent me, even so send I you."<sup>i</sup>

But the power and priesthood of Jesus was unquestionably that known by the name of Melchizedek. He was called of God, says St. Paul, to that order of Priesthood; he was appointed of God "a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek." Then, when He imparted to His chosen disciples the authority that He held himself, it cannot be otherwise construed than that He conferred upon them the Holy Priesthood after the order of Melchizedek.

What became of that Priesthood after the passing of the apostles? During their ministry we have repeated references to the officers divinely appointed to carry on the work of the Church. The apostles themselves, as they traveled from church to church, ordained elders and set apart officers for the continuance of the great gospel work. And, of course, like their great Master before them they could impart only what they had received. They had received the Holy Priesthood called after the name of Melchizedek; this Priesthood, then, they conferred upon those appointed to preside and to labor in the Church. Indeed, it follows but naturally that

one could not rightfully officiate in the Church unless he had been divinely called and appointed by this Priesthood.

After the passing of the apostles, however, the Priesthood after the Order of Melchizedek, like that of Aaron, became lost. The officers of the Priesthood dropped out one by one. At the present day, neither the Melchizedek nor the Aaronic Priesthood is recognized as having existence even, let alone their being essential to the complete organization of the Church. In a time of the restitution of all things, then,—such as was spoken of by the holy prophets—the Melchizedekian as well as the Aaronic Priesthood must be restored to the earth.

John the Baptist had promised that the Higher or Melchizedekian Priesthood should be restored to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. Not long after his own visitation the promise was fulfilled. Joseph and Oliver were in the wilderness on the Susquehanna river. To them appeared the ancient apostles Peter, James, and John—the presidency of the Church after the crucifixion of the Savior. They declared that they possessed the keys of the kingdom, and of the dispensation of the Fullness of Times. They laid their hands upon Joseph and Oliver, conferred upon them the Holy Priesthood after the order of Melchizedek, ordained them to be apostles and special witnesses of Jesus the Lord, and bestowed upon them the keys of power which they possessed.<sup>j</sup> Thenceforth Joseph and Oliver became known as Apostles of Jesus Christ, the first and second elders of the Church.<sup>k</sup> In after years, the Prophet Joseph wrote ecstatically of the event, saying:

"And again, what do we hear? Glad tidings from Cumorah! Moroni, an

<sup>f</sup> Luke 22: 29, 30.

<sup>g</sup> Matt. 16: 19.

<sup>h</sup> Matt. 18: 18.

<sup>i</sup> John 20: 21.

<sup>j</sup> Hist. of Church, vol. 1, pp. 40, 41.



angel from heaven, declaring the fulfilment of the prophets—the book to be revealed. A voice of the Lord in the wilderness of Fayette, Seneca County, declaring the three witnesses to bear record of the book. The voice of Michael on the banks of the Susquehanna, detecting the devil when he appeared as an angel of light. The voice of Peter, James and John in the wilderness between Harmony, Susquehanna county, and Colesville, Broome county, on the Susquehanna river, declaring themselves as possessing the keys of the kingdom, and of the dispensation of the fulness of times.”<sup>k</sup>

And Oliver Cowdery, too, bears record of the same marvelous event. He says in a signed statement:

“John the Baptist, holding the keys of the Aaronic Priesthood; Peter, James and John, holding the keys of the Melchizedek Priesthood, have also ministered for those who shall be heirs of salvation, and with these administrations ordained men to the same Priesthood. These Priesthoods, with their authority, are now, and must continue to be in the body of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. \* \* \* Accept assurances, dear brother, of the unfeigned prayer of him who, in connection with Joseph, the Seer, was blessed with the above administrations.”<sup>m</sup>

This statement was written in 1849, nearly twenty years after the event, and nearly five years after the martyrdom of the Prophet.

And so was consummated another act in the great drama of the Restoration. The chosen prophet, Joseph Smith, and his divinely-appointed associate, Oliver Cowdery, possessed now the higher order of Priesthood—the Priesthood after the order of Melchizedek. After nearly four thousand years, the Priesthood of the great king was restored again to the earth finally, never again to be taken away while the earth shall stand.

How does this Higher Priesthood differ from the Lesser? Briefly, the difference is mainly one of degree. Both are divisions of the great Priesthood after the Order of the Son of God. But the Aaronic, or Lesser, Priesthood deals only with lesser, and temporal things; whereas the Melchizedekian, or Higher, Priesthood, deals with spiritual things. Says the Lord in a revelation to the Prophet Joseph:

“The power and authority of the Higher, or Melchizedek, Priesthood, is to hold the keys of all the spiritual blessings of the Church—to have the privilege of receiving the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven—to have the heavens opened unto them—to commune with the general assembly and Church of the first born, and to enjoy the communion and presence of God the Father, and Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant.”<sup>n</sup>

It appears, then, that one holding the Priesthood of Melchizedek may lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost; he may administer to the sick that they may be restored; he may rebuke evil and cast out devils in the name of Jesus the Christ; he may bless, and confirm, and anoint with holy oil; he may, in short, call down the richest blessings of heaven in his administration,—for he holds “the keys of all the spiritual blessings.”

Moreover, one holding the Higher Priesthood possesses all the rights of presidency. He has power and authority over all the lesser offices in the Church. He possesses, too, the rights and powers of revelation, to learn the mysteries of heaven, to look into the heavens themselves, and to commune with heavenly beings. Moreover, he may enjoy the communion, and the very presence of God the Father and of Jesus Christ. These are great and wonderful blessings. Yet, they are

<sup>k</sup> Doc. and Cov. 20: 2, 3; 18: 9.

<sup>l</sup> Doc. and Cov. 128: 20.

<sup>m</sup> Hist. of Church, vol. 1, p. 42, footnote.

<sup>n</sup> Doc. and Cov. 107: 18, 19.

really no greater than one should expect to find operative in the true Church of Christ. For how can a church fulfill the measure of its existence unless it possess the very powers here ascribed to the Priesthood after the order of Melchizedek?

It is really a matter of wonder that Joseph Smith, an unlearned youth—for he was less than twenty-four years of age at the time of the restoration of the Melchizedekian Priesthood—should have felt himself unauthorized fully to represent God until the two orders of Priesthood were conferred upon him. The so-called reformers were nearly all learned men. They knew the scriptures not only in translation but in the original tongue. They knew, too, the history and the customs of Israel and surrounding nations. Most of these things, Joseph Smith as a young man was ignorant of. Yet, the would-be reformers never once recognized the necessity of possessing the old orders of Divine Authority. They read the scriptures and claimed to understand them; some even translated the Holy Bible; yet, not one of them seemed to comprehend the meaning of Priesthood, nor the necessity of Divine Authority. To Joseph Smith alone, of all modern religious leaders, belongs the credit of waiting till he was commissioned before he attempted to act in God's stead. It is a striking testimony of his divine inspiration.

It is equally striking, too, that the great manifestation in which the ancient apostles, Peter, James, and John, appeared to confer the Melchizedekian Priesthood, did not happen to Joseph Smith alone. A mere imposter would undoubtedly have had it so occur. But there was associated with the young prophet, his scribe and associate, Oliver Cow-

dery. He, as well as Joseph, saw the heavenly personages, and partook of their administration. He, too, was ordained an apostle. He became the second elder in the Church—almost a joint president with the Prophet himself. And in after years, when he became estranged from the Prophet, and separated from the Church, he testified still—as we have read before—that holy men of old did minister to him and the Prophet Joseph, and restore to them the Holy Priesthood after the order of Melchizedek. It was no mere delusion. In the mouths of two or three witnesses all things shall be established.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. To whom did Abraham pay tithes?
2. Who was Melchizedek?
3. How did he come to be approved of God?
4. To what priesthood was Melchizedek ordained?
5. What is the meaning of the expression "without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life?" (Heb. 7: 3.)
6. What did the Priesthood after the Order of the Son of God come to be called?
7. What scriptural evidence can you cite that the Melchizedek Priesthood was known to the ancient Church?
8. By virtue of what authority did Jesus perform His mighty works?
9. Show that it was the authority of the Melchizedekian Priesthood that Jesus conferred upon His apostles.
10. What kind of authority, then, did the apostles impart to the later Church?
11. What became of the Melchizedekian Priesthood in the Christian church?
12. Why was it necessary to restore the Priesthood after the Order of Melchizedek?
13. Tell how the Higher Priesthood was restored.
14. Why was it restored by Peter, James, and John?
15. What did the Prophet write of this glorious restoration?

16. What testimony did Oliver Cowdery bear of it?
17. How does the Higher Priesthood differ from the Lesser?
18. Enumerate the ordinances that one holding the Higher Priesthood may take part in.
19. Show how the rights of presidency belong to the Higher Priesthood.
20. Why is it a matter of wonder that Joseph Smith should claim to have received the Holy Priesthood after the Order of Melchizedek?
21. Of what value is the testimony of Oliver Cowdery?

## SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

- A. Make a study of the great king Melchizedek. Consult a good dictionary of the Bible, a good Old Testament History, the Bible, and the Inspired Version.
- B. Study carefully the kind of priesthood and the offices maintained in the Catholic church, and in the Protestant churches. Compare your findings with what is taught in the New Testament, and with what you know of your own Church. Make written or oral reports.

## VIII.

## THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST.

Empowered with the authority of both the Aaronic and the Melchizedekian Priesthood, Joseph Smith was in a position to act in all things for the Great Giver of that authority. Indeed, there would appear to be nothing, in righteousness, that Joseph Smith might not do as the representative of God. Yet, he waited patiently, always, to receive God's word before he ventured to act in any important matter. During these early days of his experience, enemies continued to array themselves before him, and persecution waxed fiercer and more frequent. But the young prophet was not required to stand absolutely alone. Not only enemies, but friends also increased in numbers. It was very generally known, long before the publication of the Book of Mormon, that Joseph was engaged in the translation of such a book. Many men whose curiosity, and interest, had been aroused, sought out the prophet, and learned from his own lips the nature of his strange message to the world. These men remained in most cases among the prophet's staunchest friends. They could not doubt the sincerity of that testimony which alone withstood maligning and per-

secution. They could not break the impregnable testimony to the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon. They could not controvert the sober affirmations of the two men who, without worldly gain in view, declared that they had received by special ordination divine authority from heaven to re-establish the Church of Jesus Christ. And, fortunately for the young seer, his own family were among those who began early to repose faith in him. His brother Samuel H. Smith was, according to the recorded history, the third person in this dispensation to be baptized; and shortly thereafter Hyrum Smith, another brother, also accepted the truth. Thus, the followers of the prophet increased in number, and his friends multiplied. There was, however, no organization by which they were bound together.

Near the middle of the year 1829, the Prophet and his friends became anxious to effect a permanent organization. All the heavenly messengers that had visited the Prophet had promised him that the true Church of Christ should be established in due time. And it was expedient—even necessary—that there should be an organization effected.



A person may be as good out of an organization as in it. The mere fact of organization may produce no improvement either spiritually or otherwise. But without organization there can be no system. There can be no order. There can be no one particularly to look to, where there is no organization. There can be no division of responsibility, where there is no organization. In fact, there can be no responsibility at all where there is no organization. Order, we are told, is the first law of heaven. But order means organization. We have not space here to delve into the philosophy of organization; but it is surely evident to every one that if we had not organization, the world—physically, spiritually, mentally, socially—would still be in the same chaotic condition it was in when God first said, "Let there be light." In order to accomplish the purposes of God, then, it was necessary to do more than merely to restore the authority to act in His name. It became necessary to effect an organization.

Near the middle of the year 1829, then, the Prophet and his friends became anxious to effect a permanent organization. They assembled in the chamber of one Peter Whitmer's house to beg of the Lord what they so earnestly desired. "And here," writes the Prophet, "to our unspeakable satisfaction, did we realize the truth of the Savior's promise—'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you'—for we had not long been engaged in solemn and fervent prayer, when the word of the Lord came unto us in the chamber."<sup>a</sup> It is undoubtedly this manifestation that the Prophet has in mind when he writes in an address to the Church, "And

again what do we hear? \* \* \* The voice of God in the chamber of old Father Whitmer, in Fayette, Seneca County."<sup>b</sup>

The voice of the Lord in this assembly gave to the Prophet many important instructions as to how he should proceed in organizing the Church. He was instructed to ordain Oliver Cowdery an Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ. Then, Oliver Cowdery should ordain Joseph; and afterwards they should ordain others, as they should be directed by revelation. These ordinations, however, were to be deferred until such time as all those who had been baptized could be assembled in a general meeting. And even then, the young prophet to whom these great revelations had been made should not force himself upon his followers; but they were to show by free and voluntary vote whether or not they were willing to receive him as their spiritual teacher and leader. After the vote had been taken, these first Elders of the Church were to bless bread and break it with those assembled, and bless wine and drink it with them. Then, such as should be indicated by the Spirit of God should be ordained to the Priesthood, and those who had been baptized should be confirmed by the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.<sup>c</sup> In order further to instruct his servants, the Lord gave in addition a revelation to Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, and David Whitmer, explaining further the nature of their calling to the Priesthood, making known that there should be twelve apostles called at some future time, and imparting further instructions relative to the building up of the Church of Christ according to the fulness of the Gospel.<sup>d</sup>

<sup>b</sup> Doc. and Cov. 128:21.

<sup>c</sup> Hist. of Church, vol. 1, p. 61.

<sup>d</sup> Doc. and Cov. sec. 18.

<sup>a</sup> Hist. of Church, vol. 1, p. 60.



Not very long afterwards, another revelation was given specifying the day on which the organization should be effected, and outlining the duties of Church members. The Lord, in this revelation, says:

"The rise of the Church of Christ in these last days, being one thousand eight hundred and thirty years since the coming of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ in the flesh, it being regularly organized and established agreeable to the laws of our country, by the will and commandments of God, in the fourth month, and on the sixth day of the month, which is called April."<sup>e</sup>

Then the revelation proceeds to explain doctrine, and to define the duties of those holding the priesthood, also of lay members. Thus was the day fixed by divine revelation when the Church should be organized.

Accordingly on Tuesday, the sixth of April, 1830, Joseph Smith and his friends met at the house of Peter Whitmer, Sr., in Fayette, Seneca county, New York. The laws of the State of New York required that there should be at least six members of any religious body that met for the purpose of organization. There were already more than six baptized followers of Joseph Smith. Since, however, no more than six were required, only six were chosen for the purpose of organization. They were, Oliver Cowdery, Joseph Smith, Jr., Hyrum Smith, Peter Whitmer, Jr., Samuel H. Smith and David Whitmer.<sup>f</sup> The Prophet writes:

"Having opened the meeting by solemn prayer to our heavenly Father, we proceeded, according to previous commandment, to call on our brethren to know whether they accepted us as their teachers in the things of the

kingdom of God, and whether they were satisfied that we should proceed and be organized as a Church, according to said commandment which we had received. To these several propositions they consented by a unanimous vote. I then laid my hands upon Oliver Cowdery, and ordained him an Elder of the 'Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,' after which he ordained me also to the office of an Elder of said Church. We then took bread, blessed it, and brake it with them; also wine, blessed it, and drank it with them. We then laid our hands on each individual member of the Church present, that they might receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, and be confirmed members of the Church of Christ. The Holy Ghost was poured out upon us to a very great degree—some prophesied, whilst we all praised the Lord, and rejoiced exceedingly."<sup>g</sup>

While the members were thus enjoying the manifestations of the Holy Ghost, another revelation pertaining to the organization of the Church was given to the Prophet Joseph. It is preserved in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants as section twenty-one:

"We now proceeded to call out and ordain some others of the brethren to different offices of the Priesthood, according as the Spirit manifested unto us: and after a happy time spent in witnessing and feeling for ourselves the powers and blessings of the Holy Ghost, through the grace of God bestowed upon us, we dismissed with the pleasing knowledge that we were now individually members of, and acknowledged of God, 'The Church of Jesus Christ,' organized in accordance with commandments and revelations given by Him to ourselves in these last days, as well as according to the order of the Church as recorded in the New Testament."<sup>h</sup>

Thus was accomplished, fully ten years after the glorious vision of the Father and the Son, the organization of the Church of Jesus

<sup>e</sup> Doc. and Cov. 20: 1.

<sup>f</sup> Hist. of Church, vol. 1, p. 76, footnote.

<sup>g</sup> Hist of Church, vol. 1, pp. 75-79.

<sup>h</sup> Hist. of Church, vol. 1, p. 79.

Christ of Latter-day Saints. It was the consummation of another great act in the drama of the Restoration. Slowly, the story has been building up to this climax. Slowly, the chosen servants of God have been trained, and prepared for the great responsibility of organization. Slowly the "marvelous work and a wonder" has itself grown and made friends, that it might bear fruit in membership. And now the number of those who can testify to the divine origin of the great work is materially increased. It is not Joseph Smith alone; nor is it he alone with his associate Oliver; nor is it they alone with the three witnesses; nor yet is it they alone with the eight witnesses. It is now the Church membership. On them was poured the abundance of the Holy Ghost this momentous day. And though there were but six in the legal organization, all those assembled experienced the rich blessings of the Spirit. Moreover, from that day forth, the Church began to grow rapidly. On that very day, indeed, many became converted and were baptized, among others the father and the mother of the Prophet. At about the same time, Martin Harris, also, and Orrin Porter Rockwell received baptism. And thus the Church increased from six to tens; from tens to tens of thousands, and from tens of thousands to hundreds of thousands,—all bearing witness that Joseph Smith received divine authority and special appointment to establish anew the Church of Christ upon the earth.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. Why did not Joseph Smith organize a new Church immediately upon receiving the Melchizedekian Priesthood?

2. What was the attitude of his enemies during the time he was waiting for directions to organize the Church?
3. What of his friends?
4. Why did the Prophet and his friends become anxious to effect a Church organization?
5. Why is organization necessary?
6. Relate what happened in the chamber of Peter Whitmer's house.
7. What instructions did the Prophet receive concerning organization?
8. What was made known in the revelation given at this time to Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, and David Whitmer?
9. How was the day fixed on which the Church should be organized?
10. Why were there only six members in the organization?
11. Name the six charter members.
12. Relate, step by step, what was done in the organization meeting of the Church.
13. How had the members been prepared for the organization?
14. Does the fact that the restoration was a gradual development take away from or add to your testimony of the divinity of the Church?
15. What is always the effect of time upon false pretensions and impositions?
16. If Joseph Smith had been an imposter, how would he probably have proceeded in the organization of the Church?
17. How many could now bear testimony besides Joseph and Oliver?
18. Of what value is the testimony of the hundreds of thousands who have joined the Church since the day of organization?

#### SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

- A. Read "Prophecies of a Numerous People," the first of a series of articles entitled "Remarkable Parallels," by Osborne J. P. Widtsoe, published in vol. 17 of the *Young Woman's Journal*. Conduct an oral discussion.
- B. From reliable histories learn why and how some of the sectarian churches came to be organized. Compare with what is taught in this lesson.





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## The Thankful Spirit.

*By Valeria DeMude Kelsey.*

This is a little dissertation on the true thanksgiving. We are not going to waste the time in talking about being thankful for food, or for raiment, but we are going to look a little past these things and see if we can get at the true spirit of thankfulness.

Why should we be thankful when life is so hard, when there is so much misery and sorrow in the world? On what is the feeling of thankfulness based? A great poet has wisely said:

"If you loved only what were worth  
your love,  
Love were clear gain and wholly well  
for you."

Here we have the word "well" used to signify easy, pleasant. So is it in a way with thankfulness. If we were thankful for the benefits received, and only for these, we should not be really thankful, for this involves no understanding of the obligations of life. To rejoice over a good meal, new garments, intellectual or physical benefits, is to stand on the shore of the sea and dip up water in your hand—you may possibly feel that you touch the great medium before you, but it takes vastly more than this to give you any idea of its wonder.

Let us go into this further. All that contributes to our material

comfort, is, in a way, the result of someone else's discomfort. If you are a charming young woman, rejoicing in a new party gown, someone sat for long and undoubtedly tiresome hours to fashion this for you, and it is probable that what you paid for the making does not represent complete payment, for as compensation is adjusted in these days very few receive exact return for energy expended—rather an imperfect scale of wages, instead. The money paid for a dress in no way equalizes the expenditure of three days' energy, to say nothing of being deprived of exercise, fresh air, contact with others in the mental stimulation which all real association brings.

If you are a man thankful for ease, luxury, or for the loved ones about you, are you sure that you can truthfully say, "All that I have was gained by honest methods; no other human being suffers that I and those depending upon me may live." Can you also say, "I am thankful for my children because I have given them everything to increase their capacity for real living. I have taught them honesty, justice to others rather than charity, to love the beautiful and to see it in the garb of the commonplace, to be incapable of base imitation." Or, can you, as a mother, say,

"I rejoice in my sons because I have taught them the laws of life, emphasizing the single standard of purity so wholly that their soul consciousness is awakened and they are incapable of the descent into the paths of weakness which lead to disease and physical destruction." This is a great deal to say. Few can speak such words, but many are trying to whisper them, dazzled by the light of understanding which comes from the will to see the way and walk therein.

Real thankfulness is the upspringing consciousness that the universe is good, that life is good, that all the experiences with which we are involved are worth while, and to be met with courage. Real thankfulness destroys fear, for it is understanding, it is the soul of man reassuring the physical animal through which it manifests. Brown-ing said that nothing concerned him so much as the development of a soul. This is the great concern of all true philosophers; it should be the great concern of the race—and it will be in the future.

The question of true thankfulness is not a simple thing, is it? And yet, we meet people now and then who impress us as profoundly and splendidly simple in their living, as having the fulness of values in the smallest details of life. There are women who make an art of washing dishes—who dignify menial tasks until the meniality vanishes. It is doing over again the great thing that Emerson poetical-ly expresses in

"Heartily know  
When half-gods go  
The gods arrive."

But the fact that one woman can wash dishes and make a fine art of it, while in a way the solution of the whole question is not all of

it by any means—emphasis and elaboration may bring out others.

There are millions of women in the world who have not yet developed the capacity to do their work understandingly. This is not even debatable. You who read this can mention dozens about you to whom the tasks of the household are drudgery, who are broken in body and in mind because of their attitude toward that which they have been obliged to do to keep the wheels of the domestic juggernaut rolling. But labor is the solvent of so much of our woes, in occupation we may forget, where we should lose our reason if we sat still and brooded. It seldom is in the labor that we break down.

It is in our attitude toward our work that we suffer, and when our attitude is right that which is too hard for us will be lightened, else there is no good in wisdom at all. It must be a law that the soul has the power to mold its own surroundings, a law which we ignorantly violate in our personality daily and for which we suffer untold misery and degradation. To change the attitude, then, is one way to a right understanding of life, one way women can help each other, the great way which leads us into a condition of living which shall make true thankfulness possible.

How would you change the attitude of these millions of women who live in desolating poverty and wretchedness, those millions of men who work long hours at a starvation wage?

We can only attempt the fraction of an answer within the limits of this paper. Let us begin by stating the oft-repeated words that "Man is spirit." Follow this up with those wonderful words, "For the things seen are temporal; those unseen are eternal. 'Go over this

several times in your mind before you read further. Now, if this is true, does it not necessarily follow that the things seen are the medium the material with which we work, in which we must struggle, writhe, on which we rise? Are not the seen things the outward manifestation of the eternal? Though they pass away in the course of the years, are they not sacred, too, and if they are sacred to you, are they not sacred to all? \* \* \* Do you see what this involves? Is it not justice, opportunity, the destruction of that horrible poverty which weighs down the race? Can you make an art of living while your brothers suffer? Is not your responsibility two-fold? Can you grow in understanding and liberty of thought unless you also lift your light for those

who struggle just behind you in the path? If you do not lift your light high, your shadow will darken the already difficult road for someone else. You must hold it up; you must sound the great cry of rejoicing—yes, even though your own wounds bleed afresh—for only by living the whole of life as it comes to us daily can we increase our own powers, and so have strength to help others to increase theirs.

Nor are we ever superlatively thankful until we come to some slight degree of understanding of the greatness of life, its majesty of seeming sorrow, its rewards of endless endeavor, its divine compensations in momentary glimpses of the newer heights to which the race by slow degrees ascends.

## The Sale of the Daddy.

*By Ethel M. Connelly.*

Young Abbot banged the door of the best guest chamber of Cloudvill's best hotel so violently that the languid young man seated by the window started up with an air of irritation. He had been gazing pensively out at the bare hills that surrounded Cloudville on three sides, and thinking of the sights and sounds of far away London.

"My dear George," he began in a tone of protest.

But the other interrupted him savagely, "How will you like to spend another day in this beastly hole?"

"But my dear boy, you said—"

"Say Dick, if there's one form of address in the English language that is exasperating when a man's out of temper, it is 'my dear boy.' I know what I said, that I'd wind

up that Daddy mine business and we'd catch the noon train for civilization. But," he added sarcastically, "I've changed my mind. The beauties of Cloudville have so fascinated me that I have decided to stay another day."

"But my dear boy—"

"There you go again! I think I'll go down and read the hotel register. It will at least furnish a variety of names."

He had almost reached the door when a deep sigh reached his ears.

"I was thinking when you banged that door," a pensive voice complained, "of a morning canter in Hyde Park and—"

"Enough, enough," George groaned, turning and sinking into the best guest chamber's second best chair. "It's bad enough to have

to stay here without recalling all we're missing. What do you think I found when I reached that agent's office? A neat piece of paste-board tacked on the door, and on it written this legend:—"This office closed all day Thursday, Thanksgiving day." Now what under the sun is Thanksgiving day?"

"Oh, some absurd American institution I suppose. But say, can't we hunt the man up and get away?"

"I don't even know his name, and there are three other agents in the same office," groaned his friend. "What in the world could ever have induced father to get worked up over these western mines is more than I can imagine."

"I thought you were pretty worked up over that 'Czar' proposition yourself."

"So I am. We're going into that pretty deep. But this Daddy mine, —why you'd never get anything out of that but common dirt."

"Then you're not going to invest in it?"

"Well, I should say not. We haven't any money to give away to these Americans."

There was silence for a few moments, then Dick asked in a languid voice, "What is it any way, I wonder?"

"What's what?" returned George jabbing the point of his umbrella through a hole in the carpet.

"Why, Thanksgiving day. It seems to me I've read about it somewhere."

"Seems to me I have, too. I know the United States Ambassador always gives a dinner somewhere about this time for the Americans in London, but I'm blessed if I know what for. Probably to celebrate what they call the Boston Tea Party, for all I know."

He walked to the window and looked out on the street where two

mongrel curs were quarreling over a bone. Raising the window and leaning out he saw a small boy watching the fight with quiet interest. "Say, boy," he called after a moment. "Can you tell me what Thanksgiving day is?"

"Huh?" the boy queried, looking up and opening his mouth.

Abbot repeated his question.

"Thanksgiving," the boy repeated. "Say, where're you from? Why that's the day when you have Turkey, and pumkin pie, and cranberry sauce, and cake, and—" a whistle attracted his attention and he ran away up the street shouting to some invisible friend. "Say, Bob, there's a feller up to the hotel what don't know nothin' about Thanksgivin'. Musn't he be a green one?"

The landlord came up after a while to ask, if there was anything the gentlemen wanted and Abbot put his question again.

His red faced host looked him over critically. "Well, now, ain't that surprisin' and you English, too, sort of relations of ourn. We allus call you our cousins you know. Why it's this way," and he placed his right forefinger in the palm of his left hand as if about to propound a great argument. "It begun back in—well, now I never was no hand at rememberin' dates, if my son, Joe was here he could tell you all about it. He's quite a scholar, Joe is. But, anyhow, it was in the early days here in America. The settlers had had a pretty hard time of it I reckon, the first year or two, and when they gathered in the first good harvest the governor up and ordered a Thanksgiving day. It wasn't much of a crop either, as we count 'em these days, I guess. After that the people kinda got the habit, and we've been havin' turkey dinners ever since. The president writes a proclamation namin' the



## THE SALE OF THE DADDY.

day. 'Quite a piece of writin' too. I read it in the 'Mornin' Eagle' a week or so back. Well, if there ain't nothin' you want I'll be goin' and seein' how dinner's comin' along. Somethin' pretty good is in store for today."

"Well, I can't see much sense in their Thanksgiving day," Abbot broke out after the landlord's heavy footsteps had died away. "They say that the English cling to old customs, but I don't know as I ever heard of our ancestors feasting for two or three hundred years in honor of the first harvest. Say, let's get out into the air. If we sit here much longer we'll turn into fossils. Besides," he added, "we haven't visited the points of interest in this fair city yet."

"Might as well be walking as sitting, I suppose," Dick sighed resignedly and drew on his gloves with elaborate care.

They sauntered up the street till they came to the post office, a little wooden building where widow Harris took charge of the city's mail, and her crippled son Ben conducted a small trade in books, newspapers, magazines, stationery, and drugs. As the two entered the door, Ben, who was heaping letters into the mail bag, picked up his crutches and came forward.

"Anything I can do for you?" He asked with a half timid air.

"Why, yes, you can let us stay here and learn something about the mail business," George answered in his offhand, friendly way.

"I don't believe I can tell you much," the boy answered. "Mother is the post mistress, you see, but she's letting me finish here today because it's Thanksgiving and she's home cooking dinner. There won't be any more mail in today and I'm going to close as soon as I send this off."

"I suppose you like Thanksgiving day then, if you get a holiday," George remarked, just for something to say.

"Well, I guses I do like it. Not just because I get a holiday though."

"Because you get a good dinner too, I suppose."

"Well, yes, but not that alone either." The boy spoke slowly as if not knowing how to express his meaning.

"I suppose you're a loyal little chap, and like it just because it's in honor of the plucky fellows who settled your country."

"Well, you see it isn't exactly in honor of them. They just started it," the boy returned, wonder at the man's ignorance in his eyes. "Thanksgiving day is just for yourself, a day when you can remember how much you've got to be thankful for; and say," he looked up shyly, "there is a good deal isn't there?"

Abbot, who was feeling in anything but a thankful spirit, muttered that he supposed there might be some people who had cause for thankfulness.

"Why, everybody has," the boy answered eagerly, forgetting his timidity.

"Everybody?" George's eyes rested unconsciously on the crutches leaning against the wall.

The boy flushed, but went on bravely. "Yes, everybody. Take me—why some people pity me because I'm lame, but there's Jed Taylor—he's blind, and hasn't ever seen what a beautiful world this is. And old Aunt Jane is deaf, and has never in all her life heard a bird sing. Why, I'm better off than them. And then—say, I'm going to tell you a secret. When father died he was pretty poor. All he left was the little house, (and that had a mort-

gage on it), and the Daddy mine way up in the hills. It's a good mine, father always said so, but we didn't have no money to work it, so mother had to take this job. But Mr. Nelson, he's an agent, has been trying to sell it, and he told me yesterday that some men had gone up to look at it and he thought they'd buy. Now, isn't that enough to make anybody thankful? Why, with the money we could pay off the mortgage and then have enough left so mother wouldn't have to work any more."

There was an awkward pause. Neither man knew exactly what to say, and Ben closed the bags in silence. At last he looked up timidly again. "You don't know anybody who hasn't anywhere to go for dinner do you?" he asked. "Mother says you aren't really thankful unless you share what you've got with someone. We couldn't afford a turkey, but we've got chicken, and there's lots more than mother and I need."

Dick had sat silent during the somewhat onesided conversation. Now he addressed his friends in his

usual slow drawling tone. "That's not a bad idea, this little chap's notion of the meaning of this day. Some of these American institutions aren't so bad after all."

But George answered with apparent irrelevancy, "I wouldn't advise father to invest money in that proposition of which we were speaking, but I have a few thousand myself, and I really don't need it all." Then he turned to Ben with his most persuasive smile. "My friend and I are thousands of miles from home, and somehow your talk has made us rather homesick. Do you think there would be enough chicken at your house for us?"

"You gentlemen!" Ben looked at them a moment incredulously. Then he said with hearty welcome, "Well, I just guess yes."

As the two men waited for Ben to put the mail on the eleven thirty train Dick laid his hand on his friend's arm. "You won't be selfish George, I know," he said earnestly. "I want to be really thankful too, to-day, and—you'll let me buy half of that Daddy mine, I know."



# The Chrysanthemums.

Touched by a wan light from the autumn sun,  
The massed chrysanthemums droop by the path;  
Calm, gentle blossoms that mad passion shun,  
Their lives begin now others ended hath.



O, they are symbols of these days and nights,  
And may the vernal blisses never know;  
Theirs this dark month all empty of delights,  
To see the garden aged and faded grow!

In harmony they come with this dim morn,  
When wrapt in chilly mist all nature grieves,  
Delivers to the year her latest born,  
Nipt by the hoar-frost, hid by drifting leaves.

Alfred Lambourne

# Professor Siegel's Thanksgiving.

*By Elsie C. Carroll.*

There was a gentle rap at the door. The man sitting at the table with his head bowed upon his hands arose and groped his way across the room. His eyes were covered with a bandage and he fumbled a little before he found the door knob.

"Good afternoon, Professor Siegel," said the cheery voice of a little maid. "Mamma wanted you to taste our Thanksgiving turkey and pumpkin pie. I'll set it on the table for you," glancing at the man's bandaged forehead.

"Thank you, Alice," said the professor. The girl bade him good bye and left the room. When the door was closed and the child's footsteps had died away the man slowly undid the bandage. He winced with pain as the light struck his eyes. The steaming tray sent forth an appetizing odor, but the man sat down at the end of the table farthest from the food.

"Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving, indeed," he muttered, and a hard, bitter smile crossed his face. It was not a hard face. It showed both strength and tenderness, and something of the owner's gifted temperament could be read in every line. But just now it was marked with lingering pain and the vanishing hope of an ambitious soul.

"Thanksgiving," again he muttered. This time the smile was gone, but still its coldness and bitterness remained. He glanced about the room with a painful effort. In one corner was a pile of music. On a desk near by were scattered sheets of unfinished compositions, pens, ink, and blank paper. A number of musical instruments were scattered about. On the wall hung two por-

traits, one of a middle aged woman, one of a slender young girl. Besides these things there were only a few bare necessities.

Presently the man arose and walked slowly from one musical instrument to another. He let his fingers linger lovingly over the keys or strings. Then he passed to the stack of music and the desk. He stood looking at it as a mother might look upon a dead child for the last time before it should be buried forever from her sight. Indeed, it was the child of his heart and brain, all but buried away. The dumb anguish in his face finally broke and tears rushed from the burning eyes. He sat down at the desk and leaned his head upon it and let the pent up struggle in his heart find relief in heavy sobs. At last he arose and walked to the two pictures. As he looked at the older one his face lost all its commingled expressions save tenderness and love. His features softened. Finally he turned to the picture of the girl, but his contemplation was interrupted by a knock at the door. He turned hesitatingly as if undecided whether to answer the rap or not. Without waiting for an invitation the door was opened.

"It's only Ben, Professor," said a young man as he walked into the room. He stopped short before he had taken many steps.

"Professor Siegel!" he exclaimed with much concern. "Your eyes unbandaged? Man, what are you thinking of? What would Doctor Lenoard say?"

"Tush!" answered the older man, waving his hand impatiently. "All



that he or any of you could ever say can make no difference in the case, so what's the use of following these needless cautions. I know it is only a matter of a few days, weeks at most, that I can see the things about me which I have learned to love. Then, then all will be black, black as death. If it were only death, Ben, I shouldn't mind. I have hopes of another life then with Mary. But this living death. To live on and on a hopeless, helpless, miserable wretch with no one to love or to love me. That's what brings the torture." Professor Siegel was pacing the floor.

"But, professor, are you sure? Have the doctors given up all hope?"

"Practically, yes. Lenoard told me this morning he could do nothing more. He promised to confer with Doctor Harker of Q. who has a similar case under treatment, but that meant only another straw for me to clutch at." The man's voice was bitter and his lips were set hard as he continued walking up and down the room.

"Don't give up, professor. There is surely some hope, and even if it came to the worst you still have much to live for. Think of your friends and of Dora." The young man would have given much to be able to offer some consolation to his afflicted friend.

"Dora," said the man slowly. "Ah, Ben, if I could only have Dora with me today, the innocent, loving child she was when I let her go, or rather sent her away from me, it would take away half this bitter trial, but I have sacrificed her as well as myself to ambition. Don't reproach me, Ben, now that I see my mistake. I know well that you have suffered too. You loved Dora and she loved you. You might have been happy in a comfortable home

where I could have been cheered in these gloomy days by the prattle of children's voices—children, my grandchildren, mine and Mary's. O, Ben, I've seen that picture over and over during the weary days and sleepless nights of the last month. I see that and one other. It is Mary looking reproachfully at me and pointing to our baby away off there alone in a distant land among strangers of whom we know nothing. I don't like that picture, Ben. It glares and burns before my mind until I feel that I shall go mad." The professor stopped a moment for breath. His companion could not think of the proper word to speak so remained silent.

"I've failed in life's mission. I let my thirst for fame swallow up even the sacred duties of fatherhood. It seemed there was nothing in the world but music. I wanted to compose and be known as a master. I was still further blinded by the success some of my first efforts brought; and then when I discovered that Dora had a voice every thing else in the world vanished. I loved her and was willing to sacrifice part of my own ambition to place her before the world. You know how I have worked at that which brought the most money, even if not to my taste to give my child the best advantages. Yes, I loved her, but I must admit now that it was a selfish love. To see her, my child, applauded by the multitude was the one object. It has in a way been reached. Dora has made her place. But I never thought of the other side until after that day a month ago, when I learned the terrible fact that my sight would soon be gone. I didn't know that there was another side. But I know it now. I know that there are things in the world worth more than all that ambition and

fame can ever give. They are simple love and peace of soul and mind and body."

Again the wretched father stopped exhausted. In a few seconds he continued more in reverie than speaking to his companion.

"Yes, Dora has found her place, but who knows what she has lost? Is she happy? Is she sweet and pure as her mother bade me keep her? Ah, there is the picture again, Mary pointing with that accusing pain in her eyes." The man's hands were clenched and his face was wild and haggard. Ben Brookston looked at him in alarm.

"Don't, professor. Come and sit down. You are weak and tired. Dora is all right and I am sure she will come home when she learns of your affliction."

"I've tried to think so, but I've no right to. I taught her the same selfish ambition which possessed me. I can't expect her to give up a glorious career for my broken hopes. If I only knew she was good and happy. If I only knew that she loved me." The despondent parent buried his face in his hands.

"Of course Dora loves you. Nothing could ever change such a nature as hers."

"I haven't heard from her since I told her my eyes were troubling me and the checks would have to stop for a while. That was six weeks ago. Do you think she can really love me, Ben, in spite of the injustice I have done her. The man seemed suddenly weak and childish. He held out his hands as if appealing for some mite of comfort.

"I know she loves you and always will," assured the younger man. "Come and let me bandage your eyes. You are sick and tired. Lie here and rest." He led the man to the bed in the corner of the room.

"When did you have anything to eat?" he demanded, looking down at the pinched troubled features before him.

"Sometime yesterday or the day before. I don't think much about eating these days. Mrs. Merton sent some Thanksgiving dinner, but I forgot to eat it. Thanksgiving for me! It used to be a happy day, though, Ben, didn't it? You know it's Dora's birthday, too. You remember the celebrations we used to have before Mary died, don't you, Ben?"

"As if I could ever forget one of them," the young man answered as he busied himself rekindling the fire in the little stove.

The sick man grew calm after a few minutes and Ben kept calling up pleasant incidents of the past until, by the time the tray of food had been warmed and a few other things set on the table, he had lost the bitter despondency of a few hours before.

The afternoon had slipped by and dusk was settling as Ben announced that dinner was served and started to assist his friend to the table. He stopped at the sound of a step outside. In an instant the door opened and a woman stood on the threshold.

Professor Siegel was sitting on the edge of the bed. He removed the bandage from his eyes at the same instant the stranger lifted her veil. There was a rush and a mingled cry of, "father," and "Dora," and then the two were sobbing in each other's arms. A few seconds later Ben Brookston held the little white hand in each of his big brown ones and as he looked into the blue eyes raised to his he read something which set his heart to singing a sweeter song than poet ever penned.

It took a long time to tell all there was to tell and the Thanksgiving

dinner had to be warmed again. This time it was by Dora's hands and she produced a number of dainties from one of the suit cases she had brought. "And here is my birthday cake," she exclaimed, holding it up. "You see, as soon as I got father's letter I decided to get home for Thanksgiving. I left Leipsic just as soon as I could break all engagements and settle up affairs. I would have been here three days ago if it hadn't been for that miserable railroad accident. But you know, 'there's a silvery lining to every cloud.' This time the silvery lining was the discovery of the most accommodating little housewife away out there at that little prairie station who let me make a cake just like mother used to make."

"Oh, it does seem so good to be home," the girl said later. "To leave all that life behind and just be my simple self for those I love. Daddy, there is nothing in the world like home and peace and love. I shall just stay here and care for you and love you always now." She stooped to stroke her father's brow.

"And where do I come in?" asked Ben, who was standing near. She turned to him with her girlish smile. "There's no place for you to come in. Because," she added seriously, you have *always* been *here*," and she placed her hand upon her heart. She

walked to his side and took one of his hands in both of hers. "Ben, I want to tell you that you have been the bright star that has guided me past every temptation. I knew that you loved and trusted me and if I wished to always measure up with your big, noble manhood I must keep the sweet girlish purity and simplicity with which I left you."

The father sighed gently. "Ben, she's giving you the reward which was my right to win. I failed. You won it justly."

There was one more happy surprise to come. On answering a hurried knock at the door, Ben was handed a telegram which proved to be from Doctor Lenoard. It ran:

"Dear Siegel:

"Harker's case successful, you are safe. See you tomorrow.

"LENOARD."

As Ben read the words the professor trembled with emotion. Dora looked bewildered. "I don't understand," she said, "Did they think you could never be cured?"

"Yes, I had given up my sight," answered the father agitatedly, "and what was more terrible, I had almost given up my little girl, but now I have them both. God is good. This is a Thanksgiving day, indeed," and again the man bowed his head and wept, but this time in gratitude and joy.

Difficulties when squarely met teach self-control.  
The faculties arouse, give strength unto the soul;  
Are giants in our path, armed to try our steel.  
The test is brave endurance whether in woe or weal;  
And he shall be counted winner who with cool, determined zest  
Notwithstanding the might of the giants--battles his level best.

Ruth M. Fox.

# Some Interesting Correspondence.

It is always good to have friends. In the recent attacks on the Latter-day Saints there has been a great deal of hatred shown, and a religious prejudice that is so hard to eradicate when once it gets hold of a community. We are still living in the Middle Ages when it comes to religious interpretation; there are still people who would burn their neighbors at the stake, because of religious bigotry. We are far from the goal when men will tolerate each other in the broad and free sense of the term. Religious liberty is a dream of the idealist, but a dream that will be realized with the gathering intelligence of the future years. In fact the new day has come already, and though it is yet but the dawn, the full day of justice and love and tolerance is sure to be in the hearts of men.

The recent scandalous attacks on the Mormon Church by the press of the United States and Germany have brought out the fact that the Saints have friends the world over. Letters have been received from all parts of our country as well as Europe, expressing sympathy and a kindly spirit towards the people of this State, and particularly the Mormons. Many of these letters have been received at the Bureau of Information on the Temple Block, and through the kindness of Elder Benjamin Goddard, the *Journal* is permitted to print two of them, and an answer that was sent by Elder Goddard to one of the correspondents in reply. They certainly make interesting reading, and show one phase of the work that is being so well done by the Bureau of Information.

"LEICESTER, ENGLAND,

"Sept. 1, 1910.

"*The Secretary,*

"*Bureau of Information,*

"*Salt Lake City, Utah,*

"MY DEAR SIR: I write to ex-

press my thanks for the great pleasure I derived from a visit to your beautiful city and state, and for the uniform courtesy and kindness I received from all the people with whom I came in contact.

"I congratulate you in the wonderful work you have accomplished; in the fact that you are such tireless and cheerful workers.

"I was greatly struck by the beauty and dignity of the organ recital I had the pleasure of attending. Music of such infinite tenderness and charm is seldom heard anywhere—even in the great capitals of the world.

"All of which, to my mind, points to the high ideals which must animate your people.

"I have the honor to remain, sir,  
"Faithfully yours."

"LEIPSIG, Aug. 26th, 1910.

"*To the Bureau of Information,*

"*Salt Lake City, Utah,*

"DEAR SIR: I read in a local newspaper that some of your missionaries have been asked by the government to leave this country. No reasons were given—however I know that your agents are much disliked by the Germans because this people are ignorant and prejudiced and because there is a general belief that your agents come here to 'kidnap girls for your harems.' It is a shame, but such is the people's belief! I am sorry that I must accuse my own people of such ignorance and prejudice, the more as I had the opportunity in June to see Salt Lake City and to study your institutions there. I came there full of foolish ideas about you and your customs and I left Utah full of respect for the Mormons and for your creed. That's why I am desirous now to help you in correcting the misrepresentations and falsifications which rule here the mind of my people. I will not do any-



thing, however, without your consent and advice. Please let me know how I can assist you best. If you want any articles published, send them to me. I will translate them and have them printed in our best magazines and newspapers.

"I would thank you for good literature about 'Mormonism' in case you wish me to write articles myself. First of all I would try to interest the editor of our best weekly to take up your affair and to ask the government what reasons there are for the suppression of your missionary work, etc., etc., and thereby a general interest would arise amongst the learned classes for your sake.

"I hope that my proposal will be of interest for you, else consider it to be the expression of a heart that cannot forget your words: 'Let facts be submitted' not to a 'candid,' but to an 'ignorant' world.

"I am, dear sir,

"Yours sincerely."

To the above letter, the following reply was sent:

"L. D. S. BUREAU OF INFORMATION,  
"SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

"Sept. 20, 1910.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your esteemed favor of the 23rd ult. came duly to hand and the contents thereof fully noted. We are very glad that you wrote us as you did, and with gratitude acknowledge the kind sentiments expressed by you.

"We are sending you, with this letter, a package of literature and photographs which we hope will be of benefit to you. In view of the conditions prevailing in your country as referred to in your letter, we feel that articles in our favor, portraying the true conditions would aid in removing prejudice and would be much appreciated by us.

"And yet we are catering to no publicity, but only to have all things

in our power done to have the children of God come to a knowledge of the truth of Jesus Christ. Mormonism stands before the world as a religion to be studied and carefully investigated before being judged. Its message is not for any chosen few, but for the world at large, as it recognizes the children of God collectively, and each one of these children must be brought in contact with the laws and principles that will insure him the highest safeguard for his salvation.

"'Mormonism' has for its guiding principle that God still lives and reveals Himself from time to time through prophets, seers, and revelators. It is the doctrine of the Old and New Testaments revived and vitalized by the very fact that every Mormon has a testimony, down deep in his soul, that God revealed Himself to Joseph Smith, who became the instrument in restoring the Gospel of Jesus Christ in this day and age of the world's history.

"In our claim for Revelation we assert that it is the right of every man to know for himself whether or not God lives, and has spoken again from the heavens. We have simply borne our message to the world since the year 1830, when the Church of Jesus Christ was organized in the State of New York.

"We have come out in the open, not to make any fight on any creed, society, or organization; but to give our humble testimony to the truth of the work and to declare that through repentance, baptism, and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost by one who has the divine right from God, a man may be put in the condition of redeeming his soul, and attaining salvation and glory in the World to come. Our Articles of Faith we enclose in this letter. They are our principles and have constituted

the message of our missionaries to the world. We hold that man becomes, in a sense, his own savior. He works out his own destiny, and while Christ has shown the way, and given man the "truth, the way, and the light," yet man must live a life of absolute morality, and sanctify every word of prayer that he utters, by good, honest, faithful work each day.

"'Mormonism' becomes every hour a greater religion in that its members receive only that Light and Power from God as they work and pray and sanctify their lives for it. It teaches the law of 'eternal progress.' *'No man can be saved in ignorance'* is a principle laid down by the Prophet Joseph Smith, and this came as a direct revelation from God.

"Can you, my dear sir, cite anything in the history of religion that is broader and more scientific than the following sentences taken from the revelations of the Lord to Joseph Smith?

"'And again, verily I say unto you, that which is governed by law is also preserved by law, and perfected and sanctified by the same.

"'That which breaketh a law, and abideth not by law, but seeketh to become a law unto itself, and willeth to abide in sin, and altogether abideth in sin, cannot be sanctified by law, neither by mercy, justice, nor judgment. Therefore they must remain filthy still.

"'All kingdoms have a law given; and there are many kingdoms for there is no space in the which there is no kingdom; and there is no kingdom in which there is no space, either a greater or lesser kingdom.

"'And unto every kingdom is a law given; and unto every law there are certain bounds also and conditions.

"'And beings who abide not in those conditions are not justified.

"'For intelligence cleaveth unto intelligence; wisdom receiveth wisdom; truth embraceth truth; virtue loveth virtue; light cleaveth unto light; mercy hath compassion on mercy and claim-

eth her own; justice continueth its course, and claimeth its own; judgment goeth before the face of him who sitteth upon the throne, and governeth and executeth all things.

"'He comprehendeth all things, and all things are around about him; and all things are before him, and all things are around about him; and things, and is through all things, and is around all things; and all things are by him, even God, for ever and ever.

"'And again, verily I say unto you, he hath given a law unto all things by which they move in their times and in their seasons;

"'And their courses are fixed; even the course of the heavens and the earth, which comprehend the earth and the planets;

"'And they give light to each other in their times and in their seasons, in their minutes, in their hours, in their days, in their months, in their years; all these are one year with God but not with man.'

"From the above quotations you will find that Joseph Smith was not only a lawgiver in religion, but he understood the laws of nature and the principles of the advanced science of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. He contributed a distinct thought to civilization, in that no man ever harmonized religion and science as did he. In other words, he showed more plainly than any one else that there is no difference or conflict between science and religion, but Truth embraceth everything, whether it is put under the arbitrary head of ethics, philosophy, science, or religion.

"The Mormon Church has given the world a new idea as to how to make the social condition of man better, and with the social condition the ethical, economic, and intellectual. It is for this reason a practical religion. It takes hold of the man of today, and helps him to a higher realization of his higher self, and causes him to become a re-

specter of the divinity of his own soul.

"We trust that with the literature we send and with these few words in this letter, a better understanding may be had of us and our motives in life.

"We can only ask you to judge us as you found us, and to remember that in our daily lives, 'Mormonism' has worked out for good. There are no 'Mormons' in our jails, and among us, there is less immorality than among any other people of the world. Every 'Mormon' is taught to work and to regard idleness as a sin. He is encouraged to love and not to hate. He is admonished to live a chaste and virtuous life as an absolute prerequisite to the enjoyment of the blessings of his religion; in fact no organization sets a higher value on virtue than does the 'Mormon' Church, nor visits a surer retribution upon vice and immorality. Every 'Mormon' is encouraged to have absolute faith in God, and is made to know that his soul is as sacred in the sight of God as any other human soul that was ever on the earth.' (Apostle Smoot.)

"Mormons are taught that the land is sacred and that by tilling it they are helping to redeem God's earth because they are becoming producers as well as consumers; but all their producing and all their consuming are only secondary to a knowledge of what is right and living up to what is best.

"In Utah today, and I suppose that I am safe in saying that two-thirds of the people are 'Mormons,' there are some of the best schools, some of the best literary associations in the world. In every ward, and every 'Mormon' is a member of some ward, there is not only a Sabbath School, but there are Mutual Improvement Associations and Primary Associations, which are for

the express purpose of giving the young and the youth a scholastic as well as a religious training. Every Monday evening throughout the State of Utah, the men meet in assembly in their respective wards for the purpose of study, and in one ward that I recall to mind now, you will find in the library not only the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants, and other works on religion, but you will find the Life of Christ, by Frederick Strauss and Ernest Renan. You will find the Lectures of Jesus Christ, by Dr. Pfliederer of the University of Berlin, James' Varieties of Religious experiences; Taylor's Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages; Darwin's Origin of Species and Descent of Man, and all other great works on religion and science, including Dr. Arnold Harnak's History of Dogma. I think you will readily see that 'Mormonism' fears nothing. It aims at the truth, and though 'Mormons' may differ and understand differently certain principles enunciated by Darwin, Spencer, Hume, or Voltaire, or Gibbons, yet they hold these men to be great intellects, and they have no fear whatever of reading their books.

"I append a list of books and pamphlets sent you under separate cover and noted particular pages that may interest you. We shall greatly appreciate every effort you may put forth to correct the misrepresentations that evidently exist in your country and shall be grateful for copies of the papers or magazines in which your articles appear.

"We hope to hear from you again, and pray God to bless you in the defense of what is right. Thanking you again for your kindly interest, I remain,

"Yours very respectfully."

# The Huskin' Bee.

*By Lon J. Haddock.*

There was Mame, Mirandy, Nell, an' Sue,  
Daniel, Jerry, Ted, an' Lou,  
Martha, Samantha, Poll, an' Bess,  
Ike, an' Roger, an'—O, yes,  
The Perkins boys, an' ol' Pap Glore  
That kept the village notions store;  
An' Betty Brown, an' Parson Gray,  
Postmaster Hale, an' Miriam Day,  
The Morgans, Rogers, Smiths, an' Grimes.  
My, what a crowd for havin' times!

All afternoon they thronged the road;  
Buggy an' saddle-horse brought their load—  
Dappel an' Pinto, Sorrel an' Bay,  
Four-wheeled surrey an' one-horse shay!  
Into the yard with laughter and shout,  
Where strong arms waited to help 'em out.  
With little side plays now an' then,  
As when Browns' dare-devil Ben  
Tried fer a kiss as he took the reins  
From Hester Grant, an' got boxed for his pains

Out by the barn the corn wuz stacked  
That all forenoon the boys had packed;  
An', almost covered up from view,  
The cider casks played peek-a-boo.  
Inside the barn floor cleared complete  
Save here an' there a rustic seat  
Provided fer the older few  
Whose huskin' days were almost through,  
The lanterns flickering merrily  
Told where the evenin's sport would be.

The autumn moon a-shinin' bright  
Now floods the whole wide world with light,  
An' spreading o'er the vaulted screen  
The stars add glory to the scene.  
As in a circle on the floor  
Each one provided with a store  
Of rustling shocks, the huskers sit  
An' deft hands ply while sparkling wit  
An' merry jest, an' bantering flings  
Speed off the time on flying wings.



Soon the unsheathed corn appears  
A mounting pile of golden ears,  
An' eagerness is at the full  
To try out next the "Candy Pull."  
Into the house they now repair  
While shouts and laughter rend the air,  
As from the hook in dainty snips  
The scorching sweets the hostess clips,  
Then flings it from her random-wise,  
An' bids them scramble for the prize.

And later from beside the stair  
The fiddle sounds upon the air.  
Then, fearing lest he be too late,  
Each swain seeks wildly for his mate,  
An' laughing, chattering, off they go,  
To allemande left, an' dos a dos;  
Or turning nimbly at the call  
Of "forward four" an' "circle all."  
Thus speeds the time till Chanticleer  
Gives warning that the dawn is near.

Then to the fore the rigs are led,  
The cheery last "good byes" are said,  
And in the mist of coming day  
Like Bedouins they steal away;  
Save for a snatch of broken song  
That floats back as they swing along,  
Or fainter crunching of the wheels,  
Until at length wrapt silence steals  
O'er farm and field, o'er vale and steep,  
And all the world is hushed in sleep.

Farewell, O festive huskin' bee,  
Rare time of wholesome revelry!  
When buxom dames and sturdy men  
Became as children once again,  
Nor thought of pride to intervene,  
Nor vain display to mar the scene.  
But meeting on a common plane  
Each heart responding to the strain  
Of mutual love, they felt the glow,  
That only honest hearts can know.

# Mutual Improvement Work.

By Florence R. Hill.

An editorial in a paper read before the San Francisco Mutual Improvement Association. Since receiving this article Mrs. Hill has been made president of the first Young Ladies' Mutual to be organized in that city, the two associations having been conjoint before.

The name implies the purpose—mutual effort—that you may help me, and I help you.

In Dresden, there is, among the royal jewels of the house of Saxony, a marvelous silver egg. A spring is touched, the egg opens, and reveals a golden yolk; another spring is touched and a jeweled chick is brought to view; another spring is touched, and the crown of Saxony in miniature appears. A last spring is touched and the ring of royal authority is disclosed."

When we gather together in Mutual, we see the silver egg; the truths we hear touch the spring that reveals the golden yolk; our application of those truths, that knowledge that has become ours, reveals the jeweled chick—the precious result of effort. This knowledge, observed and practiced, causing us to overcome ignorance and evil, presses the spring that causes the crown to appear—the reward and satisfaction that come from work well done, opportunities grasped, and failures conquered. And last of all is revealed the seal of our Father's approval—He who has bidden us to lay up those treasures that will avail us in heaven, for "the glory of God is intelligence" and we cannot be saved in ignorance. It is difficult, almost impossible, to do good work when our meetings are *all* con-

joint. Oftimes the aim and purpose of the organization is thus lost.

While it is said that the mutual age is fourteen to ninety-nine, it is only truthful to add that the mutual is essentially for the young people. It is their meeting. The spirit of the work is aimed at the youth; but the cooler judgment of fathers and mothers is necessary in the meetings to counsel and assist. However, this fact must not be overlooked—it is the meeting the boys and girls should term "ours."

The lesson work, while instructive, is not alone for the facts taught, but rather that we may become familiar with great truths and thus gain a testimony for ourselves of the Gospel we profess—a testimony that will be a strength and protection. We cannot draw together close enough for this inner communication of spirit, unless we can meet in separate classes and talk each to the other, instead of one talking *at* the others. Aside from the lessons, there is an important task devolving upon officers and teachers, of instructing the young people to understand themselves, to realize the evils that surround them, and of directing them along lines of honor, virtue, and integrity.

The upright people of the world, today, are aghast at the immoral conditions existing. Thinkers are indicating the danger points, and a great effort is being made from pulpits and through the columns of magazines, to warn parents to guard the youth. This evil is like the octopus, Victor Hugo has so thrillingly described in his "Toilers of the

Sea." Its repulsive body is surrounded by long tentacles, or arms, that reach out in every direction, and are powerful enough to coil about a man or animal. This evil of immorality is reaching out its giant, ugly arms everywhere, to gather to itself the young, the innocent, the unsuspecting. Its enfold-ing arms are the cheap dance halls, the common theatres, the light literature, and the freedom with which the young run the streets—all unchaperoned by mother, or unguarded by father. Nowadays tots of three have their "beaus" and have been taught, oftentimes, more evil than parents conceive of. It is with the desire of destroying this evil that is creeping into the sacred precincts of Zion itself, that the Mutual Improvement Association Boards have set to work in earnest. The slogan of the last June conference was cleanliness of heart, thought, deed because "cleanliness, courage, and industry characterize a successful life." In our Young Men's gatherings our boys will be taught the qualities that make the man and the real gentleman, they will be taught "to protect by all that is manly within them" the girls with whom they associate. The girls will be shown the beauty of womanly dignity. Their part in the great scheme of life will be made manifest and the glory of their young womanhood made plain.

This gives you a brief idea of the deep movement in the Mutual work for the coming year. You mothers, you fathers, are you not interested?

This is the prevailing spirit of the Mutual. It is hoped that the interesting lesson work, the debates, and the story telling contests planned, may hold the interest of our young people, develop them intellectually, entertain them socially, protect them morally, help them spiritually, and round them into the Latter-day Saints that are honored and useful.

We can all help one another if we will only make the effort. The story is told of a gentleman traveling on a ship, who was very sea-sick. One night the awful cry "Man overboard!" was heard and all who could, rushed to help. The gentleman in his cabin was too ill to go on deck, but he crawled to the port-hole and held a bull's-eye lantern there. The man was finally rescued and when he was able to talk, he said that he was sinking for the third time, when he saw a light gleaming through a porthole and by its light he saw a hand which he gripped, and so he was saved.

Another year's work is commencing. Can we not every one strive to get the spirit of Mutual, the spirit that means help one another. We all have the possibilities of doing good within us—talents of one kind and another. Let us use them for the upbuilding of our association, let them gleam as the lantern in the porthole and though you may never know it, some brother or sister struggling alone, may see the glow of your effort and by its light find the outstretched hand of the Master eager to save.

**What a rich world this is to the thoughtful, thankful man! What a harvest of beautiful scenes and sweet sounds are his to garner!**

# “I’ll Give Thee a Wind.”

—*Macbeth.*

By *Kate Thomas.*

## I.

*Wail! Wail!*

O November Wind!

Why dost thou sorrow so?  
Hearest thou the coming slushy step  
Of winter’s Snow?

For the wind it mourneth ceaselessly:

*Woe! Woe!*

*Gone is the summer’s scent the summer’s glow  
Mortals must shiver  
Under winter’s snow.*

*Whooh! Whooh!*

O November Wind!

Callest thou to the tomb?  
I lie affrighted  
At ghosts that come.

For ghosts pass by all silently,

*Whooh! Whooh!*

Deathly the living dark, no sound breaks through;  
But moving chillness to the weird wind’s *Whooh.*

*Wail! Wail!*

O November Wind!

Ghosts in the naked trees,  
Ghosts in the gloomy, tearless skies,  
Ghosts in my chamber frieze,

The wind, it crieth ceaselessly:

*Woe! Woe!*

Why in the world so fair we late did know,  
Naught, but still ghosts do endless come and go?

## II.

Somebody groaned!

Murder’s been done!

’Twas a snaky knife in the darkness  
That plunged its way to a heart,  
True as Manhood could make it.

O Pity!

That foul things can slay!



*Whish! Whish!*

Who shrieked?  
She who is left.  
She holds his head on her bosom,  
His blood makes her red.  
She kisses his lips, and bemoans,  
While the murderer flees.

*Whish! Whish!*

Judgment is come at last.  
Houses and thrones are tottering.  
High though they be,  
They shall go down in a heap  
'Neath the sweeping arm of the Wind.

*Wail! Wail!*

Who is lost?  
Somebody chasing a Will-o'-the-Wisp  
Is drowned in the swamp.

*Wail! Wail!*

A good boat on the sea  
Has gone down. The corpses  
Are scarce washed ashore.

*Waie! Waie!*

'Tis an old man bent  
'Neath a weight of dead hopes.

*Waie! Waie!*

'Tis a dead babe  
Sobbing o'er one never born.

*Wail! Wail!*

'Tis a famished hag.  
Her bones push at her skin,  
While the rich man feasts.

*Whoah! Whoah!*

'Tis the cannon's rage.  
Are men so common  
To be cut like weeds?

*Swish! Swish!*

The witches scream.  
Coming evils  
Go by on brooms.

### III.

*Woe! Woe!*

O November Wind!  
When will thy cry be done?  
O for the distant cock's faint cry,  
And the glint of the morrow's Sun!

# A Tribute to Bathsheba W. Smith.

*By Julia P. M. Farnsworth.*

She was a native daughter of "Old Virginia," the state that produced Washington, our first president, Richard Henry Lee, or as his soldiers lovingly called him, "Light Horse Harry," one of the most gallant generals of the Revolution; John Marshall, first chief justice; Thomas Jefferson, the drafter of the Declaration of Independence, James Madison and James Monroe, our fourth and fifth presidents; Patrick Henry, the brilliant orator of the South, and many other noted men and women, who have figured so largely in the development, colonization, and advancement of America, and in making our country the greatest on earth.

We believe our wise Creator understood perfectly the need of selecting the men and women to bring forth on the continent of the New World for the great latter-day work. No weaklings, no inferior people, no one but strong, honest, intellectual, virtuous, brave men and women could have introduced and maintained it. Of this type were our ancestors, the fathers and mothers of our Utah Pioneers. Many were among the first settlers of the "thirteen colonies," as were those of Aunt Bathsheba; on one line hers came from Holland and on the other from England.

It is many years since I first met and loved Sister Smith—who ever knew her intimately and failed to love her? She was very hospitable, and was at all times an optimist, possessing a genial, cheerful, hopeful nature, which never failed in its good influence. Her personality always impressed one agreeably. Much has been written and said of her great spirituality. I am sure she possessed this to a large degree, and she ever sought companionship that would strengthen and

advance this attribute. She appreciated her association with our revered Prophet and his family in early times, as the wife of his cousin, Brother George A. Smith, she was often at the "Mansion House" with Sister Emma, Eliza R. Snow, Zina D. H. Young, and other eminent people.

I have heard her say she was privileged to have read to her the first manuscript of the famous poem, "O my Father," by Sister E. R. Snow. In referring to it she has on a number of occasions minutely described the room in which the poet wrote, even to the furniture therein.

Sister Smith was at the home of Apostle David Patten when he was brought there mortally wounded from the Battle of Crooked River. She helped and comforted his wife in her great bereavement. There are many other things she has told us which testify of her close intimacy and the confidence those good men and women reposed in her.

She was the last one of the original eighteen members who composed the Relief Society in Nauvoo, organized by the Prophet in 1842, sixty-eight years ago the 17th of March. She has been president of the General Board and all the Relief Societies throughout the world, nine years next November. We have been in close touch and sincere comradeship during this period and a strong bond of affection has developed.

My first memory of dear Aunt Bathsheba goes back forty-five years. She was then a tall, stately woman, with an abundance of beautiful brown hair, dark eyes, smooth fair complexion, and was traveling in the company of her husband in President Young's party from this

city to St. George. They staid at my father's home in Beaver. At that time I noted her superiority, her dignity of carriage, yet, with all that, she was easy to approach, lovable in manner, for she ever gave a sweet smile and a word of encouragement to little children and young people, also care and tenderness to the sick or aged. She was artistic in temperament, loved the beautiful, appreciated refinement, and always dressed in good taste.

Sister Smith's whole long life work was one that needed decision. As a girl of fifteen, she showed strength, courage, and independence of character.

Aunt Bathsheba was ever a modest, humble woman in the fullest sense, and as Brother J. E. Taylor

said at her funeral, "There were no shadows, no dark spots in her long eighty-eight years of life," nothing that would reflect aught but credit and goodness of character. There were no pages to hold back or keep locked—her life was as an open book.

As wife she was indeed a help-mate, a true companion. As a mother she was earnest, sincere, and devoted, not only to her own, but to her husband's families. As a friend she was constant and genuine. As our president she was capable, just, and considerate. As a Latter-day Saint she was humble, faithful, steadfast and untiring in doing good to others.

The world has given us heroes and heroines in all ages, but none that will shine with purer lustre



BATHSHEBA W. SMITH.

than women like our late president. Her labors have ever been devoted to the uplifting of God's children, and to the saving of souls.

She tasted deep of the cup of sorrow in having her son cruelly murdered, while on a mission, by the Navajo Indians. His body was never returned to her. Her husband was called by death a number of years later. She met trials in almost every form, as all the Pioneer women have done. She suffered privation and poverty, yet she was able to rise above trouble and give aid and comfort to others.

To have known and associated with one like our beloved leader was to have been greatly blessed. All through her administration she was punctual and never absent from her meetings. She taught us les-

sons of humility and goodness every day. She was honest, patient, generous, and loyal to what she thought right. She had no tolerance for wrong-doers, neither could she be deceived in people's motives. She was firm in her convictions, and unswerving where right principles were involved. I honor her for her integrity and all other noble traits of character, but I truly love her for her humanity, for her sweet, pure womanliness, for she was indeed a mother in Israel. She has left a great void, a vacancy in our circle, a sadness in our hearts, an indelible record for us to emulate. May we prove worthy of again meeting and associating with our beloved president when we cross the "Great Divide."

## Fare Thee Well.

*By Ruth M. Fox.*

Aunt Bathsheba is dead !  
From lip to lip the solemn tidings pass  
Ten times ten thousand times—  
Aunt Bathsheba is dead !

### I.

What memories come trooping through the brain !  
Nigh ninety years she trod this thorny plain ;  
With patient plodding ever on she prest,  
Ne'er looking back, unless, perchance, to rest  
Her tender, trusting eyes on scenes and forms  
Which stand out boldly amid thunder-storms—  
Fierce storms that poured their torrents on her head,  
As with her people from their homes she sped.  
Great lives like hers we cannot read apart—  
The Prophet and the Kingdom held her heart ;  
Was all to her the Gospel sent from heaven  
And touched her spirit with its precious leaven.

### II.

What memories indeed ! Back ninety years  
No ray, no Voice from heav'n as yet appears  
For centuries the earth travailed in pain  
And brought forth dark confusion. All in vain



Men sought Truth's hiding place, their light was dim,  
 In pagan myst'ries they had shrouded Him—  
 The Lord of lords, confessing an unknown,  
 Paying their homage to a topless throne.  
 Man looked to man to 'lume the dismal day,  
 The more they seek the more they lose their way.  
 Lo here! lo there! they shout with loud acclaim,  
 The blind doth lead the blind, the lame, the lame.

## III.

Mother of mothers! Bathsheba the saint,  
 Thy day began when earth, aweary, faint,  
 Cried mightily to Him, the living God,  
 To rend the skies with his almighty rod—  
 "But speak once more, Jehovah, show the way  
 And usher in Thy promised glorious day."  
 Among the first thou heard'st the joyous word  
 That God's own voice a youthful Prophet stirred  
 To wondrous speech. The gloomy veil was rent,  
 The heav'ns revealed, bright angels cried repent!  
 Repent! repent! Christ's Kingdom is at hand;  
 His Gospel must be preached in ev'ry land.  
 Authority's restored, priestcraft must fly,  
 Mankind prepare to *live*, not live to die.  
 The glor'ous message earth could scarce retain;  
 The dead should hear His Voice and rise again.  
 Praise to His name! No unconsuming fire  
 In which the gods forever glut their ire;  
 But lo! in attributes so long concealed  
 Because of unbelief, He stood revealed—  
 Our very Father descending from above—  
 The God of mercy and the God of love.  
 And thou didst live to see this Gospel spread,  
 A church established, Jesus at its head;  
 An ensign raised, as prophets said of old;  
 His temples reared great myst'ries to unfold.

## IV.

In all these things, O mother, chaste and fair,  
 'Twas thy beloved privilege to share;  
 Thy glory, too—for thou thy sisters led  
 In righteous works, for living and for dead.  
 Thy people honored thee, applaud thy worth;  
 Love they the mem'ry thou hast left for earth  
 To hold and cherish, as the ages roll;  
 Thy name is traced on hist'ry's golden scroll.

## V.

Couldst ask for more? Soft sleep has come to thee;  
 Thy robes are white, celestial purity  
 Shines on thy brow; awaiting thee thy crown.  
 'Mid songs of hope we gently lay thee down.  
 So fare-thee-well, sweet mother, fare-thee-well,  
 Till God shall wake thee from His mystic spell.

# Some Christmas Hints for Girls.

*By Marie Lederman.*

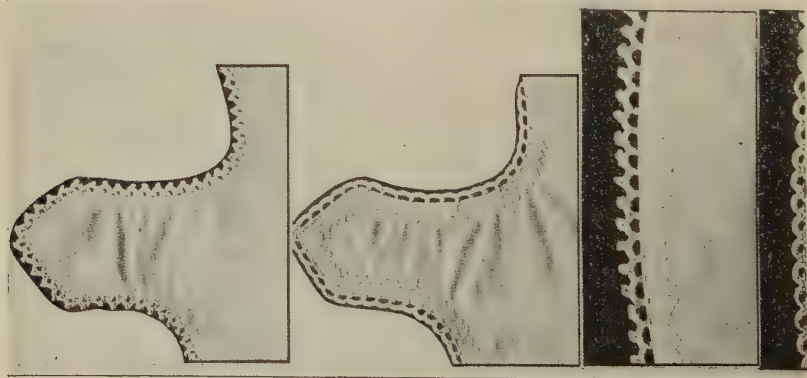
As Christmas time approaches nearly every girl starts a list with the names of her family and dear friends to whom she wants to give holiday gifts.

First, my dear girls, start with planning; try to make the smallest sum go a long way; and really, with good planning you can make one dollar do the work of two. In your planning, try to think of practical gifts for you will find that no matter how lovely a gift may be in itself, if it is not of some practical use it will be put aside after the holidays and will remain in a dark corner of a drawer and you and your gift will be forgotten. It is not at all necessary to spend much money in order to secure practical and inexpensive gifts if you make them at home and start early enough. There are so many pretty things to be made and it will be a little difficult to choose among them. Maybe one or the other of my few suggestions will be a little help to you.

A daintily embroidered piece of underwear is a welcome holiday gift. Crossbarred muslin is one of

the new materials for corset-covers, drawers, or skirt ruffles and is very pretty when worked in solid embroidery. Two or three small floral sprays in front of the corset-cover, which is now very often closed in the back, will make it very attractive. The leaves and flower petals must be well padded, before you start to work them over with close and even stitches. On drawers or skirt ruffles you may use also a floral design and the edges may be scalloped.

But this French embroidery requires a great deal of time and you may use other easier stitches to ornament underwear. The flowers may be made in Bird's-eye or Lazy-daisy stitch and the leaves and scrolls in Brier stitch. Instead of flowers use large and small dots as a design, but pad them well. The direction of the stitches on the dots should be the same throughout and should be crosswise of the padding. These embroidery dots are very pretty on a plain linen handkerchief. You can buy two linen ones for twenty-five cents. Work two rows of dots around the edge near the



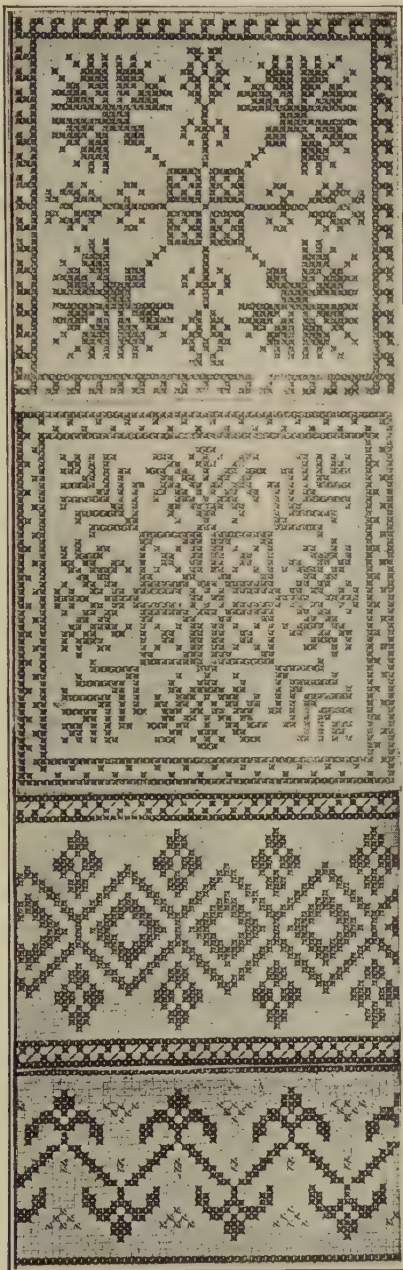
hem; the outer row a little larger than the inner. Use white cotton D. M. C. No. 35, or, if you prefer a delicate pink or blue use em-

broidery silk. When you can spend only one evening for one thing, then work only an initial in the handkerchief or in a piece of underwear.

Again I must remind you to pad these initials well before you start to work them. If your time is very limited, you could buy ready-made, plain underwear, choosing a good material and then give the pieces a touch of hand-work. Make single or double featherstitches one-fourth inch from the edge with twisted cotton No. 12 or crochet cotton No. 50. If you know how to use a crochet hook you could make these ready-made pieces just beautiful by a simple crochet edge worked right in the material, catching a loop in even distance from one-fourth to half an inch. Maybe the little illustrations will show you better than my words how to do it.

Another very useful and welcome gift would be an embroidered linen sheet or a pillowcase or a towel or a scarf. You can easily make a pretty design, as the needlework magazines of today are full of good designs to give you some ideas; but, if you don't find time to do it, you can buy in almost every dry goods store a great variety of suitable patterns which you can apply to the pieces with a hot flatiron. Directions come with each pattern.

Scalloped borders and monograms three or four inches large, placed directly in the center above the scallops look very pretty. Use D. M. C. cotton No. 20 for scallops and monograms, and for a flower design also. Be careful in padding the scallops. On both outlines of the scalloped edges make running or darning stitches to keep the shape of the scallops firm. Then fill in between with one row of chain stitches, or two if necessary. With the initial work you have to be just as careful with the padding as with



the covering of solid embroidery.

Perhaps you will be more interested when I tell you something about colored embroidery. There are numerous delightful and convenient little articles that are always welcome gifts. One of the attractions of the colored embroidery is the great variety of stitches. A great many stitches are based on button-holing, outlining, and cross-stitching.

All of these stitches, including lazy-daisy stitches and french knots, can be attempted by any girl who sews carefully. It is impossible to say anything about the methods of working in these few lines, but the fancy work magazines will be a help for you. The cross-stitch which we can trace back to the old Egyptians is now again in fashion. There are so many beautiful patterns which can be used as borders for centerpieces, or as border and center for couch-cushions, or as designs for laundry-bags, hand-bags or belts. Colored cotton can be used best on a tan background. The materials used for cross-stitch should be heavy tan or white canvas, coarse linen or scrim. The thread depends on the fine or coarse material. For coarse material, use heavy pearl thread or royal society thread which comes in all colors and shadings. For the finer material use D. M. C.

No. 5 colored or white cotton. The needles used for this work are blunt or cross-stitch needles. Such a dainty little hand- or working-bag or a belt can be finished in two evenings.

Doubtless you have learned or read about the Chanticleer fever that is here in America at present in every form. Well, these roosters and hens are really pretty when worked in the right colors. You will find them stamped on various articles, but if you can possibly draw your own design, your gift will be more appreciated. You may use outline stitches and French knots in working and the work will progress very rapidly.

Now, dear girls, start your planning early and your work early. It would be nice to form a sewing club just for this purpose of making Christmas gifts. Meet at the different members' homes once a week. Such evenings or afternoons could be made the most delightful affairs, just four or five friends meeting together every week to work on pretty things for your loved ones.

There is nothing you will like better this winter than the patter of storm keeping time to the click of needles and scissors, and the thought and planning that go with these home-made gifts is the real thing that makes the smallest gift precious.

**Stand up, on this Thanksgiving Day, stand upon  
your feet. Believe in man. Soberly and with clear  
eyes, believe in your own time and place. There is  
not and there never has been, a better time, or a better  
place to live in.**

**—Phillips Brooks.**



# The Drama.

*By Letitia T. Teasdale.*

"There are many things that appear trifles which greatly tend to enervate the soul and hinder its progress in the path of virtue and glory. The habit of indulging in things which our judgment cannot thoroughly approve, grows stronger and stronger by every act of self gratification, and we are led on by degrees to an excess of luxury which must greatly weaken our hands in the spiritual warfare. If we do not endeavor to do right in every particular circumstance, though trifling, we shall be in great danger of letting the same negligence take place in matters more essential."

The drama is recognized as one of the most potent factors of educating the public, so great a part has it played in the history of nations, that by a careful study of the drama of a period we can gain, partially at least, a correct idea of the moral standard of that nation.

The power of influencing the mind by the characterization of subject, was recognized by priests of olden times and was used by them. We, therefore, find the drama in the beginning associated with religious ceremonies. Through gradual stages of evolution it has left the confines of religion, until today one would almost question the assertion that the drama ever played any part in the world's history other than that of amusement, and while the function of the theatre today is mainly to amuse, it has not lost its power to impress the subject upon the mind.

To the thoughtful person the theatre of today forms one of the serious problems for consideration. So great is the power of the drama when skillfully enacted, that impressions are left on the mind for days thus we can readily understand how

continual repetition would fix the subject so firmly as to influence the action of the beholder.

If some one were to offer you a cup asking you to drink of the contents with the remark: "Drink of this, it is pleasant to the taste; the first sensation will be one of pleasure but the liquid will enter into every fiber of your being weakening and unfitting you, for life's duties," you would unhesitatingly refuse. Yet this is being done, so to speak, every day in the theatre where plays are being enacted that are far more injurious in their effect. They are undermining the faith and confidence of the nation in the most sacred customs and social standards. Such plays are a menace to the welfare of a community or nation. Our only hope of combating the evil is to become acquainted, to some extent, with what is good and what is not good in a play. Ignorance never bettered the condition of anyone in this life neither will it exalt any one in the next. If the public demanded clean, wholesome plays the theatrical managers would supply the demand. We hope by encouraging the study of the drama in our organizations to cultivate the taste and train the judgment of the young in such a manner as to enable them to discern that which is worth while in a dramatic production.

Let us consider for a moment some of the benefits derived from the study and production of a play. There comes to the participant in the drama a threefold culture. First, the training of the mind in the memory work, power to appear at ease, and self-possessed before the public, a readiness to respond to the de-

mand of the moment. Second, development of the body in training the members to respond in harmony with the thought. Third, culture of the emotions in the sentiment of sympathy awakened for the character portrayed. If there could be any prominence given to either of these it would be the last. It is an impossibility to portray any character without entering into sympathetic nearness with it. One must live in thought and action with his subject. Thus is awakened a kindly interest for types of people we have heretofore passed by as unworthy our regard and esteem. The more delicately refined and sympathetic the nature of a person the more finished his reproduction of the subject. How complete, then, must be the development of the person who would truly reproduce the character of another. How broad his education should be. Few people really value this beautiful art. They are not so much to blame, however, as their knowledge of the art of expression has been obtained from hearing some one deliver a recitation of some melodramatic poem or selection, which could not even claim good English as a redeeming feature, in a manner which has offended and shocked their sense of reason and propriety, in consequence they class all expression work under the head of "elo-cution" and condemn it in a wholesale manner, without knowing there must be broad acquaintance with all that pertains to life coupled with the most painstaking attention to detail, in training of mind and body, in order to fulfil the requirements of this great art.

I hope the associations will realize the beauty and culture the production of one play could add to their winter's work and in producing a play begin with a high standard and maintain that standard

all through the work, never allowing anything, coarse or unseemingly to creep in. While the apparent end of this work is to give pleasure, endeavor to give that pleasure in such a manner as to most benefit all.

To begin your work, first choose the person who is to manage the production.\* This person should have some knowledge of dramatic work. How to stage a play. What is required of the characters in the play, also skill and judgment to choose people suitable for the different parts.

As it will not be practicable in the organization to have what is commonly called a "try out," you will have to pick your actors through your acquaintance with the adaptability of the young men and women, from whom you must choose.

The desire in this work is to encourage all. You will, therefore, find it advisable, to have more than one play, at a time, choosing plays wherein the characters are different. In this way many young people of varied ability can be brought in to the work.

By changing the cast of characters each time, the actors can have a chance to play lesser as well as leading parts. In this way much of the envy which is too often a part of dramatic productions, can be avoided.

After the parts are assigned comes the real work. Impress upon the minds of those taking part, the necessity of looking upon the matter seriously, that when rehearsals are called they are for the purpose of perfecting the production of the play and not for social gatherings where the time is given to nonsense.

If you can bring your company to realize, that to produce a play is

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\*For instructions see guide work in Dec. JOURNAL.

something of which to be proud, and requires earnest endeavor, you have obtained in part the success of the undertaking.

In the matter of rehearsals, you can often prepare separate scenes, from the entire play, and when they are ready, bring them all together. Thus being able to expedite matters.

Impress the actors with the thought, that they must be in sympathy with their character. This can only be done by careful study of the subject in all phases. One great aid, is to form a mental picture, complete in every detail. The more complete the picture in the mind, the better will be the reproduction. Success can be obtained

in acting a part, only by being perfectly acquainted with it. In other words, living it, not only on the night of the production of the play, but for days and weeks before, until no little detail is unknown.

By training the mind, body, and emotions, to respond truly and in harmony, comes the culture, we desire you to obtain, besides wholesome amusement derived from this work.

You can now understand why care should be exercised in the choice of clean, good plays. Why anything evil or suggestive should be avoided.

Let our aim in this matter be to lift up and make happy, and let us all work for its accomplishment.

## An Alphabet of Women.

*For why should men do all the deeds?*

What woman in sacred or secular history is referred to so often as Mary the Mother?

She was of the tribe of Judah and of the line of David. Her history and that of our Lord run together in the Scripture until His ministry, and then she is mentioned only three times: (1) in connection with the marriage in Cana at Galilee, when Christ's first miracle was performed; (2) when she went with others of His immediate family to visit Him and called forth the oft quoted saying, that "whosoever followeth the will of the Father, the same is my mother, my brother, and my sister; (3) at the crucifixion, when Jesus tenderly gave her into the keeping of John, the beloved disciple, "Woman, behold thy son." The Roman Catholic church makes her the mediator between mankind and her Son, just as the Protestants make Him the mediator between mankind and the Father.

Short as the portrayal of Mary is, her loveableness, her simple womanliness, her overwhelming faith, her humbleness and strength under suffering are felt vividly. The name Mary plays a large part in the Savior's life. Mary who "chose the better part" and Mary Magdalene were both beloved by Him. There are many who suppose that these two are the same, but there is nothing in the Bible to indicate it.

The Marys and Margarets of the schoolbook are many. Prominent among them are:

MARY I OF ENGLAND, "Bloody Queen Mary," whose firmness in Catholicism was best shown by her persecution of heretics. She had three hundred burned at the stake. It was during her reign that Lady Jane Grey was executed.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS (1542-1587) the beautiful claimant to the

throne of England, whose long captivity and final execution by Elizabeth, are so a matter of common knowledge.

MARGARET OF VALOIS, "the pearl of Navarre" (1492-1549). She was beautiful, good, and learned, with a broadness of mind and strength of character that would stand out strongly even in this advanced day. She is famous as a patroness of the arts or of learning in every form. Her scope extended to the farmer, for agriculture seemed vastly important in her eyes. She bravely defended the reformers. Her writings are letters and poems and a large share of the *Heptameron*s (a noted collection of stories after the style of the *Decameron*).

SAINT MARGARET (1047-1093), Queen of Scotland, canonized by Pope Innocent IV, was born in Hungary and brought up in the English court (Edw. the Confessor). At about twenty-two she was married to the young king of Scotland. She was lovely of body, heart, and brain, and her great desire was to help the people of her husband's country. She did good in every possible way. She was a great factor in the civilization of Scotland.

MARGARET (1353-1412) was Queen of Denmark, Norway and Sweden. She was a splendid woman of resolute will and undaunted energy. Her father's death made her regent of Denmark, her husband's, the ruler of Norway, and Sweden besought her to take that country, too. So Margaret made war upon that country's king and conquered. Then that great agreement was drawn up which keeps each country separate and distinct as regards its own customs and its

own laws, but which unites them under a common king.

LUCRETIA MOTT the noted Quaker whose name is associated with the illustrious ones of Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, was born in Massachusetts. She died in 1880. Her local avocation was as preacher in the Society of Friends. Her world's work was as reformer; she was an anti-slavery, woman's suffrage and universal peace advocate.

MARIA MITCHELL at the time of her death in 1889 was professor of astronomy at Vassar College. She is also of Massachusetts birth. She had a struggle to obtain her education, and her deeper scientific researches were made during a twenty years' service as librarian. She received the gold medal offered by the king of Denmark for the first discovery of a comet through the telescope. She was backward about applying for it, and friends did so for her. She was connected with the coast survey and nautical almanacs. She was the first woman to have the honor of membership in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. And yet she was simple and thoughtful enough in her nature to see, while she was librarian, that no boy (or girl) obtained a book that she considered would be against his moral training for him to read.

Among famous friendships comes that of Lady Mary Worthy Montague and Alexander Pope. She was a brilliant wit and greatly gifted with the pen. Much of her life was spent abroad and from this came her notable "Letters." She introduced the method of vaccinating for small pox, into England. She died in 1762.



MRS. ELIZABETH R. MONTAGUE (1720-1800) was a social leader and a woman of letters. Every year she gave a dinner to the chimney sweeps of London. "Letters" are her production (four volumes). She wrote three of the "Dialogues of the Dead." Her home was where the "Blue-Stocking Club," a society whose name has become a pet term, met. Her associates were a celebrated coterie, among them being Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, Fanny Burney (novelist) and *Hannah Moore*, who gave up a successful literary career to unselfishly devote her pen to less successful because less worldly religious and educational themes. Her works comprise two volumes, Garrick produced two of her tragedies.

MARIA THERESA, Empress of Austria and her ill-fated daughter, Marie Antoinette. Maria Theresa raised Austria out of the dregs, and made it a nation. She came to the throne in 1740. There was no money, practically no army, and no really loyal subjects. She appealed to Hungarians with her little son in her arms. Her appeal, aided by her queenliness, her swerving spirit won. The war of the Austrian succession (seven years) ended in the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. Maria Theresa lost territory, but gained her rights. She did much in the peaceful years that followed. Trade, husbandry, manufacturers,

everything that made a prosperous and happy community were directed and encouraged. Revenue grew large, taxes were lowered, the army was strengthened. She founded schools, adjusted criminal laws, arranged for the care of the poor. She was beloved by her subjects down to the meanest peasant. Her seven years' war with Frederick the Great is interesting reading.

MARIE ANTOINETTE was married to Louis XVI, dauphin of France, in 1770. She came from her loved Austria a beautiful, joyous young girl of fifteen to assume a throne. She was lonely, she was neglected by her husband, she was only a child, she must find something to amuse herself, so no wonder that she fell into the heedless, gay ways that brought so much blame afterwards. She had her enemies and her extravagance was laid upon her to the full in the awful uprising that burst out of the misery of France. When trouble came Marie Antoinette did not forget that she was the daughter of Maria Theresa. There is so much in blood. She went from her chambers of white and gold to a common prison. She was subjected to insult and brutality. The Red Caps had no royalty in their views—so they could claim no niceties of breeding and of nature. Marie Antoinette's head fell from the guillotine. Even in death it was the head of a queen.

*Great God! we thank Thee for this home,  
This bounteous birthland of the free,  
Where wanderers from afar may come  
And breathe the air of liberty!  
Still may her flowers untrammelled spring,  
Her harvests wave, her cities rise  
And yet till time shall fold her wing,  
Remain earth's loveliest paradise.*



### MISSIONARY GIRLS NOW LABORING IN THE NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION.

In a letter, Sister Mary Smith Ellsworth says: "As far as we can learn this is the first conference of women missionaries that has ever been held in our Church. During the entire conference a very fine spirit prevailed. Each girl bore her testimony and related her missionary experiences. As far as I can see they are doing just as effectual missionary work as are the Elders."

"There has been an excellent opening for sisters throughout our mission and every girl has been filled with a desire and spirit to do missionary work. In our meeting each one expressed a wish that more of her sisters could have the privilege and experience that she is enjoying."

These girls were active in the different church organizations prior to their departure from home, hence were fitted to take up their labors effectively.

Reading from left to right, top row, they are: La Priel Gardiner, American Fork; Edith Hindly, American Fork; Mamie Stallings, Provo; Jane E. Nelson, Salt Lake City; Zella V. Farrer, Provo. Bottom row: Ruby Thornton, American Fork; Evelyn Harker, Cardston, Canada; Janet M. Brighton, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Mary S. Ellsworth, Lehi; Rebecca Atkin, Tooele; Mabel Southwick, Lehi.

# Review of the "Life of Heber C. Kimball."

*By Alice Kimball Smith.*

The "Life of Heber C. Kimball" is one of the most interesting, thrilling, and faith promoting books that can be placed in the hands of our young folks to read. It commences with his early youth, when as a boy he was cast abroad upon the world friendless and alone. Being bashful, timid, and afraid to ask for food, many times he went hungry for days at a time.

When but twelve years of age he began to search for the truth. A romantic and amusing story is told of his courtship and marriage with his first wife Vilate, which gives an insight to some of his peculiar characteristics and this incident as well as many others, shows that he had a "rare vein of humor." The historian describes him about this time as being "Tall and powerful of frame with piercing black eyes that seemed to read one through and before whose searching gaze the guilty could not choose but quail. He moved with a stateliness and majesty all his own." He further says, "Heber C. Kimball was a humble man and in his humility, no less than in his kingly stature, consisted his dignity, and no small share of his greatness. It was his intelligence, earnestness, simplicity, sublime faith, and unwavering integrity to principle that made him great." In his own language he tells of his conversion, of the power of the Holy Ghost that rested upon him under the ordinance of baptism and the laying on of hands.

"I feel sure," he said, "I received the Holy Ghost as the disciples did in ancient days, which was like a consuming fire." To read of his experience would surely awaken in the soul a desire for a testimony of the truth of the gospel. Of his mission

in Europe, Brother Andrew Jensen says:

"Apostle Kimball's first mission in England would make an interesting volume itself, as thrilling and accompanied by the power of God as thoroughly as were the travels of Apostle Paul in southern Europe more than eighteen centuries before. His life is so interwoven into the lives of other grand and noble men it brings prominently before us so many great characters and lives that we are led to exclaim: 'These were the spirits God looked for in all that waiting throng. And he saw those whom he would hold reserved as the years would roll along.'"

That these great spirits were held in reserve for the work of the last days is plainly seen.

In reading the life of Heber C. Kimball we read the history of the Church. He tells of the terrible mobbing and persecution of the Saints in the early days; how in Missouri organized mobs were formed who burned the homes of the Saints, tarred and feathered and whipped many of the brethren and drove them from their habitations, leaving them homeless to wander on the bleak prairies. Many died from exposure and many were murdered in cold blood, while defenseless women and children were compelled to flee for their lives in the cruel storms of winter, leaving the crimson marks of their bleeding feet on the frozen ground, while their husbands, fathers, and brothers were lying chained in dungeons. Of these times Heber C. Kimball says:

"I have not the ability to write what I saw and felt and realized, but will leave it to eternity to reveal the scenes of those days. I can say before God, angels, heaven, and earth that I am innocent of violating any law of the state of Missouri, and my brethren

are equally innocent and virtuous, true to their God and their country. The measure they meted to the Latter-day Saints shall be measured to them again and upon all those who had a hand in our persecution and expulsion, and those who consented to it, four-fold, full, running over, and pressed down; and as the Lord God almighty liveth I shall live to see it come to pass."

And he did, for during the great Civil war (1861-65) this region was literally baptized in fire and blood.

We learn by reading the life of Heber C. Kimball, that Zion prospered in the midst of her afflictions; that the enemy drove our parents out of weakness into strength, from obscurity to prominence, from poverty to wealth, from sojourning among strangers and enemies, to the possession of their own lands and homes: we can see that all finally resulted in the good and triumph and victory of the people of God.

When in 1847 Brigham Young, the chief apostle of the twelve, was chosen President of the Church of Jesus Christ in all the world, he chose Heber C. Kimball for his first counselor.

After the trying experiences of the exodus from Nauvoo and the journey to Winter Quarters, Heber C. Kimball became one of the historic 148 who constituted the pioneer company that entered the valley July 24th, 1847. Through all the journey across the plains and all the trials incident to such a journey he was President Brigham Young's right hand man.

No truer friend had Brigham Young than Heber C. Kimball. Heber often said his love for Brigham exceeded his love for any member of his own family. Brigham was in the habit of saying, "Heber is my prophet."

His history is full of interesting incidents. He was ever constant in

his devotion to the people, to the Church, the state, and the nation. He officiated in the Endowment House for years. He visited every settlement in Utah, most of them many times, preaching the Gospel, giving counsel, both spiritual and temporal, to advance the work of God upon the earth. For a number of years he was a member of the legislative council, the last three years being president of that body Brother Jenson says:

"He was broad and magnanimous in his ways, kind to the widow and fatherless, beloved by his associates in the apostleship and by all the saints. He fulfilled the characteristics of an honest man, the noblest work of God."

He had the gift of discernment and revelation, and was indeed a prophet of God. He had many odd sayings which, left a lasting impression upon his hearers. Though he was frank and fearless, and could tell men many times what they had done and what would befall them, he was a lovable and peaceful man, and was designated as the "Herald of Peace." The Prophet Joseph Smith called him "Peace Maker." It is said of him:

"His temperament was religious, poetical, and sociable. While his soul was essentially of a solemn cast. At times he bubbled over with mirth. True, he was a diamond in the rough, but a diamond nevertheless. Unlettered and untaught, save in nature's school, the university of experience, where he was an apt and profound scholar. He was possessed of marvelous intuition, a genius God-given which needed no kindling at a college shrine to prepare it for the work which providence had designed. Not but that education would have polished the gem, causing it to shine with what the natural eye would deem a brighter lustre; but the fact remains that Heber C. Kimball as he was, not as he might have been, was best adapted for the divine purpose, the career marked out for him by the finger of Deity."





*Conducted by Catherine Hurst.*

*Address all communications in this department to Question Box,  
Bishop's Building 40 N. Main St.*

"E. C. Subscriber." The instructions you received were quite right, no doubt; and that given your companion was such a slight deviation that it could almost be classed as the same. Either way will do. (2) That matter must be left entirely to your own good judgment and feelings. I hesitate to give an opinion on such a delicate subject.

"Jean" might submit her manuscript to the Y. W. Journal, Improvement Era, or Juvenile, Salt Lake City. Write on one side of paper only. Typewritten is best. Mail in large envelope. Do not roll.

Is it proper to give wearing apparel as presents to gentlemen friends?—Jennie.

House slippers or smoking jacket would not be objectionable but other than these would. There are so many useful presents to give one's friends aside from wearing apparel.

Do you think it good taste for a girl to allow a boy to kiss her at the station when bidding her good-bye?—Penelope.

If they are engaged to be married and are to be parted for a length of time, an allowance might be made for such an expression of feeling. Otherwise it is better to reserve all such demonstrations for private enjoyment rather than to exhibit one's feelings to the curious public.

Is it proper to hum the tune when you are dancing?—June.

No; it is decidedly bad taste and very discourteous to one's partner.

Is white more appropriate for graduating dresses than some other delicate color?—Miss Graduate.

White is always appropriate and always looks so pretty. Some other color, however, is not bad taste. Note the clipping on the "Dollar Gown" in the Sept. number of the Journal.

When a young man gives up his seat

in a car, is it right for a girl to ask someone else to occupy it?—Teenie.

If she and her mother are together she could resign in favor of her mother, but not to another person, although she may be older, without first obtaining permission from the young man.

I am a young mother and do all my own work, beside taking care of my seven-months-old baby. During the summer I let him play on the floor and carry him from room to room as my work takes me. Now it is getting cold, how can I manage?—A Young Mother.

Get a large box and line the inside with cretonne or muslin. Place a thick pad in the bottom, have your husband put some castors on so you can push it from room to room. Give the baby a few playthings and he will amuse himself while you work. Do not have the sides too high or he will not like it.

Please give a remedy for an ugly scar on the lip.—Maple Leaf.

Wet the tips of the fingers in olive oil and place in center of scar, then rub outward. The scar will soon disappear.

Is it correct form for the young men friends of a girl to call upon her in the place where she is employed?—Retta.

Unless she is willing to lose her position, or the advantage of a recommendation from her employer should she wish to seek another, she should positively forbid young men or friends to call or telephone her during business hours.

When a widow marries again should she invite to her wedding the family of her first husband, and what color should she wear?—Mrs. M. W.

Unless her first husband's relatives strongly opposed her marriage, they should be invited and treated with the greatest courtesy. Pale gray is the color most favored for second marriages, although anything but white may be worn.

# OUR GIRLS.

## The Sabbath Day.

*By Elizabeth Richards Wright.*

Since the Lord finished the work of creating the earth, He has ordered that a Sabbath be observed by man as a day of rest.

The law given to ancient Israel was very plain upon this matter, when they were required to observe every seventh day as a day of rest; every seventh year the earth itself was to rest, during which time man was neither to sow the field, nor gather the grapes of the vine, for it was to be a year of rest to the land, which was also to keep a sabbath unto the Lord. The Sabbath was so strenuously observed by the Jews that they sought to kill Jesus because He had healed a man on the Sabbath day, and ordered him to take up his bed and walk.—St. John 5: 16.

Jesus claimed to be the Lord of the Sabbath day, and by virtue of His right so to do, He discarded the Jewish Sabbath, finished His work for the redemption of man, and the earth, by His resurrection from the dead on Sunday, the first day of the week, and that day was ever after observed as the Lord's day, or Sunday, on which His followers met, offering up their sacraments, and keeping it holy unto the Lord their Redeemer.

This observance of Sunday, or the first day of the week has been kept since the days of Christ's resurrection by all Christian people, as the proper day of rest, and it has

been confirmed by directions to the Saints in our day, as it is written:

"And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer, and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day;

"For verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and to pay thy devotions unto the most high;

"Nevertheless thy vows shall be offered up in righteousness on all days and at all times;

"But remember that on this the Lord's day, thou shalt offer thine oblations and thy sacraments unto the most high, confessing thy sins with thy brethren, and before the Lord.

"And on this day, thou shalt do none other thing, only let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart."—Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 59: 9-13.

There need be no mistake here, as man is told what he must do, and what he must not do, leaving no place for ignorance, as to what the law demands.

This Sunday law is strict in its proper observance that when God was feeding Israel with manna from heaven, they were not allowed to gather it on the Sabbath, but it had to be gathered the day before, and by a miracle it was preserved in good condition for the day of rest.

Sunday is the Lord's day. He has never given it to man to use in any way only as by law defined, and whoever shall indulge in trespassing upon that law must sooner or later pay the penalty.

# Domestic Science.

By *Blanche Caine.*

## THANKSGIVING DINNER.

|                 |                     |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| Bouillon        | Bread Sticks        |
| Celery          | Olives              |
| Roast Turkey    | Jellied Cranberries |
| Mashed Potatoes | Giblet Gravy        |
| Sweet Potatoes  | Cream of Lima Beans |
|                 | Fruit Salad         |
| Mince Pie       | Pumökin Pie         |
| Lemon Sherbet   | Cake                |
| Fruit           | Nuts                |

### *Bouillon.*

This is generally made from beef, but sometimes from chicken or clams or oysters. It should be somewhat like beef tea, hence little or no bone is used, and vegetables are often omitted.

Four pounds of beef cut in small pieces are covered with three quarts of cold water, heated gradually and cooked slowly for four hours. During the last hour any desired seasoning is added. The liquid is strained and cooled and the fat removed before reheating.

Bouillon is usually served in cups.

### *Bread Sticks.*

Use well-risen yeast dough, that which is made with milk preferred. Shape in small balls, then roll into sticks in any desired lengths. Do not let them touch each other in the pan while rising. Bake till crisp.

### *Jellied Cranberries.*

Pick over and wash one quart cranberries. Put in a granite kettle with one pint sugar, and one cup of water. Cover till they begin to boil, then with a wooden spoon press the uncooked berries under the syrup. When all have burst pour into earthen molds. When cold the fruit will be jellied and can be turned from the mold.

### *Cream of Lima Beans.*

Soak one cup of dried beans over night, drain, and cook in boiling salted water until soft; drain, add three-fourths cup of cream, and season with butter and salt. Reheat before serving.

### *Fruit Salad.*

Arrange alternate layers of shredded pineapple, sliced bananas, and sliced oranges, sprinkling each layer with powdered sugar. Chill before serving. Any desirable combination of fruits may be used as:

Apples, raisins, and nuts.  
Oranges, bananas, and nuts.  
Cherries, stoned and stuffed with walnut meats.  
Grapes alone or in combination with oranges, bananas, and pineapples.  
Oranges with cocoanut and sprinkled with powdered sugar.  
Serve with "Fruit Salad Dressing."

### *Fruit Salad Dressing.*

Three-fourths cup sugar.  
Two tablespoons cornstarch.  
One cup hot water.  
Juice and grated rind of one large orange.

Juice of one-half lemon.

One cup whipped cream.

Mix the sugar and cornstarch together and pour on the hot water. Cook well for ten or fifteen minutes. Remove from fire and add fruit juices. Strain, and cool. When cold and ready to be used, beat in the whipped cream.

### *Lemon Sherbert.*

To one quart of milk allow one pint of sugar. Freeze until mushy, and add the juice of three or four lemons.

### *Glaze Grapes and Nuts.*

One and one-half cups sugar.

One and one-half tablespoons vinegar.

One-fourth cup water.

Mix together and boil about 15 minutes without stirring. Test: When done it turns a pale yellow.

Leave stem on grapes and dip into syrup; then place quickly on oiled platter. Put nuts in on the end of a stick: when covered put on platter.

Different kinds of fruits may be used just so they are dry.

The glazed fruits are best used the same day they are made.

### *Salted Almonds.*

Shell the nuts and blanch by covering for a moment with boiling water, then put in cold water and rub off the skins. To a pint of nuts add two tablespoons of olive oil or butter, let them stand for an hour or two, stirring occasionally. Then sprinkle with two tablespoons salt, and put in a moderate oven and bake till all are a delicate brown, fifteen or twenty minutes, stirring often.

# OFFICERS' NOTES.

The following letter is self-explanatory:

October 14, 1910.

General Board of the Y. L. M. I. A.,  
Bishop's Building,

Dear Sisters: It would be a great accommodation to the L. D. S. Hospital if the Wards and Stakes that have so generously donated fruit in the past, would arrange to send their fruit to the Hospital before November 15th next.

J. WELLS.

Superintendent.

## STORY-TELLING IN OUR MUTUALS.

Instructions have been given on this subject at various times and places\* and in answer to the many inquiries we are constantly receiving we print the following for the benefit of our officers:

We expect the work to be taken up systematically in connection with the Y. M. M. I. A. as a part of our conjoint work. We would advise as preliminary or practice work that the girls in their associations and the boys in theirs learn to tell stories. These stories could be used in preliminary programmes and as a means of winning and holding the interest of juniors when they become inattentive. Let them tell the story sometimes instead of the teacher always doing so. Choose a story-teller and give him time to prepare for the next meeting. Then as an entertaining feature at their conjoint meetings near the close of the year have a story-telling contest.

All selections should be submitted to officers for approval before they are presented in the association.

Always have in your story some definite aim—never take time to tell a story unless there is some result to be

attained, either instructive or amusing.

The purpose of story-telling is to interest—keep this purpose always in mind. The audience should say they have enjoyed themselves, whether they weep or laugh. The narrator should be perfectly familiar with every detail and incident, condensing where the story is too long to be told in the time allotted, and culling out the important features and giving them prominence thus making the points as he goes along. (Of course it is expected that the narrator use his own language, but striking or very beautiful passages may be committed to memory.)

Do not talk to the windows, chairs, floors, or ceiling, but always to the audience. Watch closely every face to see that the right impression is being made.

There are two essential needs in story-telling, enthusiasm and ease of manner. Be in earnest, mean it! You must see and feel all scenes and emotions, and if you have the proper amount of enthusiasm the same feelings that influence you will send a thrill through your audience which is thus carried along in sympathy with you to the climax. If you feel what you are representing, ease of manner will follow naturally. Hold yourself with dignity, even in the broadest farce—command respect by feeling respect for yourself.

We give the following suggestive list of stories suitable for our associations:

The Man Without a Country—E. E. Hale.

A Perfect Tribute—one of the Lincoln Stories.

In the Desert of Waiting.—Anna E. Johnston.

The Land of the Blue Flower—Frances Hodgson Burnett.

The Ambitious Guest—Hawthorne. Laddie.

Dog of Flanders—Oudia.

The Legend Beautiful and Robert of Sicily—Longfellow.

Selections from The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys; Heart Throbs, Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt, Missionary Experiences of Wilford Woodruff and John Taylor.

\*In the August Journal will be found a report of the talk of Sister Emma Goddard, given at our June conference, which will be very helpful for reference. There are books to be had giving instructions in story-telling if it is felt that they are needed. Instructions have also been given in the Y. M. Manual and Era, and in the Journal.



The Young Men's Manual, for Junior classes for 1910-11, contains numerous good short stories suitable for our purposes. Also past volumes of Era and Journal and Contributor.

Bible Stories—for example: Hagar and Ishmael, Sacrifice of Isaac, David and Goliath, Ruth, Esther, Samuel, Elijah, and Jezebel; the boy Jesus in the Temple, Mary and Martha, the birth of Christ, the Betrayal, Conversion of Paul, etc.

From the Book of Mormon: The Brass Plates, Lehi's Dream, Separation of Nephites and Lamanites, Korihor, the Anti-Christ, Conversion of Alma and the Sons of Mosiah, Story of the Two Thousand Lamanite Youths, Martyrdom of Abinadi, the Prophecy of Samuel, etc.

#### CONVENTIONS, 1910.

With the exception of Arizona, and Mexico all the stakes have been visited by General Board members or their representatives. An unusual degree of interest and enthusiasm, have been manifested by the sisters, whose heartfelt desire is to be helpful in disseminating principles of truth and to engender an uplift spiritually. Generally speaking subjects were understood, their import appreciated, and the preparation in many cases, perfect. Now, officers, carry the instruction received to the girls for whose benefit it is intended, and thereby increase and strengthen their faith in the gospel.

#### CONVENTIONS VISITED

Aug. 14th—Alberta—Susa Y. Gates, Elizabeth C. McCune, and Thos. A. Clawson.

Aug. 14th, Yellowstone—Martha H. Tingey and L. R. Martineau.

Aug. 21st, Taylor—Susa Y. Gates, Elizabeth C. McCune, and Thos. A. Clawson.

Aug. 21st, Wayne—Julia Brixen and Douglass Todd.

Aug. 28th, Beaver—Agnes S. Campbell, Jas. H. Anderson.

Aug. 28th, Fremont—Susa Y. Gates and Moroni Snow.

Aug. 28th, Malad—Laura Bennion and Jno. Widdtsoe.

Aug. 28th, Pocatello—Elizabeth C. McCune and L. R. Martineau.

Aug. 28th, Woodruff—Ann M. Cannon and Willard Done.

Aug. 29, Panguitch—Edith R. Love-

sy, Hyrum M. Smith, and Jos. W. McMurrin.

Sept. 4, Bear River—Laura Bennion and Jno. Widdtsoe.

Sept. 4, Cassia—Elizabeth C. McCune and Thos. Hull.

Sept. 4, No. Davis—Adella W. Eardley, Julia Brixen, and James H. Anderson.

Sept. 4, Jordan—Mae T. Nystrom, Augusta W. Grant, and B. S. Hinckley.

Sept. 4, Parowan—Agnes Campbell, Emily C. Adams, and Oscar Kirkham.

Sept. 4, Rigby—Susa Y. Gates and B. F. Grant.

Sept. 4, San Juan at Moab—Emma Goddard and Benjamin Goddard.

Sept. 4, Weber—Letitia Teasdale, and Geo. H. Brimhall.

Sept. 5, Kanab—Edith R. Lovesy, Hyrum M. Smith, and Jos. W. McMurrin.

Sept. 11, Bannock—Elizabeth C. McCune and E. P. Horsley.

Sept. 11, Emery—Julia Brixen, Clarice Thatcher, and Moroni Snow.

Sept. 11, Ensign—Estelle Caldwell, Maria Y. Dougall, and M. W. Taylor.

Sept. 11, Granite—Laura Bennion and T. A. Clawson.

Sept. 11, Hyrum—Ann M. Cannon and Jno. Widdtsoe.

Sept. 11, Liberty—Alice Tuddenham, Emma Goddard, and Willard Done.

Sept. 11, Pioneer—Edith Lovesy, Jane Anderson, and M. W. Taylor.

Sept. 11, South Davis—Sarah Edgington and J. H. Anderson.

Sept. 11, South Sanpete—Augusta W. Grant and F. Y. Taylor.

Sept. 11, Teton—Letitia Teasdale and Thos. Hull.

Sept. 11, Uintah—Alice K. Smith and Douglas Todd.

Sept. 11, Wasatch—Mary Connelly and G. H. Brimhall.

Sept. 11, North Weber—Adella Eardley and L. R. Martineau.

Sept. 12, St. George—Frances Thomassen, Laura Foster, and R. C. Badger.

Sept. 14, San Juan at Mancos—M. H. Tingey, Mae Nystrom, and Ed. H. Anderson.

Sept. 18, Alpine—Jane Anderson and Willard Done.

Sept. 18, Big Horn—Edith R. Lovesy and T. A. Clawson.

Sept. 18, Bingham—Letitia Teasdale and O. Kirkham.

Sept. 18, Carbon—M. H. Tingey, Mae Nystrom, and Ed. H. Anderson.

Sept. 18, Juab—Elizabeth C. McCune and Moroni Snow.

Sept. 18, Millard—Emma Goddard and Benjamin Goddard.

Sept. 18, Nebo—Julia Brixen and Geo. H. Brimhall.

Sept. 18, Ogden—Sarah Eddington and Thos. Hull.

Sept. 18, Oneida—Mary Connelly and Lewis T. Cannon.

Sept. 18, Summit—Agnes Campbell and Jas. H. Anderson.

Sept. 18, Tooele—Laura Bennion and F. Y. Taylor.

Sept. 25, Bear Lake—Agnes Campbell and Thos. Hull.

Sept. 25, Benson—Elizabeth C. McCune and L. R. Martineau.

Sept. 25, Box Elder—Augusta W. Grant and Jas. H. Anderson.

Sept. 25, Cache—S. Y. Gates and Jno. Widtsoe.

Sept. 25, Morgan—Julia Brixen and Oscar Kirkham.

Sept. 25, Salt Lake—Sarah Eddington and G. H. Brimhall.

Sept. 25, Sevier—Emily H. Higgs and D. C. Kimball.

Sept. 25, North Sanpete—Clarice Thatcher, Moroni Snow.

Sept. 25, Star Valley—Joan Campbell and M. W. Taylor.

Sept. 25, Union—Alice K. Smith and Benjamin Goddard.

Sept. 25, Utah—Mary Connelly, B. S. Hinckley, and George H. Brimhall.

#### CONFERENCES VISITED.

May 21st, Bannock Stake—Edith Lovesy and Douglas M. Todd.

July 17th, Utah—Elizabeth C. McCune and Georg H. Brimhall.

Aug. 28th, Granite—Mary Connelly, Alice K. Smith, Jos. F. Smith, Jr., and J. Golden Kimball.

Aug. 21, Jordan—Martha H. Tingey, Mae T. Nystrom, and Jos. F. Smith, Jr.

#### RE-ORGANIZATIONS.

##### *Oneida Stake, June, 1910.*

President—Mary A. Nelson.

First Counselor—Anna Frost.

Second Counselor—Barbara Balliff.

Secretary—Gertrude Griffiths.

Assistant Secretary and Treasurer—Dora Merrill.

Aids: Lilly E. Benson, Pearl G. Eames, Edna J. Merrill, Eleanor Jensen, Lella Allen Parkinson.

#### JOURNAL.

Now is the time for agents to look up the subscription list and inform those whose subscriptions expire so that they may renew.

The question is frequently asked, "Can we begin with the lesson number?"

Certainly, but we prefer you to begin with the July number.

#### REDUCED.

"Plet" can be had at the Deseret News Book Store for 50c.

## A Word Painting

*By Annie R. Edwards-Flamm*

The green-banked river glides along,  
 Afar, in the distance, a robin's song,  
 The sun's last rays linger lovingly  
 O'er pine-clad hill and o'er the lee:  
 A star twinkles, the dusk is on,  
 But still is heard the robin's song,  
 A moon beam filters through the pines  
 And glides across the river.  
 From out the bungalow a baby's cry,  
     a mother's lullaby,  
 Then silence reigns o'er the pine-clad hills.

# Young Woman's Journal

ORGAN OF THE YOUNG LADIES' MUTUAL  
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS.

IMPROVEMENT OUR MOTTO,  
PERFECTION OUR AIM.

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SALT LAKE CITY. - NOVEMBER, 1910

## Thanksgiving.

Lip praise can never be acceptable to our Father unless the words spoken come from the heart. Many have held high positions in their church and have offered long and eloquent prayers and fervent amens when they have been living double lives. They have put on a sanctified mien at church, while in business life they were grinding down and oppressing the poor who, through some misfortune, came into their power. Hypocrisy is an abomination in the sight of the Lord. Far pleasanter in the ears of Him who "sendeth every good gift" are the simple words of one who goes about doing all the good he can than is the eloquence of the one who cares not for his fellows and always seeks his own aggrandize-

ment. Of what avail is it for a man to thank God for his possessions unless he shows his gratitude by being charitable to those less fortunate than he?

Since that first celebration when the red men were bidden to the feast, Thanksgiving day has always carried with it the beautiful spirit of sharing. It would be well for all to have that same spirit throughout the year. Let the great thinkers strive to raise others to their intellectual plane. Let those who have received light make it known to those who are in darkness. Let those who have received the Gospel bear the glad tidings to those who know not its sweet message. Let those who enjoy the blessings of health and peace and joy minister to those who are sick and troubled and sorrowful. The true spirit of thanksgiving is to praise the Lord not alone in prayer and song, but in loving acts to His children.

## Bathsheba W. Smith, Lucy W. Kimball.

Of those who embraced the Gospel in early days few are left to tell of their experiences. The number has recently been diminished by two in the death of Sister Bathsheba W. Smith and of Sister Lucy W. Kimball. Many lessons may be learned from the humble, loving, devoted lives of these women. They appreciated the privilege they enjoyed of knowing intimately the Prophet Joseph Smith (Sister Kimball was his wife,) and they were constant in testifying of the divinity of his mission. Both worked in the temples. Sister Smith had the distinction of having served the longest period of time in thus working for the salvation of the living and the dead of any woman in the Church.

Their devotion and integrity were

unquestioned. Whether in prosperity or in adversity, whether in times of persecution or of peace, they stood faithful. In the days of hardship and privation as in the days of ease and plenty they were gentle women. Their ministry has been beautiful, their example, worthy of emulation. Pure in thought, word, and act their influence has been one of uplift. Blessed be their memory

### New Presidency of the Relief Society.

Soon after the death of Sister Bathsheba W. Smith, Sister Emeline B. Wells who for so many years has served as the General Secretary, was chosen President with Sisters Clarissa S. Williams and Juliana L. Smith as her counselors. General satisfaction is expressed on every hand that these are three so well fitted for the work placed at the head of this great organization.

Sister Wells has long been one of our best known and most deeply loved and honored women. Hers has been a wonderful life. She has kept in touch with every movement in the Church from its early history to the present and has known intimately all its leaders. She is well known and her ability is recognized in both the National and International Councils of Women. Probably no other Mormon woman has met and favorably impressed so many prominent people as has this gifted poet, author, and editor.

She is an earnest advocate of Woman-suffrage and has from the first taken a vital interest in the Peace Movement, indeed, she has always been interested in everything looking to the betterment of mankind.

Sister Wells is discerning and quickly sees through shams and hypocrisy. Appreciative of earnest

effort, loving and gentle she makes each one who comes under her influence feel that she takes a special interest in them and in their welfare. It is a pleasure and a privilege to hear her tell of the varied experiences of her long and useful life, for she is blessed with a wonderful memory and is a charming conversationalist.

We rejoice in the well earned distinction that has come to her and pray that the Father will prolong her days among us.

Her counselors are also well known. Sister Williams, the former treasurer of the Relief Society, served both as Ward and Stake President, in fact she has held all positions in Relief Society work so that she knows from actual experience what are its needs. She is progressive, genial, kind, and considerate. She, too, is known in the National Council having attended one or more of the gatherings of this great organization of women.

Sister Juliana L. Smith, wife of President Joseph F. Smith, is a woman of great experience and wisdom. She has devoted much time to Church work. It is her distinction to have been a president of one of the first Retrenchment organizations. She has gone three times to the Islands, on her first trip spending two years as a missionary.

Sister Smith is noted for her great sympathy and for her ability in ministering to the sick and aiding in times of trouble and death. She has been a member of the General Board of the Relief Society for many years, so that she, too, knows its needs.

We congratulate the Relief Society organizations on having such a strong Presidency and pray that God will bless and prosper the work under the administration of these good women.



# GUIDE DEPARTMENT.

## The Story of the Restoration.

### IX.

#### THE GOSPEL ORDINANCES.

In the lesson before, it was remarked that order is the first law of heaven. Without order there is no system. Without order there is no method. Without order, in short, there can be nothing. Chaos is come again.

Having, then, organized the Church—and organization, it was said, means order—the God of heaven would certainly require that all things pertaining to Church membership and to Church ritual should be done in an orderly way. He would certainly restore the ancient rules and ordinances for the accomplishment of certain ends—not that obedience to the rules, nor the performance of the ordinances, would alone bring salvation; but that the required observance of the prescribed word would establish order.

There is a right way and a wrong way to do all things. It is the following of the right way that brings reward. For example, a company of soldiers is ordered by their captain to charge up the steep side of a hill and engage with the enemy at the top. Any other side of the hill is more easy of ascent than the one designated by the captain. In fact, that particular one seems almost inaccessible. The soldiers, therefore, act upon their own judgments and desires. They scatter, and charge up the hill from all sides. Of course, they all come finally to the top of the hill; but they come in broken line and are easily repelled. The day is lost to them. But why? Is not one

ascent as good as another? Surely, when one is climbing for pleasure. But when one is acting under organization, there can be but one ascent. The soldiers who chose the other way, reached the summit of the hill, but in disorder, broken, and disunited. Moreover, by choosing their own road, they missed the very point and purpose for which the captain ordered them to charge together up the steepest way. And what was even worse, by breaking to follow their own desires, they brought confusion, chaos even, into their ranks.

It may be, then, that the appointed way will not appear to be our way. But it is for the Master of the organization, for Him who has established order, to say how we shall proceed that order, peace, and harmony may persist. With a Church organization restored, then, we should expect to find restored also the ordinances and ceremonies divinely prescribed for the continuance of the organization.

First, then, to belong to the Church of Christ, it becomes necessary to make covenant with Him in His chosen way. That way is baptism. It is the outward ordinance in covenant of the new condition existing between the Savior and the saved. This it was that Paul had in mind when he wrote to the Romans:

“Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized unto Jesus Christ were baptized unto his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was

raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection."<sup>a</sup>

And again he wrote to the Galatians:

For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ."<sup>b</sup>

It is quite evident, then, that baptism is the ordinance of initiation into the Church of Christ; and further, that that ordinance must be by immersion since it is in the likeness of the burial of Christ.

When John the Baptist, in the glorious appearance to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, restored to them the Priesthood of Aaron, he explained that it held the keys "of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins."<sup>c</sup>

With this Priesthood conferred upon them, Joseph and Oliver became endued with authority to baptize in the name of the Father, John the Baptist instructed them to baptize each other. Afterwards, as we have already learned, they were instructed that they should baptize all who wished to join with them in the Church of Christ.

Before the day the Church was organized, further specific instructions were given concerning the sacred ordinance of baptism.

"And again, by way of commandment to the church concerning the manner of baptism," we read in an early revelation, "all those who humble themselves before God, and desire to be baptized and come forth with broken hearts and contrite spirits, and witness before the Church that

they have truly repented of all their sins, and are willing to take upon them the name of Jesus Christ, having a determination to serve him to the end, and truly manifest by their works that they have received of the Spirit of Christ unto the remission of their sins, shall be received by baptism into his church."<sup>d</sup>

"Baptism," says the Lord further, "is to be administered in the following manner unto all those who repent:—

"The person who is called of God, and has authority from Jesus Christ to baptize, shall go down into the water with the person who has presented him or herself for baptism, and shall say, calling him or her by name—Having been commissioned of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Then shall he immerse him or her in the water, and come forth again out of the water."<sup>e</sup>

After being baptized, the new convert received anciently the gift of the Holy Ghost. "Men and brethren," cried the affected Jews on the day of Pentecost, "what shall we do?" Peter answered, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."<sup>f</sup> And this gift of the Holy Ghost was conferred by the laying on of hands of those having authority so to do. At one time, when the apostles at Jerusalem heard that the people of Samaria had received the Gospel they sent to Samaria Peter and John. These two apostles prayed with the new converts that they might receive the Holy Ghost. "Then they laid their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost." There

<sup>a</sup>Rom. 6: 3-5.

<sup>b</sup>Gal. 3: 26, 27.

<sup>c</sup>Doc. & Cov., Sec. 13.

<sup>d</sup>Doc. & Cov. 20: 37.

<sup>e</sup>Doc. & Cov. 20: 72-74.

<sup>f</sup>Acts 2: 37-39.

was present one Simon, a magician. "And when Simon saw that through laying on of the apostles' hands the Holy Ghost was given, he offered them money, saying, Give me also this power, that on whomsoever I lay my hands, he may receive the Holy Ghost. But Peter said unto him, Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money."<sup>g</sup>

It was to be expected, then, that, having restored the proper form of baptism, the Lord would restore also the proper way of conferring the gift of the Holy Ghost. Accordingly, the word of God declares, in the revelation given during the organization meeting of the Church, that—

"An apostle is an elder, and it is his calling to baptize. \* \* \* And to confirm those who are baptized into the church, by the laying on of hands for the baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost, according to the scriptures."<sup>h</sup>

And again, the Lord says to His elders:

"Ye shall remember the church articles and covenants to keep them; and whoso having faith you shall confirm in my church by the laying on of the hands, and I will bestow the gift of the Holy Ghost upon them."<sup>i</sup>

Thus were the essential ordinances of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost restored in this dispensation. Baptism, however, is applicable only to those who have reached years of accountability. It may be administered only to those who are capable of understanding, of believing, of repenting, and of con-

fessing. This, little children cannot do; nor have they need so to do, for little children are without sin.

Once, the devoted parents of Israel brought their children to the Master, that he might touch them. The disciples, careful of their beloved Master, rebuked the parents; but He said in His divine way:

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."<sup>j</sup>

These, then, who were young and without sin—like whom are those in the kingdom of God—the Master did not lead into the waters of baptism. He took them in His arms and blessed them. This is the proper method of initiation for children, until they shall reach years of understanding. And in obedience with this order, the following instructions were given to the Prophet, respecting the manner of receiving little children:

"Every member of the church of Christ having children, is to bring them unto the elders before the church, who are to lay their hands upon them in the name of Jesus Christ, and bless them in his name."<sup>k</sup>

Again, in the same comprehensive revelation given at the organization of the Church, the Lord gave specific directions for the administration of the sacrament. As He Himself did when He met with His disciples at the Last Supper, so He would have His people continue to do.

The Lord says in the modern revelation:

<sup>g</sup>Acts 8: 14-20.

<sup>h</sup>Doc. & Cov. 20: 38-41.

<sup>i</sup>Doc. & Cov. 33: 14, 15.

<sup>j</sup>Mark 10: 13-16.

<sup>k</sup>Doc. & Cov. 20: 70.

"It is expedient that the church meet together often, to partake of bread and wine in remembrance of the Lord Jesus; and the elder or priest shall administer it—he shall kneel with the church and call upon the Father in solemn prayer, saying—'O God, the eternal Father, we ask thee in the name of thy Son, Jesus Christ, to bless and sanctify this bread to the souls of all those who partake of it, that they may eat in remembrance of the body of thy Son, and witness unto thee, O God, the eternal Father, that they are willing to take upon them the name of thy Son, and always remember him and keep his commandments which he has given them, that they may always have his Spirit to be with them. Amen.'"

Afterwards the wine would be administered in the following way:

"He shall take the cup also, and say—'O God, the eternal Father, we ask thee in the name of thy Son, Jesus Christ, to bless and sanctify this wine to the souls of all those who drink of it, that they may do it in remembrance of the blood of thy Son, which was shed for them; that they may witness unto thee, O God the eternal Father, that they do always remember him, that they may have his Spirit to be with them. Amen.'"

Not only, however, was the manner of performing the ordinance thus explained, but important instructions were given also to the saints that they should not partake of this Holy Sacrament unworthily. For, as said the Apostle Paul, "whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord."<sup>m</sup> Moreover, the Lord gave directions also as to what should be used in the ordinance. The Prophet Joseph was on his way, one evening, to purchase wine for the sacrament. Suddenly, he was met by a heavenly messenger, and received the following instructions:

"Listen to the voice of Jesus Christ, your Lord, your God, and your Redeemer, whose word is quick and powerful. For, behold, I say unto you, that it mattereth not what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, when ye partake of the sacrament, if it so be that ye do it with an eye single to my glory; remembering unto the Father my body which was laid down for you, and my blood which was shed for the remission of your sins: wherefore a commandment I give unto you, that you shall not purchase wine, neither strong drink of your enemies, wherefore you shall partake of none, except it is made new among you; yea, in this my Father's kingdom which shall be built up on the earth."<sup>n</sup>

For this reason, water came to be used by the saints in the ordinance of the Sacrament, and has been in general use ever since.

Finally, we may notice one other saving ordinance restored through the ministry of Joseph Smith. Anciently, the Apostle James wrote to the saints—

"Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."<sup>o</sup>

In like manner, the Lord directed the Latter-day Prophet, on the ninth of February, 1831, in the presence of twelve elders of the Church. Said the Lord in revelation:

"Whosoever among you are sick and have not faith to be healed, but believe shall be nourished with all tenderness, with herbs and mild food, and that not by the hand of an enemy. And the elders of the church, two or more, shall be called, and shall pray for and lay their hands upon them in my name; and if they die they shall die unto me, and if they live they shall live unto me."<sup>p</sup>

<sup>m</sup>Doc. & Cov. 20:75-79.

<sup>n</sup>I Cor. 11:27.

<sup>n</sup>Doc. & Cov. 27:1-4.

<sup>o</sup>Jas. 5:14, 15.

<sup>p</sup>Doc. & Cov. 42:43.



Hence, it is the custom in the Church to pray for the sick, and to administer to them, anointing them with oil, and laying hands upon them in faith; and many thousands bear witness that the promises of the Lord have been bountifully fulfilled in this modern age.

Thus, through the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the essential outward ordinances of the Gospel—lost long ago though the great apostasy—were restored for the blessing and the salvation of the children of men, and another act in the drama of the Restoration was consummated.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. What is the first law of heaven?
2. Why is chaos come again where there is no order?
3. Why could not an organization of any kind persist without specific laws?
4. Will mere obedience to law, or the performance of ordinances, bring salvation? Why?
5. Explain why any other way of doing a thing is not so good as the one way prescribed by the rules of organization. Illustrate.
6. In an organized body, who shall say which is the right way?
7. Why should you expect to find restored in this dispensation the prescribed ordinances and ceremonies of the Church of Christ?
8. What is the first essential outward ordinance necessary to membership in the Church of Christ?
9. How did Paul explain the ordinance of baptism?
10. Relate the story of the restoration of the ordinance of baptism in this dispensation.
11. What has the Lord said in modern revelation concerning the necessity of baptism, and the method of administering it?
12. What did the new convert receive in olden times after being baptized?
13. How was the gift of the Holy Ghost conferred?
14. What has the Lord said in the present day concerning the gift of the Holy Ghost?
15. To whom might the ordinances of baptism and the laying on of hands be administered?
16. What, then, was done anciently with little children? Illustrate.
17. What important duty has God placed upon parents in the present dispensation?
18. What important instructions were given to the Prophet Joseph respecting the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper?
19. Why do we not use wine in the Sacrament?
20. How does the ordinance of the Sacrament as performed today compare with the first performance of it?
21. What did James say should be done for those who were sick?
22. What has the Lord said concerning the sick in our own day?

#### SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

- A. Make a careful study of the doctrine of baptism as taught by the Catholics; by the Church of England; by the Presbyterians; by the Lutherans; by the Methodists; by the Baptists. Show how order is destroyed by their conflicting creeds, and the straight way to heaven blocked.
- B. Study the doctrine of infant baptism as presented by sectarian churches. What stand does the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints take on infant baptism? Compare this doctrine with the teachings of the Savior. Show how order is violated by the conflicting doctrines, and confusion brought upon the world.

## X.

## THE PLAN OF GOVERNMENT.

At the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on April 6th, 1830, the Prophet Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery were accepted and unanimously sustained as the spiritual teachers and leaders of the Church. It appears that there was no further attempt at that time to perfect the organization. Indeed, while the Church numbered but few members it was unnecessary to have more officers than those indicated. The few members were banded together for mutual benefit; and for the time being, a leader was all they needed. In the revelation given during the organization meeting, a recorder is also named, and the official position of the young Prophet is pointed out. The Lord declares:

"Behold, there shall be a record kept among you, and in it thou [i. e., Joseph Smith] shalt be called a seer, a translator, a prophet, an apostle of Jesus Christ, an elder of the church through the will of God the Father, and the grace of your Lord Jesus Christ, being inspired of the Holy Ghost to lay the foundation thereof, and to build it up unto the most holy faith."<sup>a</sup>

It was not long, however, before the Church grew to such proportions that more working officers were needed than those two or three first appointed. As it was in the days of the Savior, when he called the twelve, and the seventy, and other workers, so it was in latter days. The phenomenal growth of the Church demanded the completing of the organization. And "completing" of the organization is all that was needed. The nature and extent of the organization were themselves already made plain. In the invaluable revelation on Church

government,<sup>b</sup> given before the organization of the Church, the officers of the priesthood are named in order. There the Lord speaks of apostles, high priests, elders, bishops, priests, teachers, deacons, high councilors, and so forth. At an earlier date even than that of the revelation on Church government, the Lord made known to the Prophet Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer, that there should be in due time a quorum of twelve apostles.<sup>c</sup> While, then, the plan of Church organization and government was perfected slowly, as the growth of the Church demanded, the officers of the priesthood and the whole governmental plan had been clearly outlined even before the Church organization was effected. All that needed to be done when further perfecting of the organization became necessary, was to build on the revelations already received. Always, however, the Prophet acted on the policy of earlier days, waiting until he was commanded of the Lord before he assumed to accomplish any important act in the Restoration.

At a conference of the Church held at Amherst, Ohio, January 25, 1832, and again at a general council held at Independence, Missouri, April 26, 1832, the Prophet Joseph was acknowledged and sustained as the President of the High Priesthood. The Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, consisting of three members, was not effected, however, until March 18, 1833. Ten days before, on March 8th, the Prophet had received a revelation in which it was commanded that he should continue

<sup>a</sup>Doc. & Cov. 22: 1, 2.

<sup>b</sup>Doc. & Cov., Sec. 20.

<sup>c</sup>Doc. & Cov., Sec. 18.

in the ministry and the presidency. Moreover, the Lord said:

"Verily, I say unto thy brethren, Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams, their sins are forgiven them also, and they are accounted as equal with thee in holding the keys of this last kingdom \* \* that through your [the Prophet's] administration they may receive the word, and through their administration, the word may go forth unto the ends of the earth, unto the Gentiles first, and then, behold, and lo, they shall turn unto the Jews."<sup>d</sup>

Accordingly, on the eighteenth of the month, Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams were ordained to be first and second counselors to President Joseph Smith. Thus was the earthly presidency of the Church restored in the dispensation of the fulness of times.

Other quorums and positions of presidency were likewise restored as need demanded. On December 18, 1833, Joseph Smith, Sr., father of the Prophet, was ordained patriarch of the Church, by the Prophet Joseph, Oliver Cowdery, Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams. And less than two years later it was decreed in a special revelation on Priesthood, that—

"It is the duty of the Twelve, in all large branches of the church, to ordain evangelical ministers (patriarchs) as they shall be designated unto them by revelation. The order of this Priesthood was confirmed to be handed down from father to son, and rightly belongs to the literal descendants of the chosen seed, to whom the promises were made."<sup>e</sup>

Little less than two years after the organization of the Presidency of the Church, the promise that there should be appointed a quorum of twelve apostles was fulfilled. It was Sunday, February 8, 1835. Brigham and Joseph Young had

come to visit the Prophet. They sang to him, and worshiped together. The Spirit of God was poured out upon them, and the Prophet declared that he wanted to see together the brethren who had gone to Missouri the summer before in Zion's Camp. He had a blessing for them, he said. Accordingly, a meeting was appointed for Saturday, February 14, 1835. When the men of Zion's Camp were assembled, the Prophet addressed them at length. He declared that there was a divine purpose in the trials and hardships endured in the march to Zion and return. In the afternoon session of the meeting, the Prophet directed that the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon should proceed to select twelve men to be ordained apostles of the Lord Jesus. Accordingly, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris were blessed by the presidency of the Church. Then they proceeded to select from among the men of Zion's Camp twelve men to be ordained apostles of the Lord Jesus. The twelve men were named in the following order: Lyman E. Johnson, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, David W. Pattern, Luke S. Johnson, William E. M'Lellin, John F. Boynton, Orson Pratt, William Smith, Thomas B. Marsh, and Parley P. Pratt. The first three named were then ordained to the apostleship that same day, February 14, 1835. The next six were ordained the following day, Sunday, February 15. Parley P. Pratt was ordained on February 21. And Orson Pratt and Thomas B. Marsh, who were absent on missions, were ordained in April, 1835. This was the quorum of Twelve apostles—like that appointed by the Savior during His personal ministry—again organized in this dispensation.

At some time before the calling

<sup>d</sup>Doc. & Cov. 90: 6-9.

<sup>e</sup>Doc & Cov. 107: 39, 40.

of the Twelve, the Prophet had seen in vision, not only the organization of the quorum of apostles, but also the organization of the quorums of seventies. The Church had made such phenomenal progress, and the missionary labor was so extensive, that more busy workers were needed even after the calling of the Twelve. Therefore, on the 28th of February, 1835, the Church assembled in council, began to select from the faithful ones left from the Zion's Camp expedition, certain men to become seventies. Seven men were ordained presidents of the quorum, and sixty-three others, members. These Seventies, said the Prophet, "are to constitute traveling quorums, to go into all the earth whithersoever the Twelve Apostles shall send them."<sup>f</sup>

The quorums of authority thus far re-established may be considered, in a way, a quorum dealing primarily with the spiritual affairs of the Church. Even the First Presidency, while they may advise in temporal matters, and take active part in them, seem to have it as their first duty to stand between God and the Church imparting spiritual life to the Church. It was not the intention of the Lord, however, to provide only for the spiritual welfare of His people. The temporal welfare of the people was also necessary to the satisfactory fulfillment of their missions upon the earth. Therefore, the Lord restored also the quorums of authority whose principal duty it is to take care of temporal affairs. In a revelation given February 4, 1831, while the Prophet was visiting in Kirtland, Ohio, the Lord said:

"I have called my servant Edward Partridge, and give a commandment, that he should be appointed by the

voice of the church, and ordained a bishop unto the church, to leave his merchandise and to spend all his time in the labors of the church: to see to all things as it shall be appointed unto him, in my laws in the day that I shall give them."<sup>g</sup>

Edward Partridge was a prosperous merchant of Kirtland. The Prophet said of him, "He was a pattern of piety, and one of the Lord's great men, known by his steadfastness and patient endurance to the end."<sup>h</sup> Elder Partridge accepted the call of the Lord, forsook his merchandise, and was ordained on the very day of the revelation, the first bishop of the Church. In the following November, several elders came to the Prophet seeking to know the will of the Lord concerning them. The Prophet received for them a revelation, containing not only instructions to them, but also "certain items \* \* \* in addition to the covenants and commandments." There, among other things, the Lord says:

"There remaineth hereafter, in the due time of the Lord, other bishops to be set apart unto the church, to minister even according to the first."<sup>i</sup>

The following month, Newel K. Whitney was called by revelation to be bishop over the Church in Kirtland.<sup>j</sup>

And since that day, other bishops have been called, as need has arisen, until there are in the Church at the present writing about seven hundred acting bishops?

Thus the quorums of authority and presidency in the Church were restored one by one as the growth of the Church demanded. Each one in turn was appointed by special

<sup>g</sup>Doc. & Cov. 41:9, 10.

<sup>h</sup>Quoted by Roberts in "Outlines of Ecclesiastical History," p. 316.

<sup>i</sup>Doc. & Cov. 68:14.

<sup>j</sup>Doc. & Cov. 72:8.

<sup>f</sup>Hist. of Church, vol. 2, p. 202.



revelation, until the organization was completed. With the two divisions of the Holy Priesthood restored, the organization of the quorums of the Priesthood in a way took care of itself. Yet, even here, special directions were given that there might be no error. Besides the important revelations on Church government already noted, two other revelations were given dealing particularly with the history and duties of Priesthood.<sup>k</sup> From these we learn that twelve deacons constitute a quorum of deacons; twenty-four teachers a quorum of teachers; and forty-eight priests a quorum of priests; that the bishop, besides presiding in a general way over the district where he is appointed, presides particularly over the Lesser or Aaronic Priesthood. From these, also, we learn that ninety-six elders constitute a quorum of elders; seventy seventies, a quorum of seventies; and all the high-priests of a district the quorum of high-priests in that district. Thus, from high-priest to deacon, and from the First Presidency to the lay member, the organization of the Priesthood is complete and perfect in its operation.

Besides this perfect organization of the Priesthood, there are other helpful divisions and organizations that have been called forth by the growth of the Church. The most we can do with them here, however, is merely to mention them in closing. First, is the territorial division of the Church. For convenience in government, the Church is divided territorially into stakes, wards, branches, missions, and conferences. Kirtland was undoubtedly the first stake of Zion to be appointed in the history of the Church. Concerning Kirtland, the Lord said in 1832:

"For I have consecrated the land of Shinehah (Kirtland) in mine own due time for the benefit of the saints of the Most High, and for a stake to Zion."<sup>l</sup>

In the dedicatory prayer offered in the Kirtland Temple, 1836, the Prophet Joseph Smith said:

"We ask thee to appoint unto Zion other Stakes, besides this one which thou hast appointed, that the gathering of thy people may roll on in great power and majesty, that thy work may be cut short in righteousness."<sup>m</sup>

Other stakes were appointed, including the Center Stake at Independence. Today, the Church numbers some sixty stakes, each presided over by a presidency of three high priests, and a high council of twelve high priests, with several alternate high councilmen.

As the Church is divided into stakes, so the stakes are divided into wards, each presided over by a bishop and two counselors. And the world at large, not included in the boundaries of the organized stakes, is divided into missions, each presided over by a president. The missions in turn are divided into conferences, likewise presided over by conference presidents. And when there are enough Church members in a conference, or mission, the elders organize a branch of the Church. This branch is conducted by a president and counselors, and is in its operation the same as an organized ward in the body of the Church.

The Church grew rapidly to such dimensions, however, that it needed even more assistance that these organizations and divisions could render. There has grown up in the Church, therefore, a number of auxiliary associations. The Female Relief Societies were organized un-

<sup>l</sup>Doc. & Cov. 82: 13.

<sup>m</sup>Doc. & Cov. 109: 59.

<sup>k</sup>Doc. & Cov., Secs. 84, 107.

der the direction of the Prophet Joseph Smith in 1842. The Sunday School was organized under the patronage of Brigham Young in 1849. The Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association was organized as a retrenchment society, under the supervision of President Brigham Young in 1869, and a similar organization of the young men was effected in 1875. The Primary Association for children was organized in 1878, and the Religion Class in 1890? All these auxiliary organizations serve to lighten the labors of the Priesthood, and of the home, in instructing the children of the saints.

Slowly, then, another act in the great drama of the Restoration was accomplished—an act of many scenes. But the achievements of the act have aroused, and continue to arouse, the wonder and the admiration of the civilized world. In the Church organization every point is carefully wrought out, from the highest and most important office to the lowest and least. Indeed, the perfection of the institution precludes the thought that it was devised by man alone. Not another so nearly perfect organization is to be found in the history of the world—past or present.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. Who were sustained as the spiritual teachers and leaders of the Church at its organization?
2. What other officers were appointed at that time?
3. What was Joseph Smith to be called, according to the revelation received during the meeting of organization?
4. How long did these few officers

suffice for the needs of the Church?

5. Explain how "completing" the organization was all required as the needs of the Church increased.
6. When was a quorum of twelve apostles first named?
7. When was the Presidency of the Church organized?
8. What had been the Prophet's official position up to that time?
9. How were the counselors to the Prophet appointed?
10. Who was the first patriarch of the Church? When was he appointed?
11. What did the Lord say later about the patriarchs?
12. When was the quorum of twelve apostles organized?
13. How were they selected, and from what body of men?
14. Name the members of the first quorum of twelve.
15. In what manner had the Prophet once seen the organization of the quorums of Seventy?
16. When was the first quorum of Seventy organized?
17. What provision was made for the temporal welfare of the Church?
18. Who was the first bishop in the Church? When was he appointed?
19. Explain the organization of the quorums of priesthood, from deacon to high priest.
20. How is the Church organized territorially? Explain each division.
21. Name and explain the auxiliary associations that have grown up in the Church.
22. How does the organization of the Church compare in degree of perfection with other organizations in the world?

#### SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

- A. Make a study of Zion's Camp, and show how it was a preparatory school for the first quorums of Apostles and Seventy.
- B. Study the organization of the Catholic church, of the Protestant churches, of the German army; compare with the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.





BABE IN SWADDLING CLOTHES. *Andrea della Robbia.*



# YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL

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## Joseph Smith and Modern Thought.

*By Levi Edgar Young.*

### I.

Joseph Smith had the good fortune to be born in the greatest century of the world's history. He lived at a time when the human race was awakening to higher and nobler standards of life, and when man was undertaking more than ever before the solution of those questions of human thought which pertain to man's destiny. In America, it was the age of many new religions, many new dogmas. The Constitution of the United States had granted freedom of religious worship and belief to all who were citizens of this Republic. It had taken many generations for the people of the colonial times to come to a knowledge of what true religious tolerance is; but they finally became tolerant, and it was their past and bitter experiences that made them so. The United States had just started on its career as a nation, but it was growing fast, and was soon to take its place among the greatest nations of the earth. The Mormon Prophet, Joseph Smith, did his work at a time when more discoveries and inventions were made in the line of science than during all the rest of the world's history combined. Human thought seemed to reach its height of power. The application of steam to machinery was understood, and electricity became the governing

force of the world's manufacturing and lighting. The printing press was perfected, books were placed in every home, and newspapers were read every morning by the high and the low, the rich and the poor. In the tilling of the soil, better methods were used than ever before. By 1825, the old wooden mold-board had been replaced by the steel plow. By 1835, thrashing machines were used; and in 1840, the McCormick reaper was found on the farms of the West. The year 1840 saw the invention of the sewing machine, and by 1844, the electric telegraph made it possible for man to commune with his neighbor thousands of miles away.

Great minds were leading humanity to higher goals. Ralph Waldo Emerson, a man of letters, was giving us his transcendentalism; Thoreau, his beautiful essays on Nature; and Horace Mann, his modern views of education. Universities were established in all the states, and our public school system brought to a high standard of efficiency Agriculture, manufacturing, and mining became the great pursuits of Americans, and America became "another word for opportunity."

### II.

Joseph Smith was a man of rare mental attainment. His was a well trained mind, and his physical and

moral training were in keeping with his intellect. He was what one might call, a truly educated man—a gentleman and scholar. He stood for culture in its highest sense, and condemned superficial knowledge when it was put forward for education. Though a man to whom the revelations of God were often given, he spoke and wrote through inspiration, but the inspiration that comes as a result of good, hard work. Joseph Smith was always active, never passive. Nor did God ever take from him the power of his personality. The prophet interpreted truths through his own mentality, and thus became a splendid thinker, and a wonderfully broad-minded man. He was naturally a man of great powers and lofty sentiments. His views on the topics of his time were always modern in the sense that they were highly intellectual. He was a modern man in that he was high-minded; he was a great man in that he gave solutions to the social, economic, religious, and political problems of the day; he was a tolerant and charitable man in that he stood for the best in humanity. He worked out a splendid system of ethics; he gave to the world the religion of Jesus Christ as a revelation from heaven. He displayed at times the wisdom of a Moses; the prophetic power of an Isaiah; the courage of a Cromwell; the tenderness of a Lincoln; the reasoning of a Spencer; the philosophy of a Fichte; and the keen insight into human nature which characterized a Shakespeare.

### III.

Joseph Smith's announcement that there is a natural law in the physical world governing all things is accepted today by all intelligent

people. The scientific world has proved the truth of the statements:

"All kingdoms have a given law.

"And there are many kingdoms, and there is no space in which there is no kingdom; and there is no kingdom in which there is no space, either a greater or lesser kingdom.

"And unto every kingdom is a law given; and unto every law there are certain bounds and conditions."

These sentences are among the most sublime written by the Prophet. He holds that this is one great and orderly universe, or what Sir Oliver Lodge calls "a single undeviating law-saturated cosmos." There is a unity of nature, a cause and effect of things, and all natural phenomena discernable by the senses or otherwise are the result of some previous cause or condition. There is no such thing as "chance." And not only is the earth and all things thereon subject to the law of its being, but modern astronomy has established a unity of the vast stellar universe which we see around us, and "assure us of the most complete uniformity of matter and of material, physical, and chemical laws, throughout the universe."

Alfred Russel Wallace in his "Man's Place in the Universe" argues that there is a complete unity in the universe, and further says that his conclusion "rests upon a great variety of observations, which demonstrate the wonderful complexity in detail of the arrangement and distribution of stars and nebulae, combined with no less remarkable general symmetry, indicating throughout a single interdependent system."

Joseph Smith has been accused of being a materialist. He was, and so are all Mormons materialists. The Prophet's teachings in regard to the elements as found in the ninety-third section of the Doc-

trine and Covenants are in keeping with the best in modern scientific thought: "For man is spirit. The elements are eternal and spirit and element inseparably connected maketh a fulness of joy." Then in the eighty-eighth section, he says: "And the spirit and the body are the soul of man."

Man is subject to law, an eternal law, and he is to become a developed creature morally, physically, and intellectually according to law and order. Man is an eternally progressive being. His powers are limitless, and he is the highest form of organic life, with a freedom to act as he chooses, an individual free will. "Behold, here is the agency of man," and as a consequence, man becomes his own savior, according to fixed laws and principles. He lives as a lover of nature, and a worker with the elements. His destiny is concerned with the earth, for he is to make it over again and reclaim it as a paradise, where nature shall be made more supremely beautiful, and where man shall live long, in fact forever, because all things are eternal, as neither energy nor materiality can be destroyed.

#### IV.

"The glory of God is intelligence, or in other words, light and truth."

What nobler conception of the ideal of education could be given to man! Here is a recognition of the grandeur of human nature, for if man is to know God, he can only do so by the development of his own intelligence. (And this recognizes man's great capabilities and power. It makes man supreme as a divine intelligence, and infinite in his faculties. It was the great world poet, Shakespeare who put this same thought into exquisite word-

ing some centuries ago. Hamlet is speaking with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and in the midst of his comments, he adds: "What a piece of work is man. How noble in reason. How infinite in faculty. In form and moving, how express and admirable. In action how like an angel. In apprehension how like a god." "And," adds Alfred Russel Wallace, "what a planet ours is for his development."

Joseph Smith not only taught that intelligence is akin to God, but he laid down for us a system of ethics that is splendid. The enlivening spirit in his ethics is that it teaches a man to take hold of the daily life and to live therein and step towards the perfect being by rational and sensible acts and thoughts each moment of his waking hours. Upon the good health of the individual depends his moral and intellectual welfare. In the revelation on the Word of Wisdom, he gives a practical method of obtaining health, and closes it by saying:

"And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow in their bones.

"And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge; even hidden treasures.

"And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint;

"And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them."

Herbert Spencer, the greatest of the world's philosophers in the nineteenth century has shown in his "Education" that the whole of man's well being depends upon his physical health, his physical development, and he even deduces his system of ethics upon the basis that man is a creature of law and enviro-

onment and can only evolve into the higher-self by a preservation of the life and functions of the human body.

Joseph Smith established schools of learning, and founded the first university in the history of the Church. His dream was for a priesthood of scholarship, not of sentimental, self-righteous learning. His people have never given up such an ideal, but are working to this day to perfect themselves in the highest learning known to man. Universities, colleges of the best type, and organizations that will eclipse all others in the discussion of problems of the day will be established. The system now in vogue of having the priesthood convene once a week for the purpose of study is but carrying out an ideal of the Prophet, for we are told in early Church history that he encouraged the investigation by all the different quorums of scientific and philosophic problems of his day. And though the Prophet himself had not the advantages of the training of a university, his was a well-trained mind because he was always a reader, and above all a thinker.

He believed that every man should take part in all the affairs of life. Every duty, every demand made in society and in politics, should be responded to, and man should perform all acts and duties with his best manhood, or higher self. If a man is a revelator, he is a wise man, he is on his way to great knowledge, and surely it is logical to believe that such a man should take part in all the affairs of life, be they religious, social, or political. For this reason, not only is the system of religion and ethics given to the world by Joseph Smith eminently ideal, but thoroughly practical. The Mormon Prophet laid down a system of phil-

osophy that may be called a utilitarian idealism. While it makes for the practical life, it also sets before man a high idealism, to which and for which man must work, and working for this great dream and goal is man's salvation from idleness, sin, and moral decrepitude.

Joseph Smith taught that each and every individual would have to know God and truth for himself. No community or man can save an individual; each individual is required to become his own teacher and savior. The personal incentive and initiative are as a consequence developed within the individual, and he becomes no blind follower of a priesthood or system, but an intelligent interpreter of the religion to which he belongs. His own intelligence and individuality must save him. Herein is the spirit of true Americanism, which is the right of each individual to grow, to interpret law and order, to live up to law in all the best sense of that term, and thus, enjoy the highest and most intelligent kind of freedom. This is self government, the very basic principle on which our own national and state constitutions are built.

## V.

Joseph Smith held the view that God and absolute truth could be known only through revelation, or the direct communication of God to man. The world may be studied, the laws of nature made known, and man may become a creature of intelligence, of power, of greatness, and yet he can go so far in the interpretation of life and the world, but no further. Of infinity in all its aspects, man may know but little. The finite cannot comprehend the infinite.

The late geographer, Richard A.



Proctor, one of the great astronomers of the nineteenth century, puts this same thought in these words:

"Inconceivable, doubtless, are these infinities of time and space, of matter of motion, and of life. Inconceivable that the whole universe can be for all time the scene of the operation of infinite power, omnipresent, all-knowing, utterly incomprehensible how Infinite purpose can be associated with endless material evolution. But it is no new thought, no modern discovery, that we are thus utterly powerless to conceive or comprehend the idea of an Infinite Being Almighty, All-knowing, Omnipresent, and Eternal, of whose inscrutable purpose the material universe is the unexplained manifestation. Science is in presence of the old, old mystery; the old, old questions are asked of her—'Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know?' and science answers the questions as they were answered of old—'as touching the Almighty we cannot find Him out.'"

Man has nothing to fear. His destiny is assured, for the Prophet-founder of Mormonism has assured each individual that God may and does make Himself and His will known to man. He has left to the

race a new spirit of optimism, a renewed desire to realize all that is best in life, and as man asks the eternal questions: "Whither am I going, and what is my destiny," the answer is assuring and elevating. And so the Mormon takes hold of the modern thought of the day, and dreams of a time when mankind will be at peace, because man accepts the prophetic teaching: "The glory of both God and man is intelligence." Joseph Smith verifies the words of Tennyson:

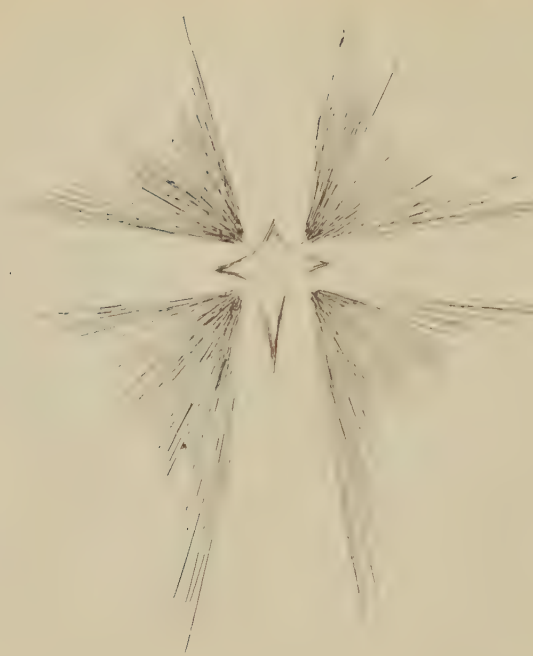
#### THE QUESTION.

"Will my tiny spark of being  
Wholly vanish in your deeps and heights?  
Must my day be dark by reason,  
O ye Heavens, of your boundless nights?  
Rush of Suns and roll of systems,  
And your fiery clash of meteorites?"

#### ANSWER.

"Spirit, nearing von dark portal  
At the limit of thy human state,  
Fear not thou the hidden purpose  
Of that Power which alone is great,  
Nor the myriad world, His shadow,  
Nor the silent Opener of the gate."





## Abda, the Youngest Shepherd.

*By Ethel M. Connelly.*

### I.

The sun was close to setting. In its lengthening rays the distant roofs of the city glistened like burnished gold where they rose from the shadow of encircling palms. The old man, leaning heavily upon his oaken staff, and the boy, standing straight and tall beside him, gazed unseeing across the barren plain that lay before them, past the town, and the hills beyond, into the redening west. At last the boy turned his eyes upon the furrowed face beside him.

"But dost believe that it is really true?" he asked, half doubting, half wondering.

"Nay, nay, I do not believe. I know," answered the man, conviction in his trembling voice. "How shall I doubt when I see my people despised, and in bondage? A de-

liverer will surely come to confound and stamp out the enemies of the chosen of the Lord, not from among the children of men, but divinely sent, a king in power and glory. Have not the traditions that I have told taught thee that?"

"I think I believe," the boy faltered, but there be thousands that say they are but idle tales."

"Aye, and so there be," Hachmoni answered with a flash of fire in his dull old eyes, "thousands who have departed from the ways of their fathers, and no longer are patient and watchful. Art thou, too, one of these?"

The boy's pale face flushed scarlet with shame.

"Nay, nay, indeed I do believe," he cried, clenching his hands with sudden passion. "Thy teaching has not been in vain. But this sign that

thou tellest me of today—thou hast never taught me aught of it before.”

“True,” Hachmoni answered sadly, “because even I, who am called the wisest of all this land, am but a child in knowledge compared with the great men of the east, and did not know until they told me. To them the blue dome above us is an open parchment on which is written all the past, the present and the time to come. But when I heard, I could not doubt, for the Magus told me he had read the signs in the very stars themselves. The heavens cannot lie.” He pointed with palsied hand at the expanse of sky above him. “By their signs ye shall know of the coming of the King.”

A moment the boy stood silent watching the face that glowed with almost heavenly light, then, kneeling at the old man’s feet, he humbly asked, “Canst thou forgive me for my little faith? Bless me, oh wise Hachmoni, and say to me what I shall do. Must I bear the news down into the town?”

“Nay, my son, they would not believe. Our people’s faith seems dead. Only the coming of the Mighty One can make those of the town trust, as I, in God’s love for His chosen children. To thee only, Abda, who, since babyhood has knelt at my feet to learn what I could teach, shall I entrust this secret. The years gather so thickly about my head, that I know not when my feeble step may halt and my dim eyes close forever. But I would not have the knowledge of this thing die with me, and lest I should be called before the time is ripe, I have told thee all, and bid thee watch now in my stead.”

“Thou art wise and good,” the boy answered sadly. “But how am I to do what thou wishest, when by day and by night I must watch

my father’s sheep, and often sleep lies heavy on my eyelids? All my father’s sons have places of honor, but I, the youngest, who am called Abda, the servant, I must toil early and late at the lowly tasks which my father deems unworthy of his older sons. How, then, oh wise Hachmoni, shall I watch as thou biddest me? The sheep might go astray.”

“Nay, a good shepherd cares for his sheep always, and thou wilt never let them stray. But as thou honorest my gray hairs, thou wilt be vigilant in the charge I have given thee. Have no fear, my son, the voice in thy heart will tell thee what to do. But the hour grows late; already the western fires begin to glow. Farewell, my Abda, go up into the hills, and God be with thee.”

## II.

“Throw more wood on the fire, Abda. The cold eats into the very marrow of my bones.” Toah shivered, and drew his cloak closer about him. “There is something that I like not in the air tonight,” he muttered, a heavy stillness that is bodeful of something strange. Were we not already loaded with as heavy a burden as we can bear, I should fear some fresh indignity from the rulers of the land. I know not why I feel so strange. A dozen times today, while I tended my sheep, I have turned with a sudden start as if some presence walked beside me, and yet the hillside was as silent and deserted as the grave. Ah, ’tis a lonely life that we lead out there, from dawn till dark, and dark till dawn.” He drew up to the fire and nodded, as Abda piled fresh branches on its glowing embers. “Aye, make it blaze to the skies,” he cried, not seeing the an-

gry flush that dyed Abda's face at the note of command. "We must have warmth and cheer tonight. what think you, Shebuel, is there not a touch of frost in the air?"

"I know not, I know not." The man bending over the fire answered impatiently. "While I burn my face watching the meat, I do not feel the cold. Only such as lie idle have time to sniff the air. Abda, another stick here."

"Peace, peace," cried a cheery voice, as a tall figure entered the circle around the fire. Each man must take his turn. It was Toah who tended the meat last night. Why, I'd rather singe my beard over the coals, than freeze out there on the hilltop. This sheltered spot, where we meet each day to share our evening's meal, is a blessed haven granted us by the God of Jacob. Be not churlish, Shebuel, take thy turn like a man. Tomorrow thou mayst rest. Thou art happier here than down there in the

town where enemies rule, and spies lurk in every corner."

"Aye," nodded Toah. "Remember Jorim, who only seven days ago was thrown in chains because he did not bow when the servant of the King rode by, and now his house is seized, and his wife and children beg for bread, yet none dare give them shelter. Bad as our life may seem up here, at least we're free."

"Spoke like a man," cried Bilgah, spreading his cloak with careless ease. "We know not what injustice is, compared with them—Abda, some drink here, quick, to quench my thirst."

Abda turned, for the first time refusal on his lips. Night after night, year in and year out, it had been his pride to serve the older shepherds, to do each lowly task they bade him with a willing hand. But now it seemed to him unjust. Bilgah had said, "Each man must take his turn. But was there not



DRAWN BY J. T. HARWOOD.

*"Peace, peace," cried a cheery voice, as a tall figure entered the circle around the fire.*



a constant cry of "Abda, kindle the fire," "Abda, bring more wood," "Abda, some water here," "Abda, a dish of meat," and did he ever rest, was it ever not his turn? He had been a servant long enough. That day was past, now he was a man. He threw his head back with a gesture of pride, he opened his lips to say "No," but persistently the voice in his heart that told him what to do murmured, "Peace, peace," and with the habit of years he silently obeyed.

Bilgah drank long and deeply, for his gourd had been empty since midday. When his thirst was quenched, he cast his crook aside, and seated himself by the fire, while Abda threw himself down at a little distance, silent and respectful, but alert to every sound and gesture.

"We'll have a clear sky tonight," Bilgah said, as he spread his hands to the welcome blaze, "for there's frost in the air that will silver the grass, when the sun has set. The hilltop will be no pleasant place for man or beast, I fear. There's something a bit uncanny in this sudden cold. I like it not." A moment he looked restlessly around him, then, returning to his former cheery manner, asked, "But tell me, how fared the day?"

"Badly, badly," murmured Shebuel, with a doleful sigh. "The sheep fed far and wide, and I must be at their heels from daylight till dark. Tomorrow I drive them down the hillside, for there was scarce food enough on the upper slope for the day."

"Ay, we must all be moving soon, for the pasture land is little more than stubble now." Toah bent to mend the lacing of his sandal. "But for eating meat here to-night, I myself should have crossed to the farther slope today."

Bilgah heaved a regretful sigh.

"The nights will be lonely when we sup each one by himself," he said, looking affectionately at the scene before him,—the blazing fire shooting its volley of sparks into the air; on its outskirts, to the left, where the red embers glowed, Shebuel peering into the smoking pot; on the right, the huddled form of Toah wrapped in his cloak; and a little behind, in the shadow, Abda, lying full length, gazing up into the sky. Then he looked beyond into the gathering dusk at the bare hillside, now bereft of its summer foliage, and repeated as he shook his head, "Twill be lonely indeed. But truly we must seek fresh pastures. Abda, when wilt thou go down toward the valley?"

Abda hesitated, poking the blazing logs till the sparks darted higher still into the air.

"It is true, the grass grows scarce," he answered slowly, "but as long as the sheep can feed I would stay up here."

Bilgah smiled indulgently.

"Thou art a strange lad, Abda. Dost really prefer the lonely silent hilltop to the valley, where the town lies close at hand?"

"The hilltop is never lonely," answered the boy. "By day the sun shines, and in its rays a thousand insects buzz. Around above my head, the wild birds circle and dip, giving strange calls as they pass each other in the air. By night, the stars come out, and the moon, with his great beaming face that always smiles. From way off in the farther hills, strange animals call to each other across the dark. The hilltop silent? No, it is full of voices, day and night."

"Noises, thou meanest, boy, ghostly noises that come one knows not whence." Toah muttered the words with a shudder. "Any place

is lonely where there is never a living creature near."

"Then how can the hilltop be lonely, when the sheep graze all around? At night I watch the lights go out in the valley, and the torches of heaven come out in the sky, till I seem to sit beneath a great palace dome studded with myriad lights. All through the hours I hear the low ba-ba of the sheep, and the shrill blast of the lambs, calling, like fearful children, for their mothers in the dark. I listen for the warning bark of the dogs, and the cries of terror from the flock that warn me of danger near. No, I am never lonely, for day and night I watch." He paused and looked up into the sky as if searching for something that lay hidden there. "And watch, and watch," he repeated, half aloud, with a quivering breath.

"Well, well, truly, as Bilgah has said, thou art a strange lad," exclaimed Toah. "It was but yesternight that I came up from the town, and yet, already I am lonely for the noise and bustle of its streets. But come brothers, Shebuel brings us the smoking kettle. Let us eat."

Silently at first, they ate in hungry haste, throwing the bones and scraps to the great dogs that fought and snarled over the precious bits. At last Bilgah spoke.

"Didst bring any news from the town?" he asked.

"I heard strange talk at the house of Unni, *the sword-maker's son*," he answered slowly, "talk that comes to my mind unbidden again and again."

"Well, what didst say it was about?" Shebuel asked, impatiently, after a moment's silence.

"Peace, brother, peace," chided Bilgah. "Toah has not said. But I think I guess of what he speaks. Was

it not some foolish talk of a great new king?"

With a start Abda sat up very straight and still.

"Ay," answered Toah, calmly, "a king, who, Unni declares, will rise among us soon and set us free. I know not whether to call it foolish or not."

"Much living alone with the sheep hath dulled thy wits, good Toah," scoffed Bilgah. "Who is there, think you, fit to become our king?"

"I know not, for surely he would come in glory with the blast of trumpets and the blare of drums. But Unni remembers the very words that his father taught him. In your day a king shall reign in righteousness, for so said our fathers centuries before us." That Unni believes, you may be sure, for often he has worked all through the long hours of the night, fashioning sharp swords and glistening knives in readiness for the mighty army of the King. He and many that were with him wait now to join his ranks and take up arms against the enemies of our people. It is strange,—and yet they be not visionary men. I remember, too, that in my childhood I heard some talk of this before."

Every moment Abda bent closer, repeating to himself the familiar words of the old tradition, and longing to tell them the wonders of which he knew.

"Ay, and so have we all," declared Bilgah, "talk of a king and a prophet that shall destroy our enemies and rule in power. Old Hachmoni, whom they call the wise, has prated of it till his voice is cracked. But 'tis easy to talk, and thou knowest that a story grows ever in the telling. It is only the foolish that believe such tales."

"Nay," Toah spoke in slow un-

certainly, "but there be powerful men among our people, they say, that have watched long for the king, and plan among themselves which one of them shall win from him a place of honor. If they believe—"

"Thou makest me lose all patience," Shebuel broke in, kicking at the crackling wood in sudden anger. "Such as thou have been nursing vain hopes for generations past, but has any great king risen up to help them? Are we not as we were five centuries ago, prisoners, and oppressed? The shepherd who lives out on the frozen hills, toiling from dawn until dark that he may earn enough to pay his yearly tax, knows that there is but one king, and he is Caesar."

"Thou art ever hasty, Shebuel. I said not that the story was true, only I cannot deny it, either, when greater men believe." He did not know that Abda looked at him with a new respect, and already counted him a follower of the king.

Perhaps thou art right," Bilgah answered thoughtfully, throwing the last bits of meat to the waiting dogs, "perhaps." Then changing his position he drew from the folds of his mantle his shepherd's pipe. "But on such a night we want gladness and cheer. Enough of such tales. Let's tune our voices to a merry song. No fear that the sheep will stray away tonight. We may rest ourselves here and forget all care." And he began to play in high, clear tones.

Abda had sat listening with strained attention, his heart beating, his head on fire, forgetful of everything but Toah's hesitating voice. Now he started in sudden recollection. The sun had long ago set, and the grey mist that crept up from the valley was fast encircling the hills. Night was close upon them with her prowling attendants,

the wolf, the jackal, and the grinning hyena close at her heels. Abda shivered as he rose and drew his cloak close about him.

Bilgah paused a moment in his playing.

"Sit down, boy," he cried. "The dogs will tend the sheep tonight. Their hunger is appeased and already they have returned to their watch."

"Nay, the wolf does not fear the cold," answered Abda, throwing fresh wood on the fire. "Even on such a night as this he dares to snatch a lamb from the very midst of the flock."

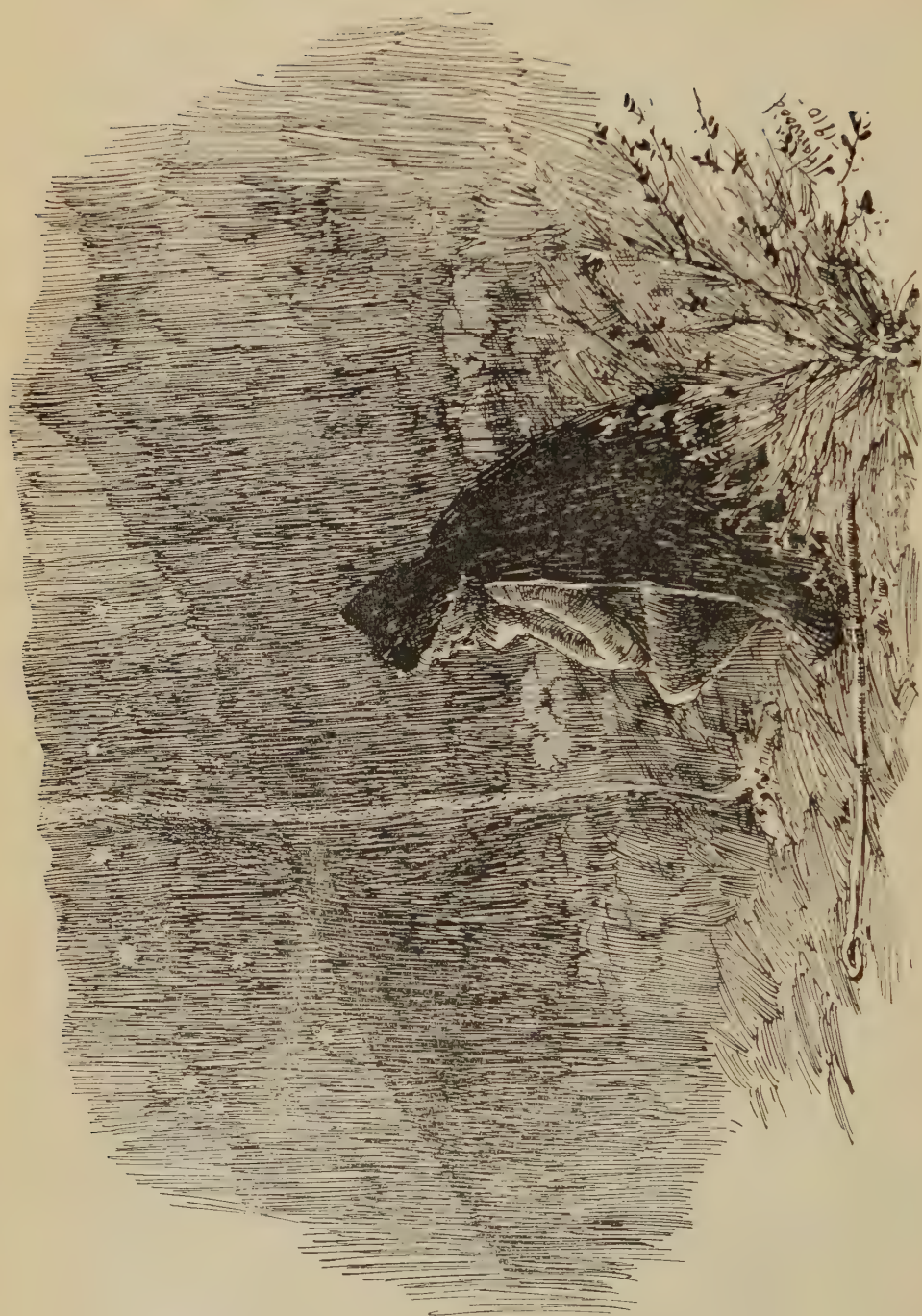
"Thou art like Shebuel, ever looking for trouble ahead. Come, cease thy watching for tonight, the sheep will feel no harm."

"A good shepherd cares for his sheep always," answered the boy in a low voice. "And see, already the first star has appeared in the heavens. I must haste to the hilltop and watch. Farewell."

### III.

The way up the mountain was rugged and steep, but Abda clambered from rock to rock with never a faltering step. Night after night for a long and weary year, with Hachmoni's parting words ringing in his ears, he had mounted the hill at sunset, and all through the dark hours sat where he could see the stars come out in the sky, and fade again with the dawn. When, as a child, he had looked up at the great black dome above him, he had cried in fear, imagining that the stars were the myriad, all-seeing eyes of God, which searched into men's souls for the smallest sins that might nestle there concealed. But now, he counted each one as it appeared, and loved it because it was a kindly torch kindled in the sky





With a few dry sticks \* \* he kindled a tiny fire and crouched down close beside it.



to guide Him on His way to earth. Hour after hour he strained his eyes into the infinite distance to catch the first rays of the sign of His coming.

Tonight, when he reached the hill-top, his eyes swept the heavens in eager hope, but only the stars that greeted him night after night, smiled back in calm serenity. With a few dry sticks that he had gathered at midday he kindled a tiny fire, and crouched down close beside it. From around him, where the sheep huddled together cringing from the cold, he could hear a low ba-ba, and the occasional sharp bark of a dog, as it snapped at the heels of an adventurous young lamb that strayed to the outskirts of the flock. Once, as the night grew older, he heard, far off in the distance, a long, deep bay, and an immediate crowding and moaning of fear among the sheep. He bent his head to the ground to listen, but the note of danger faded away among the hills. The wolf was on some other scent.

Far into the night he watched the reflection of the fire that burned at the supper camp below. Again and again he saw it fade, and flare; and fade only to flare up again. The story that they had heard that night, the mere thought of which made him feverish with joy, could not send them eagerly up on the hill top to watch, for they did not know what he, Hachmoni, and the wise men of the east were sure of, that the heavens above would bear witness of the coming of the King.

His limbs were cramped, and his eyes were heavy with sleep, when, by the moon he knew that it was the end of the second watch of the night. The dogs were dozing, the sheep were almost still, the crackle of the dry twigs in the fire was almost the only sound that stirred.

Suddenly a faint cry of distress broke through the heavy silence. Again Abda bent his head to the ground to listen, and heard the cry, distinct this time, the call of an animal in pain, somewhere down the opposite slope of the hill. He sprang to his feet, seized a burning brand from the fire, and quick as a mountain goat, went leaping down the rocks. Down, down he went, and still the cry drew him onward. Near the foot of the hill he paused again to listen. He knew it now, the agonized bleat of a young lamb that had strayed into the dark ravine which cut the lower slope. He paused and looked back above him. Already the rising crest of the hill obscured the eastern sky. Below, the rocky walls, and thick overhanging brush, would shut off all view of the heavens. One little lost lamb, strayed away from the flock and caught in a thicket, was there, and above, there might be, even now, the wonderful sign of the heavenly King.

"As you honor my gray hairs you will be vigilant in the charge I have given you," Hachmoni had said. Ah, he must go back, up where his eyes could search the whole expanse of heaven. But Hachmoni had said, "the voice in your heart will tell you what to do," and softly his heart was chiding, "The good shepherd cares for his sheep always."

One last look he cast above him, then plunged down into the mysterious darkness, where the cry of the lost lamb sounded fainter and weaker.

#### IV.

The fire down the western slope of the mountain was dying down to glowing embers, but the three shepherds dozing in its warmth

heeded it not. At last Shebuel awoke with a groan.

"Ugh," he shuddered, "how came it that we fell asleep. The fire is all burned out, and the cold is eating into my very bones. But hist, what's that?" He listened. A sound faint and indeterminate, forced itself upon his ear.

"Toah! Bilgah!" he cried. "The sheep! We have slept and I hear strange noises off in the distance.

Bilgah started to his feet.

"How—where?" he questioned, sleepily. "Noises—what noises? What is the hour?"

Toah looked dazedly up into the sky.

"By the stars it is the second watch," he muttered, but—hist—what was that?"

From the other side of the hill there came a low, weak moan, then faint, but clear, the pitiful bleating of a lamb.

"'Tis the sheep," Bilgah cried, then all aghast stood still. The silence was so intense that his voice had cut across it like a knife. Not the rustle of a leaf, or the crackle of a twig stirred the air. It was as if all life in the world had ceased.

The light from the watch fire had burned out, the stars paled, the moon grew dim, the sky grew dark. Then suddenly a light began to glow around, darting up from behind the eastern hills. It lit up the summit, it burned in the sky, it seemed to blaze from the very earth, white and clear and terrible. Huddled over the ashes of the burnt-out fire, three forms crouched lower and lower, holding their arms before their terror-stricken faces to shut out the awful glare. The light grew, the hilltop blazed, up from the mysterious east gleamed a great new star.

The shepherds felt upon their knees, with heads bowed and arms

upraised. The air murmured, the universe began to stir, a voice from out of the glory sang with clarion voice, "Be not afraid." A white robed angel floating in the rays of the star told of a King, of a Savior, and a reign of peace. Another voice took up the strain, another yet, the harmonies swelled forth until the great white choir of the Lord filled all the sky with glad hosannas. Then the music died away, the light grew dim, the splendor faded into the infinite. But high and clear from the silent sky, the star shone gloriously over all the earth.

The crouching forms relaxed, and fearfully, one by one, arose.

"Come, brothers, come," urged Toah. "Let us go, as the angel bade us, down into the city of David in search of this Savior of man."

## V.

It was still and mysterious down in the narrow ravine, yet Abda went forward with never a faltering step. About him was darkness impenetrable, but high in the narrow slit of sky above him a strange white light was dawning. He looked, he stumbled, he paused.

"It has come," he whispered, "at last. The light, the light, the light from His star!"

His voice rose higher; his hands stretched toward the east. "Back," he cried. The word broke in a sob. "Back to the hilltop, and be vigilant in the watch.

Up the nearest rock he sprang, fighting, scrambling, tearing his fingers in his eager haste. The brush grew thin, the slope of the hill began to glow,—then, faint and pleading came the bleat of the little lamb.

"I cannot," sobbed the boy. "The good shepherd cares for his sheep always."

Again he turned his steps down toward the darkness and gloom, and found the little creature, where it lay, torn and bleeding, tangled in a thicket. Gently he released the trembling form, tenderly he bathed and bound the suffering flesh, and nestled the shivering body against his beating heart. Then on his knees he whispered:

"O Hachmoni, thou bade me watch, and I have failed, but one of God's creatures called, and I could not stay my hand," and then again he sobbed, "But Abda, Abda, why couldst thou not have been vigilant always?"

A moment all was still. Then a breath of wind began to stir, the

dry leaves quivered, the branches swayed, the air murmured, the valley grew populous with a thousand throbbing harmonies. Floating forms came near, voices called from above, a heavenly choir sang, "Glory to God in the highest! Peace on earth, good will toward men."

The chorus softened, the music died away, but the boy, weeping, remorseful still, crouched silent on the ground. Then sweet and clear there came another voice out of the stillness that sang into his heart, "Be comforted. Even as thou didst it unto the least of mine thou didst it unto me. Rise up, my Abda, servant of man, be henceforth Abdi servant of God."



*He \* \* \* found the little creature where it lay torn and bleeding, tangled in a thicket.*

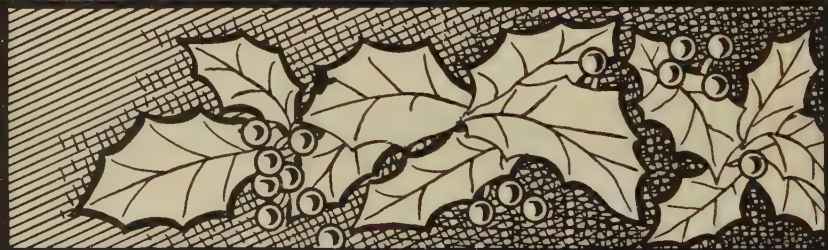




## The CROSS



Behold the lily's heritage of grace,  
Its unstained fairness rising from the ground;  
Ah, Christ, so radiant we see Thy face,  
Thy simple life with mystic beauty crowned!  
Like to the living flower in lifeless mold,  
Thy gentle words for us a virtue keep,  
A sweet communion with Thee let us hold,  
Walk by still waters, fountains clear and deep!  
That argent miracle, and wondrous form,  
Its living sheen the inner fires reveal,  
No taints of earth its grace or hue deform:  
Immaculate its beauty makes appeal—  
Ah, so may Christ's own science sin transform,  
The soul's deep wounds may Thy sweet justice heal!







Lo, as at morn a dove that upward springs,  
Bathes glad its plumage in expanse of light,  
So we, within Thy love, O King of Kings,  
Behold a dawn that follows after night.  
The weary soul doth ever near Thee draw;  
The broken-hearted come to Thee for cure;  
All tenderness and just Thy simple law;  
Thy life, all spotless, as the lilies, pure.  
Des; love shall triumph, blameless Prince of Peace  
And one by one the creeds of hate decay!  
Thy gentle message gives the world release.  
As time moves onward to a clearer day:  
O may Thy loving conquest never cease,  
As all the future ages roll away!

Verses selected from the  
Memorial Volume  
By Alfred Lambourne



# The Little Grey Lady.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

By Jane W. Herrick.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Nancy Gray ..... *The Little Grey Lady*  
Kate Gray ..... *A capricious southern girl*  
Ralph Gray ..... *Kate's father*  
Arthur ..... *In love with Kate*  
Aunt Judith ..... *Nancy's old mammy*  
Uncle Arthur ..... *Nancy's sweetheart*  
Boys and girls of the village.

## COSTUMES.

Nancy.—Grey dress, neckerchief, and white apron; powdered hair, dressed high.

Kate Gray.—1—Dressed for out-of-doors in winter. 2—Oldtime Colonial dress.

Ralph Gray.—Overcoat and hat.

Arthur.—Dressed for out-of-doors in winter.

Aunt Judith.—Red dress, bandanna kerchief on head and neck; White apron. Carries a candle.

Uncle Arthur.—Fur coat and cap.

Boys and Girls.—Old time Colonial suits.

## THE LITTLE GREY LADY.

Scene.—Parlor in the Gray home. Fire-place L.; easy-chair and stool in front of fire-place; small table at back. Chair R. C. and L. C. Screen R. Room in Christmas decorations of holly and ever-greens. Pictures, etc., on the mantel. Judith's candle on stand at back, lighted.

(Judith discovered; she dusts furniture and puts room to rights as she speaks.)

Judith.—Now here it is Christmas Eve again and no more goin' on 'round dis har ole place, dan as if Christmas celebrations b'longed to the polar bears and de Eskamas. Mighty different from de times we all used to hab when de ole Kurnel and Miss Nancy's mudder was heah. But dat poor chile done busted her heart years ago over dat good for nuffin scamp, Squire Hilliard's son, Arthur. An' here she's sit for more'n twenty year jes' pinin' her life away. Tho' nobody'd ever know it, she's dat sweet and sunny lookin'. Only ole Aunt Judith saw de white creepin' into her cheeks an' de roses go an' de sunny golden curls turn to snow. An' Lawd bless yah, it do make me just bile when I sees how eberybody comes to her wif dere trubbles—young an' old, rich and poor, jes' as if she hadn't 'nuff ob her own to keep her busy trin' to keep from bumpin'

her head on de reefs ob care. (Excitedly.) What's dat! What's dat! Ohoo—oo Ohoo—oo. (Stands with hands on knees, eyes bulging, staring at door R. Gradually begins to shake all over. Goes to table, takes candle, holds high over her head, turns around three times, muttering to herself; backs out of door R. bumping into Nancy who enters door R.)

*Nancy.*—Why, Aunt Judith! What are you doing?

*Jud.*—I's jes' tryin' to break de spell, Miss Nancy. Dat's all.

*Nan.*—What spell, Aunt Judith? (Crosses to mantel.)

*Jud.*—Now, Miss Nancy, don't you worry. I break de spell, all right. But I don' want to tell you, 'cause I don' want to get you harrowed up in your feelin's. (C.)

*Nan.*—Now, Aunt Judith, you know that I'm not the least bit superstitious, so you may as well tell me what you mean. (Back to Judith at mantel.)

*Jud.*—(Goes to Nancy, arms akimbo, emphatically moving her head from side to side.) Now Miss Nancy, you knows I isn't the least tiny bit superstitious, neiver. But when I sees a big brack cat nearly as big as a hoss come stalkin' right in fru dat door like he means ebil, I's goin' to work all de charms I knows to ward off de comin' event. Now when my ole man, 'Rastus, went in for his last rassle wif Satan befo' he passed to de shinin' sho'—

*Nan.*—(Turning to left to look at Judith.) Oh, I say, Aunt Judith bring me the Christmas candles; I have everything ready now.

*Jud.*—Yasum—yasum—I'll bring de candles, but fo' de Lawd's sake Miss Nancy, don' turn to your left, always to de right fust, after you've seen a black cat under yo' roof. Now as I sez befo', I isn't de least bit superstitious, NO—SAR—EE. (Takes up candle and cautiously back out, watching to see that Nancy does not discover her.)

*Nan.*—Faithful old soul! (Busy with Christmas things on mantel; takes down photograph, looks at it intently. Slowly.) Twenty years of waiting, waiting, until hope is withered and my heart is dead. Could he come back to me now, it is not me that he loves, not this half-withered blossom with whitened hair. It was a bud of a girl as he used to tell me, with a laugh in her eyes and a crown of gold on her saucy head. (Pauses, looks at photo, wipes her eyes.) How the cruel years have dragged themselves by. Twelve long months in every year. (Puts photo back on mantel.)

*Jud.*—(Outside.) Yas, Miss Katie, you'll find her right in dar. Now Miss Katie, take off your shoes an' go fru dat door backwards, or de ebil spell sho' 'nuff obertake you.

Enter Kate still looking back at Judith and crossing L. C.

*Nan.*—(At door.) Judith, how dare you frighten Miss Kate? (Crossing to Kate.) You mustn't mind her, dear. I try to laugh her out of her silly superstitions, but I do believe she gets worse every day. (Puts arm about Kate, tips her chin up and looks into her face.) Why Kate, dear, I see queer things in your eyes. The smiles are all gone, and instead there is somthing very like tears.

*Kate.*—(Turning away.) Oh, Cousin Nancy, I'm so miserable! But I'm not the least bit sorry. Oh, no, I'm only angry, very, very angry.

Enter Judith and places candles on the mantel. Exit.

*Nan.*—Come, dear, tell me all about it. (Sits L. C.)



*Kate.*—(Sitting R. C.) Do you know, Cousin Nancy, you are the only one that knows that Arthur and I are engaged; that is, we were engaged, but we are not now.

*Nan.*—And why not, pray?

*Kate.*—Well, he doesn't trust me at all. Last evening at Lucy White's dancing part he told me that if I danced more than four times with Harold White he would insist upon taking me home; and when I told him distinctly that I was happy to say that I am still mistress of my own actions, he flew into a passion and said perfectly dreadful things to me; said I didn't care a rap for him, and here we've been engaged three times within a month and I've taken his ring back every time. But I'll never forgive him this time. Never, never.

*Nan.*—(Crossing to Kate, touching her caressingly on shoulder.) I am afraid, Kate, that you are inclined to be a merciless coquette. Has it ever struck you that Arthur has had just a little to try his patience? I wonder if Kate, dear, would stand quietly by and see Master Arthur dance four times in one evening with the same young lady, let her be whoever she may.

*Kate.*—(Rising.) Of course not! But then you see, Cousin Nancy, that is an entirely different matter. Men are supposed to stand around and wait and trust us. Of course a girl can't give up everything all at once, for just one man.

*Nan.*—No? Then I am afraid Arthur is right, and you don't care very much for him. If you really loved him, Katie dear, as you should, it would only be a matter of course, this giving up everything for him. (Turning to mantel, looking back at Kate.) But as it is, I don't see any reason for your being the least bit unhappy or miserable. Of course (turning away teasingly) you don't care for him, and so that is the end of it.

*Kate.*—(Tearfully.) How very unkind you are, Cousin Nancy, when I expected so much from you, too. You know you are the only one I can go to in trouble like this. I have no mother—no one but Dad—and he doesn't know yet.

*Nan.*—My dear, of course you should come to me, for more reasons than one; and for one very important reason in particular which I will tell you about if you are sure you can keep a secret.

*Kate.*—(Clasping her hands excitedly and crossing to fire.) Oh, I just love a secret! Do tell me!

*Nan.*—(Both sit at fire-place, Nancy in rocker, Kate on stool, with elbows in Nancy's lap and chin in her hands.) Well, my dear, just twenty years ago tonight, I was the happiest girl in the whole wide world, having the love of a good, honest man, one of the most honorable. But through a misunderstanding we parted. He had misunderstood me, and when he asked for an explanation I answered my own heart-throbs as you did tonight, in almost the same words. He should have trusted me, and so I let him go. We were both proud, but knowing I was wrong I have kept silent and waited, and waited, and watched for his return in vain. (Putting hand caressingly on Kate's head.) If you could feel for only one moment the awful anguish of a lost glory like this, I am sure you would think more than once before taking a thoughtless chance of losing it. Kate



darling, I know you better than you know yourself; you do love Arthur with all your wayward young heart. Not having a mother to guide and restrain you, you have grown to womanhood following your own impulses and caprices. Now, my darling, if you would not ruin your life forever, think. Think more of other's happiness and see if trying to please Arthur doesn't bring you more real joy than teasing him beyond endurance.

*Kate*.—(Rising, goes behind Nancy's chair, puts her arms around her neck, presses cheek to hers.) Cousin Nancy, if anyone else were to tell me that I was a heartless coquette a frivolous, capricious child, and positively selfish, I should hate them most heartily. But somehow, I can't even dislike you. I just keep on loving you just the same. But you have not told me what I am to do. (Goes C.) I told him I would never forgive him, and you know, Cousin Nancy, when a Gray gives his word he always keeps it.

*Nan*.—(Rising.) Take my word for it, dear, it is far better to take back a bad word spoken than to live out years of desolation and misery.

*Kate*.—But I could never, never go to him! I couldn't live through the humiliation!

*Judith*.—(Outside.) Sure, an' if it ain't Massa Arfur; come right in, honey. Yes, she's right in heah.

*Kate*.—(Excitedly.) What shall I do? I can't see him now.

*Nan*.—(Pointing to screen behind which there is a chair.) Go in here and wait. Perhaps he won't stay long. But if you feel at any time during his brief visit that you wish to speak to him, remember you have my complete sanction and approval.

*Kate*.—(Up on chair, looking over top of screen.) But what shall I say?

*Nan*.—Just what your heart tells you. (Kate bobs down behind screen. In following scene Kate shows effect of dialogue by portrayal of anger, indifference, finally regret, almost tears.)

Enter Arthur door R.

*Arthur*.—(Shaking hands with Nancy.) Good evening, Cousin Nancy. I just stepped in to wish you a Merry Christmas.

*Nan*.—Thank you Arthur, (Motions him to chair R. C. Sits L. C.) The same to you, and many of them. However, you don't look quite as if you had started your Merry Christmas yet.

*Arthur*.—(Dejectedly.) No. Don't feel just myself tonight. Be all right in the morning, maybe. (Sighs.) Somehow Christmas seems to bring a feeling of loneliness to me, Cousin Nancy, as the years go by, and I grow older and think more. You know, I never missed my father and mother very much until now. You see when they died I wasn't very old, and Uncle Arthur tried so hard to fill their places and succeeded so well that I guess if he hadn't sent me back here to finish my education I shouldn't have been alone enough to miss them even yet. But somehow, this is the loneliest Christmas I have ever spent.

*Nan*.—(Crossing to Arthur, putting arm on his shoulder.) Are you sure, Arthur dear, that you are only lonesome tonight? Is there nothing else to make you wear that sad face so unnatural to you that I had to look twice when you entered just now to make sure that it was really you.

*Arthur*.—(Looking up at her.) I just can't keep things from you,

Cousin Nancy. Yes, there is something else. The something that's hardest to bear. Kate said she told you that we were engaged. Well, at present we are—unengaged. You see it's no use; Kate doesn't care a fig for me. Why only last night at Colonel White's she insisted on dancing almost the entire evening with that stupid Harold White. (Rising.) And when I told her that it not only hurt me, but that it wasn't quite fair to him to show such a decided preference publicly for anyone, she informed me that she was still mistress of her own actions, and for the fourth time within a month (taking ring from his pocket) handed me back my ring. Of course, I knew at first that she didn't care for me as I did for her, but I thought she might learn to some time. (Dropping into chair, leaning forward dejectedly.)

*Nan.*—So she may, dear, if you are patient with her. You know Kate has been her own mistress for so many years that it will always be a little hard for her to bow to the will of the stronger sex. But try again; make her love you in spite of herself. She is a girl well worth the winning, though I shouldn't like her to hear me say so, for I'm afraid she has been told too many such things already. Excuse me just a moment Arthur, please. (Exit L.)

Arthur sits thoughtfully staring at audience. Kate climbs on chair, looks over the screen at him, sympathetically; creeps out back of his chair, places hands over his eyes. Arthur draws her hands down quickly, looks up at her.

*Arthur.*—(Delightedly.) Kate!

*Kate.*—Yes, dear.

*Arthur.*—(Rising, brings Kate down center; puts both her hands in his left one; gets ring from pocket with right hand.) May I put it on again?

*Kate.*—Yes, and I'll never, never give it back again. (They are about to embrace; enter father. They start apart; father center, Arthur R., Kate L.)

*Father.*—Hum!—Hum!—You young truants, staying out like this on Christmas Eve. Home with you, immediately.

*Arthur.*—Mr. Gray, I have asked Kate to some day be my wife. May I ask for your approval?

*Father.*—Spoken like a man, Arthur. (Taking Arthur's hand, left hand on shoulder.) Short and to the point. And now to follow your good example. You have my heartiest approval. Do you think you have not had it for the past six months? I am not blind whatever other deformities I may have. But Arthur, my boy, she's all I've got, so don't take her out of the home nest. Let me have a son as well as a daughter. By the way, where is Nancy? I must try and persuade her not to spend her Christmas in the lonely way she is accustomed to. I want her to go home with us.

*Kate.*—(Crossing to Father.) Dad, dear! Do you know who the man is who Cousin Nancy once loved? She told me a little about herself to-night, and it is such a sad story. She has made us so happy, I do wish we could do something to brighten her lonely life.

*Father.*—(Sitting center.) Yes, my dear. It is Arthur's Uncle Arthur.

*Arthur.*—(Sits R. C.) My Uncle Arthur!

*Kate.*—(Sits L. C.) His Uncle Arthur!

*Father.*—Yes, years ago, let me see, about twenty, I should judge, your uncle (to Arthur) and Cousin Nancy were engaged. Your mother, (to Kate) and I were sweethearts then, too. We had a little misunderstanding, and quarreled seriously. Nancy being fond of us both undertook to play the part of peace-maker. She came to me in the conservatory with your mother's message of reconciliation telling me I could have the next dance with her. I was so over-joyed and impulsive that I caught her in my arms and kissed her. Just at that moment Arthur entered and saw what took place, and although he knew we were cousins he flew into a passion, said some very hard and cruel things to both of us, and left. I tried to explain, but Nancy's pride was so terribly wounded she said not a word, nor would she allow me to do so either. The next day Arthur left for India where his only sister, (looking at Arthur) your mother, was living. Some time after I wrote him a full explanation of the affair and told him of my approaching marriage. I thought it would bring him back, but he was so thoroughly ashamed of his unreasonable conduct that he wrote saying he knew Nancy could never forgive him for his injustice, and until he was sure of her feelings he would never return. Poor child, some years later her mother died, then nearly a year ago her father left her alone in the world. I wrote to Arthur telling him of her father's death, thinking her utter loneliness would appeal to him, but I have heard nothing from him. By the way, have you?

*Arthur.*—Some time ago he wrote me that it was barely possible he would spend this Christmas with me, but I have heard nothing since then, so he must have changed his mind.

Enter Nancy L.

*Nancy.*—(Shaking hands with Ralph.) Good evening, Ralph. I hope you will pardon me. Judith thought I was here, and so failed to tell me you had come. How are all at home?

*Father.*—Nancy, can't I persuade you to spend this Christmas with us? We want you, and we won't feel happy to know that this, the saddest Christmas you have known you are spending alone.

*Nancy.*—Thank you, Ralph dear, but you know all I have left to me in life are memories, and I shall be much happier here in the old home where I can dream, and dream to my heart's content. Now, don't spoil your own Merry Christmas frolics with long faces and pretended worries. I shall be quite happy in my own queer way. Kate dear, it is much colder. Pardon me, and I will bring a scarf for your neck. (Exit L.)

*Kate.*—(Putting hands on Father's shoulders, looking up into his face excitedly.) Dad, dear! Didn't you say that the clothes Uncle Arthur used to wear are up in the attic where you keep the old relics of my mother's?

*Father.*—Yes, miss. What mad scheme now?

*Kate.*—(Turning to Arthur) Arthur, dad says you are the exact image of your uncle. Let us get the boys and girls together. Put on the old time clothes our parents used to wear and come over and surprise Cousin Nancy.

*Arthur.*—A jolly idea! We will make it merry for her in spite of herself.

Enter Nancy L.

*Nancy.*—(Wrapping scarf about Kate's neck and passing her to Arthur.) Kate dear, wrap up good. Arthur, don't let her get cold. Good-night, all. A merry Christmas.

*Arthur and Kate.*—Goodnight, Cousin Nancy.

Exuent R.

*Nancy.*—Goodnight, Ralph. A thousand thanks for your kindness.

*Father.*—Goodnight, Nancy. (Exit R.) (Lights Christmas candles.)

*Nancy.*—(Crosses slowly to fire; looks at picture on mantel.) Memories! Nothing but memories! Somehow sweet, and somehow bitter. (Sits in chair; gazes gloomily into fire.) And yet I am happier tonight than I have been for a long time. Maybe it is the contagion of youth. They will be happy tonight, as reconciled lovers always are. I can do nothing but think and think. (Soft music; Nancy gradually falls asleep; lights grow dimmer until only firelight is left, full on Nancy's face.)

After pause, enter Judith R.

*Judith.*—(Calls softly.) Miss Nancy! Miss Nancy! (Crosses to Nancy.) 'Pon my soul if dat poo' chile hain't done gone to sleep in dat chair. Miss Kate told me to wait up and let them in quietly. I wonders what fool nonsense dat ha'm-sca'm chile am up to now. (Exit R. repeating former maneuvers of trying to break the spell.)

(Young people enter; Arthur leans against mantel in front of Nancy; young people arrange themselves back of chair. Kate kisses Nancy lightly on the forehead. She moves slightly. Kate kisses her again; she awakens, sees Arthur; starts.)

*Nancy.*—Arthur! Arthur!

*Arthur.*—It's me, Cousin Nancy. We have brought you a Christmas surprise party. (Offering arm to Nancy.) May I have the pleasure of the first dance with you?

*Nancy.*—(Taking Arthur's arm.) How sweet you all look.

(All form up and down stage and dance Virginia Reel. One boy mounts chair and calls. After dancing several figures, Judith enters.)

*Judith.*—Massa Arfur, dere's a gen'l'man at de door wants to see you.

*Arthur.*—To see me? Excuse me a moment please. (Exit with Judith R.)

(Boy on chair takes Arthur's place and dances with Nancy; they complete the figures of the dance, and just as Nancy and partner are advancing up center Arthur and his Uncle enter at back; take position up stage center. Nancy sees them, stares dreamily.) z

*Nancy.*—Arthur! Is this another dream?

*Uncle.*—Nancy, my darling! (holds out his arms to her; Nancy goes to him; embrace. Hold position until young people creep out; Arthur and Kate last. Look back gaily, embrace. Exuent merrily. Uncle leads Nancy to fireplace; sits in rocker, Nancy on stool; places his arm around her. Both look into the fire as curtain goes down.)

*Uncle.*—Nancy, dear, you will never light your candles alone again. (Picture.)

CURTAIN.



# The Afterglow.

*By Kate Thomas.*

Eleanor Ross pushed aside the box of bonbons. Christmas was stupid. She was lonely. It would have been better, after all, if she had married. There would have been someone to care for her, and perhaps—ah, it would be sweet to have children! She looked back over the few romantic episodes of her still young life. She had had only three lovers and of these Wilfred Warren had been the most patient. He had been married two years now and was father to a chubby black-eyed boy whose photograph graced her dresser. Life had seemed so fresh and fair to her then in that past when he had loved her, freedom so sweet, that she had torn her hands from his when he pleaded and cried, "No, ah, no! Don't ask me. I shouldn't be any good as a wife, dear. I'm fond of you but not that way. Please don't." And he had gone and come again; and gone and come again; and gone.

She would see him in the afternoon at Isabelle's. To her there was no wife or child, only him. Though he loved her no longer. She wished she had said yes that time long ago. Careers for women were empty things, besides—she would have been spared this torturing love for the other man—a love that never could know completion.

She threw back her head. If she could toss her thoughts aside so! However, it would not do to be grumpy. She would have sad lines about her mouth when she went to Isabelle's. Picking up "Aurora Leigh," she opened the book at random.

"My Father! thou hast knowledge, only thou,  
How dreary 'tis for women to sit still  
On winter nights, by solitary fires,  
And hear the nations praising them far off,  
Too far! ay, praising our quick sense of love,  
Our very heart of passionate womanhood,  
Which could not beat so in the verse, without—"

She closed the book, she should have known better than to have taken up Aurora Leigh. She hoped that she did not write things that made people uncomfortable.

"The next poem I impose upon a forgiving public shall be a real inspiration to old maids," she said to herself, the humor back in her eyes and a resolve in her mind to dress with care and look passable, at least, at Isabelle's.

She arrived there rosy and smiling.

"Here she is!" came a chorus of cheery voices.

"Come here, you-kid! and give an account of yourself," rang the deep tones of the jovial host. "It's the same old Nell! Always behind time."

How they smiled at her! How she loved them!

"She's been primping, and not a single man in the bunch!" continued Mrs. Isabelle's husband.

"But somebody's wife might die," suggested Eleanor hopefully.

"Cat!" The word came softly from Mrs. Lily, a round, dimpled little woman with a mouth like a baby's.

Everybody laughed.

"She said it as if she were saying 'Pretty pussy,'" cried her delighted husband.

"How giddy you old married people are," said Eleanor. "I don't approve of it. Marriage brings cares that should depress you."

"And old maidenhood," came the retort from a farther corner, "carries a weight of shame that should be aging. How old are you—kid? But it's a sin to ask while you sit there with those girlish lines and that infantile smile."

"My gracious, let me look at myself!"

Eleanor sprang to the mirror. Surely there was something charming in the figure that faced her, in spite of its plainness. There was life in the luminous dark eyes, life in the wavy hair, in every curve of the slender form, and in the delicious pink of the cheeks that rose above the soft grey of her gown.

"I always wear grey nowadays," she said, turning from the glass and smiling gratefully into the true eyes of her friends, "so that no mean spirited person can say that I dress gay to look young."

"Who was the wisest man?" asked the head of the house.

"Solomon?" chorused his guests.

"Who is the literal descendent of Solomon?"

"Eleanor," was the response.

"And when did she learn that there are mean spirited people in this roseate, poetic world?" went on Mrs. Isabelle's husband, putting his arm across the girl's shoulders and looking down at her with a sympathetic, although somewhat comical smile in his clear, matter-of-fact eyes.

"Last winter," Eleanor answered, rubbing her cheek against his coat. "It was when Minnie Call was married. She was twenty-seven. I never heard a man or a woman say,

'Bless her dear heart, I hope she'll be happy.' They all said, 'Well, well, it's about time!' It made me think so many things."

The door bell rang.

"Enter the most wonderful child on earth next to mine and Pattie's and Nan's and Sallie's," cried the vivacious Mrs. Molly.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Warren followed their offspring into the room. The child could barely toddle, but he always toddled in first. When he had crawled, he had crawled in first. His father had christened him Gilbert Parker because from his earliest infancy he had exhibited so startling a proclivity for the right of way. The two were in turn followed by a tall, pleasant-faced man plainly past forty, but with a certain boyishness that barred dignity.

Gilbert Parker toddled immediately to the fire. Being rescued from that by the vivacious Mrs. Molly, he made known his disapproval by pulling her small daughter's hair. Whereupon she set up a howl that took all of the mothers present, and some of the fathers, to still. Mrs. Warren rushed to the front, but Wilfred stood beaming with outstretched hand.

"Why, Nellie!"

"Why, Will! And Hilary Dare, who never did dare, though there's many a woman would like so romantic a name. You are still visited upon the third and the fourth generation?"

"In a few years I shall be courting my first sweetheart's grandchild," chuckled Dare. "She is a promising youngster."

Another scream started the company. Gilbert Parker had tried to climb upon a tall jardiniere and failed.

"Did um hurt um's little headie?" cooed his mother, lifting him up.

Gilbert Parker rewarded her maternal tenderness by almost gouging out her eyes with one hand and scratching her cheek with the other.

"If my child did that—" began Mrs. Pattie, then stopped suddenly. Mrs. Warren had turned upon her a quick flash of indignant eyes.

"Dinner is ready," Mrs. Isabelle announced hurriedly. "Every man take any lady he can induce to sit by him."

"Oh, fly with me to old turkee," warbled Dare, offering his arm to Eleanor, while turning to Mrs. Isabelle he added, "apologies for the adjective."

At dinner Eleanor found herself paying a great deal of attention to what Mrs. Warren said, and decided that she was tiresome. Wilfred, too, had deteriorated. He had descended hopelessly to the petty level of his petty wife. After all, thought Eleanor, a woman makes her husband quite as much as he makes her. Mrs. Warren's chief topic was Gilbert Parker, and she had no shortage of words. She told about his measles and his whooping cough. She told about the last dress she made for him out of patches left from her brown, eked out by a trimming of pink silk, the unsoiled portion of a two year's past evening bodice. The others tried to control themselves, but they had children, too, whose measles had been as bad as Gilbert Parker's, and whose cute sayings were cuter, inasmuch as Gilbert Parker's vocabulary had not reached what it might be from heredity. The children, meanwhile, were spattering their potatoes with their spoons and calling loudly for things they did not want. Eleanor looked up and caught her host's amused eyes. She dropped her own. In an attempt to rally, she turned to Hilary.

"Reasons why I am a bachelor," he whispered.

Eleanor tried, but it was useless. A low ripple of uncontrollable laughter broke over her lips. She laughed for one full minute, then she cried for two full ones.

"These emotional temperaments!" sighed Hilary, with eyes glowing in a manner that told plainly that he was entering the portal of his fifty-seventh infatuation. And for little Nellie, too, whom he had known all her life, and had never thought important.

After dinner was a bore. There was no brilliant conversation, nothing even interesting. Wilfred ventured a bit of repartee at times that reminded Eleanor of his old self. But before an hour had passed, he was nodding peacefully in a big arm chair, Gilbert Parker's for once quiet little noddle tucked happily under his chin. If his wife would only follow his example, thought Eleanor wearily. But the perpetual motion machine droned on.

She was glad to say good night. But as Mrs. Isabelle's half tired eyes looked down at her, her conscience smote her, and drawing her hostess's face impulsively to her, she kissed it, whispering:

"It has been perfectly lovely. But sometime I'm coming to see you and Bobbie alone."

"Come and see me alone," whispered "Bobbie," putting his wife aside gently and stooping toward Eleanor in the pretense of receiving his kiss.

Eleanor boxed his ears, returned the hearty embraces of Mrs. Pattie, Mrs. Molly, Mrs. Sallie and Mrs. Nan, and went away by the side of Hilary Dare, who said things all the way.

"Mayn't I come sometimes?" he asked eagerly at the door.

"We should have such stupid times," demurred Eleanor,

"Nellie, you are positively afraid of me!"

"Candidly, I am. I'm past that sort of thing now, you know," she answered, looking so absurdly childish that he laughed. "And you are so volcanic."

She was glad to be home. How peaceful this lovely room was. She threw herself on the rug before the fire, put her arms on the seat of a huge leather chair and, leaning her head on the seat, gazed into the red coals. And this morning she had wished that she had made a commonplace marriage! In the grate the face she loved was smiling at her. Dear Father in heaven, how grateful she was for that face! For the eyes that had the golden light, though at times they were more darkly brown than were her own. For the strong nose with its delicate nostrils. For the thin, fine, sensitive mouth. For the curly hair with here and there the faintest thread of grey. And he loved her! He to whom a nation looked in admiration. He loved her. She knew it by his eyes, by the thrill in his voice. By the touch of his hand, though his lips would never say so till they said it in honor. Would that time ever come? If they had met before! He was so

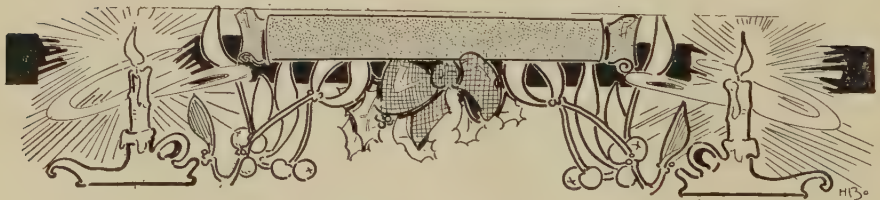
much older than she that the wish was foolish. But he had faith in her. "Work, little girl," he had said. And she would work. To have him praise her was more than if the world knelt down. She to be lonely who could call him friend!

She rose and extinguished the light. Then she opened the blinds and looked out long upon the wide stretch of glowing white and the trees heavy with armfuls of fluffy beauty.

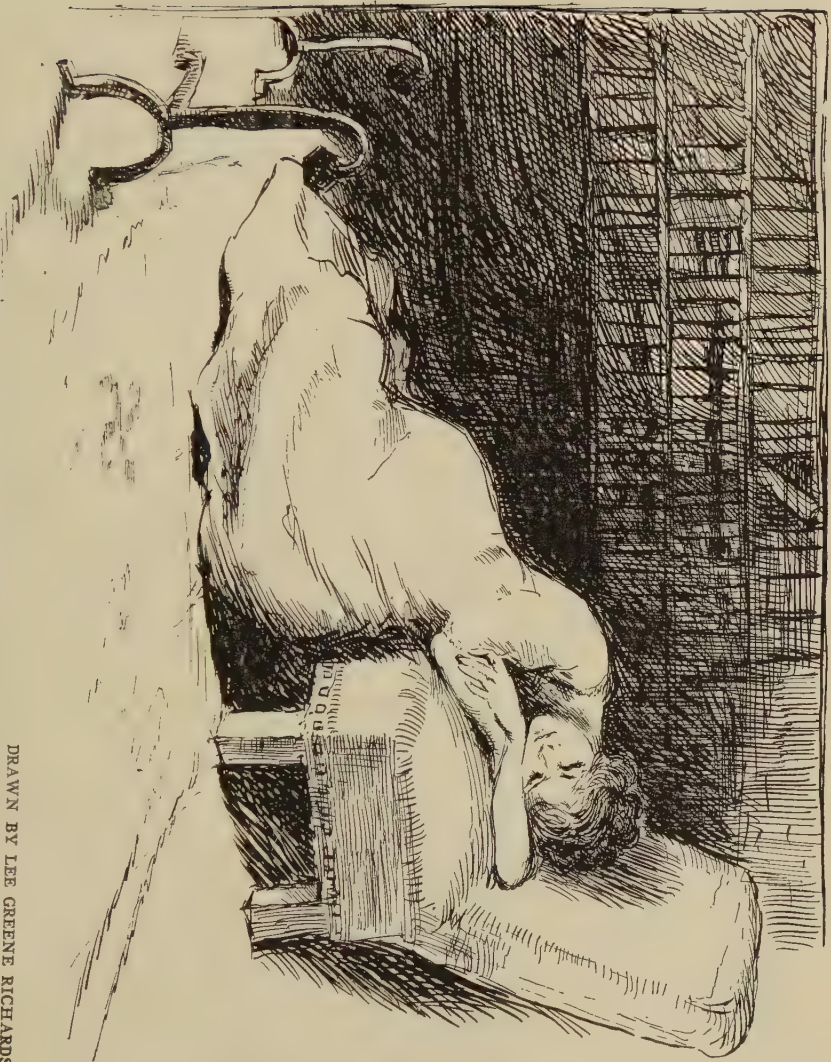
"'Tis a cotton batting world at the best," she said, "in spite of its glorious seeming. But there are some true hearts in it, and they beat for me. It's natural, I suppose, to be lonely sometimes, but better no love than not the highest. Dear eyes with your golden light dear broad shoulders with your weight of the world, I would rather have you in my dreams than—Wilfred Warren in hard fact with Gilbert Parker thrown in!"

She went back to the rug by the fire. It had been a lovely Christmas. Somewhere, far away, he was thinking of her too; was thinking of the day when he might tell her.

Her lashes fell slowly over her eyes. In a little while the beautiful face fell from the fire. She did not miss it, for it was still with her in her dreams.







DRAWN BY LEE GREENE RICHARDS.

*She threw herself on the rug before the fire, put her arms on the seat of a huge leather chair, and leaning her head on the seat gazed into the red coals.*

# A Pre-Christmas Meditation.

*By Florence Willard.*

There was never before in the world a time when the young woman had so many opportunities for enriching her own life and at the same time making life a brighter thing for others.

To take advantage of these varied and delightful opportunities, she need not, as some seem to fear, relinquish her heart's dream of love and home. The happy, wisely ordered home need not, indeed cannot be, a selfish place, but rather a center from which help and cheer go out for the rest of the world.

One of the cheering signs of today is the learning by women that the home cannot of itself be healthy and happy and prosperous except as it is a reflex of the health, happiness and prosperity of the community, the city or town, the state, the nation, yes, even the world.

Because women have learned this they are banded together in clubs and other organizations, to exert their united influence against the sale of impure foods, child labor, long hours and unhealthy conditions for the men and women who do the world's work, and other injustices that threaten the home, because they destroy the well being of the human units who must be depended upon to make homes.

But there is one evil that as yet has received scant attention from women but which they and they alone, can cure—our present-day commercialized, scrambling, almost hysterical Christmas buying.

Go into a great department store of any city, in any state any day of

the two weeks preceding Christmas. Note the worn, tired, tense faces of the women purchasers, as they elbow and crowd each other at the counters. Then as carefully study the assortment of wares on sale to tempt their purses. Test these articles by William Morris' rule: "Have nothing in your homes that you do not know to be useful and that you do not believe to be beautiful," and see how few stand the test and how many really ought to go to the junk pile, where, indeed, many of them do go before the year is old.

Next study the overworked salespeople, the little cash boys and girls. Then, if you can get a peep into the shipping department, do so. See those groaning delivery wagons. Remember that two persons must go out with each one and perhaps not finish their work until nearly midnight.

Next go to good Uncle Sam's post office. See the tired people standing in line before the windows; see the piles of merchandise in the delivery department and try to imagine yourself one of the postmen staggering under his Christmas load with no extra compensation for the extra work.

Consider thoughtfully (it is becoming fashionable to think) all these features inseparable as they are from our present treatment of Christmas. Then reflect that this commercializing of the most sacred season of the year is gaining momentum like a rolling stone. Ask yourself where it is to end. Then as a young woman of individuality

and influence, ask yourself what you can do to end it.

If you would get strength to resolve that you will help to end this killing Christmas pace, after you leave the stores, full of their distracted humanity, go away quietly and picture to yourself that first Christmas. Out in the still, clear Judean night, lay the flocks, their soft coats wet with dew. By them slept their guardians, the shepherds, in peace, and silence under the watching stars. Then that chorus of angels who could find, even in heaven no better words for their celestial music, than "Peace on earth, and good will to men!" Never will any earth-born musician set dearer words to song.

How must He who was born that Christmas night in the stable at Bethlehem regard our commercialized Christmas? Must he not mark with sorrow a celebration of his advent which brings such hard and unrecompensed toil to thousands in our stores and post offices, so much

mental and physical exhaustion to both givers and receivers?

Surely, dear girls of the Young Woman's Journal army, you are now ready to call a halt in this mad Christmas chase before it develops, as it will if not checked, into acute mania.

Will you not in future confine your Christmas activities, and influence other to do the same, to those which will bring only "peace" to all whom they affect in any way, and to a celebration of Christmas that will not break the back of toil or fill other hearts with envy; but rather make your Christmas one that shall help to broaden and deepen among all whom your life touches, even remotely, that "good will" of which the angels love to sing.

Then once more Christmas will become sane and sweet and we shall emerge from the holiday season—not breathless, gasping and with threadbare nerves, but serenely glad, refreshed and strong.

## It is His Birthday.

*By Annie Pike Greenwood.*

It is His birthday!

Whose birthday? little questioner, you ask.

The story is long, dear heart, and you so tired

Upon this Christmas night. Lean on my heart,

Your toys within your arms so fond,

And I will tell it all to you—

Or much as you can understand.

I will not make the story seem too simple,

Like some Red Riding tale or Cinderella.

Better to tell it as it fills my soul,

And so, wherein your littleness lacks the meaning,

Your feeling, sympathetic with your mother,

Shall catch a deeper thrill.

Year after year the telling will make deeper

Its sacred import. No story is needed here;

Only the telling that one Man has lived

And died upon this earth for other men,  
Forgetting Himself. So, little heart, I tell  
This night of nights to you, this life of lives.  
You are but three—ten times as long He lived;  
Yet we who call you little, call Him young.  
Thirty brief years were all He lived on earth,  
Yet thirty thousand years shall pass, and His word  
Still live. He was a carpenter's son, and his mother held  
His little body, as I hold your's tonight,  
Kissing his hair, and looking into His eyes,  
And dreaming fond dreams of all that He might be—  
Just as I dream of you, my little son.  
And while his father worked, there at his bench,  
Perhaps this little Boy I am telling about,  
Gathered the shavings, as you would, curling them so,  
Around his pink fingers, dimpled as yours, and sweet.

'Tis strange how our thoughts must mark us,  
Separate from, or join us, to all mankind.  
Here was a Lad, a carpenter's Son, who was thinking  
Such thoughts as God must have planted there in His brain,  
Differentiating this humble Child from His fellows—  
The other children whose lives and words are asleep  
For many a generation, while his are awake—alive  
With a force so vital that every man and woman and child  
In all of our land, remember His birthday each year.  
Ah, child, your mother shall die, and her birthday  
Shall soon be forgotten, and yet  
You think your mother is good and true—ah, I know,  
Though the thoughts in your heart are yet  
Beyond all your utterance. Words are less eloquent  
Than your deep eyes. How good then this Man  
Must always have been—how true, how pure, and how brave,  
That even today, after all these hundreds of years,  
We all remember His birthday. That, son, was why I gave  
All these sweet, pretty things to you, and why  
Your father put this new ring on my finger  
Almost before your eyes were awake this morn.  
We were remembering Him. No, dear, we cannot give Him gifts—  
Silver and gold and toys are nothing to Him  
But the dust of the earth, save for the affection they show.  
All that is left for us to do for Him, son,  
Is to live—live right, high, powerful, beautiful lives.

I will not tell you how He died, my tender little heart,—  
That would too surely scar and blemish the whole  
Through thy too horrified compassion. And what is death to you  
Who came so lately from where there is no death,  
And have not yet grown fearful of the dark,  
As we poor grown-ups, wandered so far from home.  
This, dear, is all I would have you know:



Here was a Man who lived but thirty brief years,  
 Yet in that time lived a life so strong and so pure,  
 That after almost two thousand years of birth and death, and rebirth,  
 He alone among us is always remembered  
 On His birthday.

You want to live and be a man just like that?—  
 Oh, such a sleepy murmur, from such dear lips!  
 A man like that! How proud would your mother be  
 If but her son stood up before men like that—  
 Stood up not only for men, but before his God!  
 But, oh, am I brave enough to give you up so?  
 To see you grow wiser than I; to know that I could not hold  
 You close to my side with affection, when greater calls came.  
 How would I bear it if you, too, should say to me,  
 What have I, woman, to do with you? Would my heart break,  
 Knowing you walked alone in some Gethsemane,  
 Ah! oh, my feet lag, my breath fails, my tears freeze,  
 If I must follow thee to some terrible cross!  
 No! No! I could not endure it; I am not made  
 Of stuff that is iron enough; I should die at thy feet,  
 Littleness, lovely, babe that I nursed at my breast!

Thank God such tests are not for the men today—  
 Not that they could not bear them, but because we mothers  
 Shrink from the white hot iron that burns out our hearts.  
 We could be crucified, and welcome the nails,  
 But our little ones must be spared from the horror of this.  
 Yet the test and the trials and the pain and the grief  
 Are as great today as they were, for our men of today.  
 My son, there are true words for you to speak in this world;  
 There are high, pure thoughts for you to be thinking!  
 There are brave and tender acts for you to perform.  
 Gethsemane lies in your own half-awakened heart.  
 And as Christ's mother might not follow Him into that garden  
 Where He prayed with agonized words that the cup might pass,  
 So mother can only stand by when your hour is come,  
 Only stand by, and suffer, until the battle you fight with yourself  
 Is won.—Asleep?—Here I will tenderly lay you,  
 Your toys still held in your arms,—  
 You that the great God gave to my arms  
 Just three years ago on His birthday.

I stand at the window to look at God's small silver worlds  
 Starring this holiest night. It is His birthday!  
 So let sweet peace come to the tired world,  
 And love to the hungry breast. Each year, each year,  
 Let us repeat the theme, of how that He lived—and died;  
 Of why we give to each other upon His birthday.  
 So shall the world grow better through those we love,  
 And everyday shall become His remembered birthday.

# In the Glow of the Bright Yule Log.

*By Lella Marler Hoggan.*

"Ambition is born of the morning,  
The battle is fought in the day.  
In the twilight, the wounds are attended  
And the tears are all kissed away.  
So await for the twilight, my darling.  
'Till the twilight, oh Sweetheart, abide;  
For after the dawn is the day, Love;  
And then comes the eventide."

Maud Nolan stood on the little back porch and watched the broad-shouldered ranch man walk rapidly down the narrow path, until he was lost to view in the clump of pine trees just beyond the old gate. His soft felt hat was pulled low over his face; and his attitude, as he hurried along, was one of dejection and anger.

Maud's trembling little figure, and the pained expression on her white face, told the rest of the story.

When she was alone in her room, she opened the treasure-box—the only tangible expression of the ranch man's sentiments towards her. A little broken sigh, almost like a sob, caught in her throat as she looked into the box. There were two letters,—or notes rather—addressed in a scrawling, untaught hand, a little leather-bound volume, the worse for wear; a few pamphlets and cards, and a photograph. She slipped a shining circlet from her finger and added it to the heap. He had refused to accept the ring when she returned it, saying, he was no redskin, and he didn't purpose taking back the only present he had ever given to a woman. The pained expression on Maud's face deepened, as she looked at the photograph. He was a big, plain, honest man. The type of

man that renews one's faith in his fellows, and deepens his reverence for God. He had lead a clean, open life; as sweet as the breezes that sing through the scented pines and as generous as the broad expanse of the great west.

Maud was a dear, sweet girl possessed of the tender, womanly virtues that soften the world's woes.

The big ranch man had adored her from the moment he first looked into her eyes. And she had responded to his wholesome worship in a friendly confiding fashion. She took a great deal of satisfaction in the knowledge that a big, honest westerner was interested in her personal welfare. And so she had sunned herself in the joy of his protecting care, nor had she concerned herself much as to the outcome of such a friendship.

Harold Rodgers, himself, was not quite conscious of the danger-line, until he had over-stepped it. After he came to a full realization of how very dear the little woman was to him, he tried to find out what the unnamable barrier was that was holding them apart.

Of course, he felt that Maud was all that was lovely, and he was not good enough to be her lover. But then, he could be a better man—yes, he could be anything and do anything that Maud desired, if she really cared and would help him a little. And he felt sure that Maud did care. But there was something else, something that he could not quite explain to his own satisfaction. Maud's world and his were not the same. Though Harold could

not quite comprehend it, the dividing line which separated their lives was one of mere conventionality.

Maud was a slave to the conventionalities that ruled her family and that had ruled the families back of them for more than a century. The Nolans for several generations back had been conservative, orthodox, cultured people.

While Harold knew only the culture of the wilderness and the ethics of the range. He had never learned the use of locks and keys and his open board was made merry by many a straggling ranger. His conscience was his standard of right, regardless of what the other fellow thought or said or did.

Maud admired his fearless spirit but she was not strong enough to break away from the code of ethics that had ruled her life from babyhood. And so she had broken faith with the big ranch man, and had sent him on his way alone; without even a tender good-bye or a word of regret. She had meant to say many tender words at the last but she found it very hard to say any words at all. And fearing that she would betray her own heart she had cut the interview short and dismissed him while she was still brave enough to control her feelings.

"And now, it is all over," she said, pressing the photograph close to her face.

"It is all over."

And then she buried her little white face and her slight figure shook with sobs. It was not yet three months since Maud had come into the little mountain district to teach the winter school. And yet in those few short weeks, she had found her heaven and lost it.

It was with much reluctance that her parents had consented to her coming. But Maud had found western life so fascinating and her

school work so delightful, that she had long since allayed their fears for her safety.

After her friendship with Harold Rodgers had become more tender and serious than she had intended that it should, the struggle of her life began. Week after week she had refused her own heart's pleading, until one glad day, in an hour of madness she had surrendered to the sweetest passion of her soul and had consented to become his wife.

Then followed days of satisfied joy, joy too dear to be shared with others. Maud forgot her conscientious scruples regarding westerners, and ranch men and men who were not scholarly. But her inborn instincts of conventionality were all fully aroused when Harold, one day, thoughtlessly expressed some of his religious beliefs. Some word he dropped had caused a strange little fear to creep into her heart, and in order to at once satisfy her curiosity and have her fears confirmed or relieved, she asked abruptly:

"To what Church do you belong, Harold?"

"My mother is a Mormon," he said unconcernedly.

"And you belong to the same Church?" she questioned.

"Well, it's like this," he replied, quietly, "I was baptized into the Church when I was a child, but I've never worked at it much for years. I really don't deserve to be called a Mormon."

"Then you've lost faith in it of late," she asserted, half hopefully.

"No, it ain't that," said he, decidedly. "I believe in Mormonism as much as I ever did; but I've been away from the Church so much late years, that I ain't had much of a chance to work at my religion. And a fellow isn't counted much of a Mormon you know, unless he lives up to his religion."



"And you really believe in Mormonism, do you?" continued Maud, her face now white with passion.

"Why, of course I do," smiled Harold, carelessly.

"And you wouldn't be willing to give up that belief?" questioned Maud, desperately reaching for the last straw of hope.

"Not unless I found something better," he replied.

"And if you did?"

"I should accept it."

"Would you, really?" she hastened to ask, the hard lines giving way to hopeful ones.

"Sure I would," he said earnestly.

From that day forward Maud's heart was filled with many misgivings. Suppose Harold Rodgers should remain a Mormon to the end of the chapter—what then?

That question continually confronted her.

She could accept a westerner. She could seriously consider a ranch man. She could consent to marry even an illiterate man. But a Mormon—that was too much. Harold Rodgers could choose between her and his religion. But he could not have both.

There was one hope left, however; he had offered to give up his religion providing he could find something better. To her, then, belonged the task of supplying that something better.

Something better than Mormonism—surely that would be easy to find. For to Maud's mind there were very few creeds in the world that were not better than Mormonism. After all, what was Mormonism? She had heard it defined in various uncomplimentary terms. But she could recall only one of them at this time. Some one had said that it was a dark unsightly blotch on the fair page of American history. That, however, was very

indefinite. She must learn something more of this religion. For one cannot hope to defeat any measure unless one knows what that measure is.

Accordingly, Maud and Harold agreed to exchange religious reading matter, and each make somewhat of a study of the religious denomination to which the other belonged.

Harold furnished her with a few tracts, lectures, and sermons, that his mother had sent him from time to time, in order that he might keep the flame of truth ever burning in his heart. Maud began the reading in a critical manner, watching only for the weak places, in order that she might collect her weapons of defense as she proceeded. But the utensils of warfare did not accumulate very rapidly and there were times when she almost lost her hope. Within a very short time she was forced to confess to herself that it was not such an easy matter, after all, to find something better than Mormonism. Still, she continued her efforts, for when a woman's heart and the happiness of the man she loves are at stake, she is willing to work without recompense as long as there is a gleam of hope in the distance. Maud's spirit of criticism soon gave way to one of curiosity, and this in turn was supplanted by a wholesome interest in the things she read. And like the other skeptic who came to scoff and remained to pray, she forgot the original purpose of her investigation and lost herself in an earnest search for truth. Then one day she asked Harold if he had a Book of Mormon, and said she had decided to read it if he would bring it over. Harold felt somewhat ashamed of his own negligence as he recalled the fact that he had never read the book himself. Maud read it with



both a fear and a prayer in her heart, and then she placed it in the little box with the other treasures. A glad song was in her heart.

Maud knew that a day of reckoning must someday come. And she dreaded the day and put off from time to time. She was not strong enough to surrender the joy of love and truth in which she now reveled. Neither was she brave enough to sing her glad song to a scoffing world. If she could only remain in the west and be true to her own heart and to God, it would be so easy. But there was that other world to meet and to answer. There was a mother, a home, a minister, and a social circle of loved ones.

The home mail, which at first had brought so much joy, came to be a source of agitation and worry. And it was so pleasant to slip the lid of the little box and look upon a worn leather-bound volume and the honest face of a big plain ranch man. So Maud kept the volume in the box. Her home letters grew shorter with the winter days, and as the winter evenings lengthened, Harold's visits became longer and dearer.

This process of dividing her time might have kept up indefinitely had it not been for an unlooked-for happening.

Elaborate preparations were being made for the Christmas celebration in the little school district. The Christmas tree had been selected, the program was all arranged, and already the little school-house was being decked in holiday garb. The students were in high glee. Never before had they looked forward to a celebration with such fond anticipation.

A little more than a week before Christmas the mail-sleigh came jingling in with a passenger along

side of the driver. He was a well-dressed, well-bred gentleman, who wore an eye-glass, carried a stick, and had some luggage. These characteristics alone were sufficient to arouse the curiosity of every one in the district. But when it was learned that the stranger had come to see the little school teacher the personal interest of the public was heightened. More than one of the men hastened to Hal Rodgers to inform him of the new arrival and warn him of the gentleman's designs. There was a comical twinkle in Hal's eyes and an assuring smile on his lips; but he offered no information in exchange for the service they had rendered.

As usual, on Sunday evening Harold called on Maud at her boarding-place. She mentioned the fact to him, that one of her college friends, who was now a doctor, had called to see her. She further informed him that Mr. Bell was on his way home for Christmas and that he desired her to accompany him. She had not yet decided what she would do, but promised to let Harold know within a few days. Mr. Bell was indisposed that evening so there was no opportunity for him and Harold to meet. And although the evening was spent quietly and pleasantly, Harold went home feeling very uncomfortable and somewhat unhappy.

To Maud, the days of Mr. Bell's visit were days of torture. For she knew that the time of reckoning had come. Mayhap, she would decide to close the lid of the treasure box for all time. Every hour the problem grew weightier. Mr. Bell was so well-bred. In him was that other world mirrored,—the world Maud loved and feared. Every hour that she was near him her courage weakened, until her western life came to look like a sort of

nightmare, from which he had come to deliver her.

What would Mr. Bell think of the treasure-box? She could never, never let him know. His polished manners, and his scholarly conversation contrasted rather unpleasantly with the ways and the talk of the plain ranch man. This continued comparison was too much for poor little conservative Maud. And so her heart at last consented to the ranch man's doom. She tried to tell him in an unconcerned fashion that she had decided to go home with Mr. Bell for the holidays; but her voice trembled a little as she spoke.

"Of course, you will be back," he said, decidedly.

"Perhaps—not," she replied simply.

A pallor overspread Harold's face. He knew what awaited him. "Little woman," he said, hoarsely, "you don't mean to say that it's all over."

"I mean, Mr. Rodgers, that I have made a mistake. I can never be happy out west and I think it best that I should go back to my home. I hope you will not take it unkindly. You understand."

"Yes, little woman, I understand." There was a sob in the deep, tender voice. "I understand." Then after a moment's pause:

"But I can't go without telling you some things. I've been a rough man and I've lived a rough life for many a year. But I have a mother, a virtuous, beautiful mother, and for her sake I've kept clean. I've been a busy man and I've never found time to study or polish myself up much. I know I'm crude. I've just lived along and never cared much for such things until—well, until you came. Then things seemed different, somehow. These

last weeks have changed my life considerable. You've made me a better man, little woman, a better man. And now, you're goin' away. I had counted on you helpin' me some. But it's all right, I can do it alone, if I have to. Of course there won't be any sunshine or any little home or any of the glad days I've looked ahead to. The world'll be dark and cold and sort of empty after you're gone. But I'm goin' to be a man, just the same."

He paused again but Maud only bit her lips and sat quiet, and he continued:

"Of course, I can't forget it all, no more than a man forgets the summer, after the snow flies."

There was a catch in his voice and Maud arose uneasily.

"I hardly think we can better matters by talking it over," she said, "so we may as well say good-night. Your books and papers I shall return to you. And, as for your religion, let us try to forget all that has passed between us concerning it. I can never be a Mormon."

She took his hand in hers for just a moment and then she turned and left him.

An angry flush overspread Harold's face. This then was Maud, this was the little woman he had worshiped. He could forgive her for her cowardice and her weaknesses, but that last sting was too much. Maud Nolan had been false to her conscience, false to her God, and Harold Rodgers knew it. Little wonder she wept over her treasure-box.

As Harold hurried along the narrow path, his quick eye caught sight of a cloud of smoke rising from the little school house across the stream. Forgetting his own troubles he hastened to the spot and found the roof slowly smouldering. He knew that

a few moments delay would put the house in ashes, so by means of a rickety old ladder, mounted to the roof and soon put the fire out. But in his attempt to get down his foot slipped on the icy ladder and he lost his balance and fell to the ground. Later in the evening one of the trustees, who came to deliver a load of coal, found him lying insensible in the snow. He was carried to the nearest house and put to bed. It was discovered that his leg was broken and that he was somewhat bruised and badly chilled. Kind hands soon restored him to consciousness and made him as comfortable as was possible. For two days following, Harold lay half dazed and suffered considerable pain. On the third morning his head felt clearer and he began to settle accounts with himself. There was a tugging pain at his heart and a vision of a little woman constantly before his gaze.

In response to his questioning Mrs. Strong told him that it was Saturday, Dec. 23. Harold made no reply.

Monday would be Christmas, he mused. An empty Christmas, too, for the little school teacher would not be there. It would scarcely seem like a holiday to the children. She had probably gone before this. But what mattered it to him? He must forget it all, now.

There was a light rap at the door and then—Harold rubbed his eyes to ascertain if he was awake. For there stood Maud Nolan smiling and asking for him. His face lighted up and then darkened again. At her side was a well-dressed, well-bred, gentleman, who wore an eyeglass and carried a cane. Maud introduced her friend, Mr. Bell.

There was a quick little catch at her heart as she looked into the pale face of the big ranch man. At

first the conversation was halting and monosyllabic on Harold's part. In a little while, however, the icy reserve melted away, and all conversed together freely.

More than once the scholarly man moved uneasily on his chair and made a mental search for an argument to offset the homely logic of the ranch man who seemed to be looking at life from a spiritual and mental, as well as a physical, eminence. The doctor's rhetorical figures were scarcely equal to the strong, original phraseology of the westerner. Harold possessed a reserve power that the cultured little doctor could not understand.

Finally the conversation turned to Harold:

"That was a rather expensive climb you took, wasn't it, Mr. Rodgers?" asked Maud, smiling.

"Just like Hal," asserted Mrs. Strong. "Risk his life to save a pesky little school-house, not worth five hundred dollars. He always thinks of every one else before he considers himself."

Mr. Bell, thinking to belittle Harold's valor, spoke up quickly, "Mr. Rodgers may have been somewhat venturesome in attempting to climb a bad ladder, still I think the school board will be willing to recompense him for his effort."

A perceptible frown crossed Maud's face, while a comical little smile played about the corners of Mrs. Strong's mouth. For Mrs. Strong knew what Mr. Bell did not: she knew that Harold was a member of the school board; that he had donated to the district the land on which the house stood; and that he had, not only, helped to build the house with his own hands, but had also assisted in keeping up sufficient funds to run a seven month's term of school for each of the past four years.



A crimson flush overspread Harold's face. He could scarcely refrain from speaking profanely but he replied simply.

"We don't accept pay for that kind of work out west, Mr. Bell."

After that the conversation lagged and Bell soon suggested that it was time to be going, and no one offered any objection.

Mr. Bell had felt the littleness of his own personality the moment he began speaking with the ranch man. As the conversation had continued, he felt his power slipping from him like a mantel. Now he stood chagrined and waiting, like a proud bird shed of his plumage.

Maud and Mr. Bell walked back to their boarding-place in silence. The day Maud dismissed Harold, a mad desire came upon her to see these two men together. And now that she had accomplished her purpose, to her own embarrassment and their discomfort; she felt ashamed of her own littleness. She spent the remainder of the day in her room. And through the long watches of the night she communed with her God. At the break of day she opened the little box and pressed the photograph close to her face.

"God will help me," she whispered, "He understands."

On Christmas morning Harold was propped up in bed in time to watch the hoar-frost surrender to the bright rays of the sun. Through the long morning hours he was very quiet. There was a troubled expression on his face and he toyed with his hands uneasily. He wanted to know the answers to a great many questions; but he did not care to ask anyone the questions.

Why had Maud Nolan remained out west for the Christmas season? Where was Dr. Bell this morning? When was he going home? Would Maud go with him?

These, and other questions kept him awake until luncheon. After Mrs. Strong's wholesome mid-day meal was over Harold insisted that she should go up to the school-house for awhile and watch the children enjoy themselves. The program was over but they were having Christmas games and lunch, and everyone would be there. He assured her that he would be all right, that he felt drowsy and meant to take a sleep.

An hour later he was awakened from his sleep by the touch of a soft hand on his forehead. "It is too bad to disturb you," said Maud Nolan, "but I can't stay long; and I wanted to speak to you alone. I have something to tell you."

"You're not going away," he said, half fearfully.

"Perhaps not," she replied slowly. "I—I wanted to speak with you first."

"Is it the contract," he asked "that is troubling you? If it's that you needn't worry. I'm sure the trustees will let you off. We shall not hold you to it, you know, if you really want to go."

"No, no, it isn't the contract," she hastened to correct him. Then she paused and a crimson flush overspread her face. Harold waited for her to continue.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Rodgers, that you will think I have been very ungrateful for all your generosity toward me. I—think we did not quite understand one another the last time you called to see me."

"Yes, I understand, Miss Nolan, I understand. It was a little bit hard on me, I'll admit, but it is, no doubt, best after all."

"But," she stammered, "I do appreciate all you've done for me. I know I have been unkind but I would like you to forget it if you



can. I would like to be your friend again."

"I hope we shall always be friends, Miss Nolan. I guess I presumed too much in putting myself on an equal with you. There was always many, many reasons why I shouldn't love you and only one reason why I should. But I always forgot the many and remembered only the one. I'll try to forget it, too, now."

"You might tell me what it is before you forget it," she suggested smiling.

"Maybe I hadn't ought to say it," he replied, "but I always felt that you belonged to me. I thought God must have given you to me long, long ago, before we began our journey here in the earth. I was sure I must have loved you through the ages or I couldn't have learned my lesson so well. But that was one of my blunders. I'm always blun-

dering, it seems to me, and always a breakin' things. Sometimes its a dish or a trinket and sometimes it's an arm or a leg or a heart."

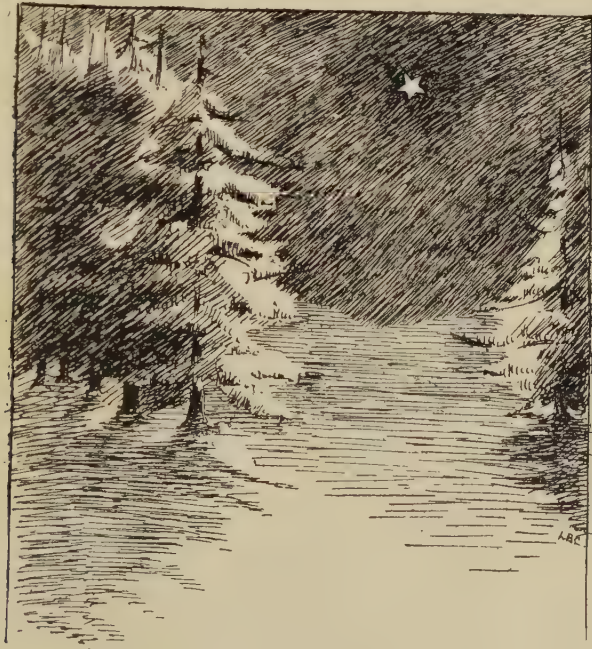
"But suppose it wasn't a blunder after all, Harold. Suppose it was true."

Harold had been looking out of the window, a resigned expression on his serious face. At this remark he started up and looked straight into Maud's eyes.

"What do you mean, little woman," he faltered, tenderly, "What do you mean?"

"I mean that I'm going to stay out west, Harold, and I'm going to be a Mormon if the Church will accept me. And—and if you—still care a little—I'm going to be your wife, Harold."

"Thank God," he whispered reverently, drawing her face down close to his.



# The Call of Christ.

*By Grace Ingles Frost.*

## I.

The night like a dove with wide-spread wings, was tenderly brooding  
o'er earth,  
And Heav'nly Hosts on Judea's lone plains praised God for Thy glorious birth,  
But Thou, tiny Babe of the wondrous part,  
Didst he cuddled close to a woman's warm heart,  
Resting secure in her love.

When from the east came those men great and wise, with gifts to bestow  
upon Thee,  
Aye! and to worship Thee, King of all kings, whose love hath from  
death set man free,  
The Kiss of Thy Mother to Thee was more sweet  
Than odor of frankincense laid at Thy feet,  
Yea! and more precious than gold.

For though mortal man ne'er Thy Father might be, yet God looking  
down from above,  
Ordained that woman His glory should share in bearing Thee Child of  
His love.  
A Son of the Highest! ah, most blessed gain,  
That woman brought forth through travail and pain,  
Thee, her Redeemer, her God!

And woman 'twas guided Thy faltering steps through babyhood's uncertain way;  
'Twas she that Thy infantile need didst supply, Thy sustenance giving  
each day—  
The one who at eventide 'pon her soft breast,  
Didst pillow Thy head and soothed Thee to rest,  
With kisses and lullaby song.

## II.

Women of earth! O women of earth! the Christ hath long called unto  
you,  
As Babe from the manger, as God from the cross,  
Bidding you unto your mission be true;  
Mindful of you in your worldly blind loss,  
Pleading for motherhood honored of yore,  
The crown of the woman revealing once more,  
Glorified, Heavenly bright!

O woman, arise! your sin cast away, believing as Mary of old;  
Let the babe's clinging arms incircle your neck,  
In place of the collar of jewels and gold;  
Let heart beat of life sent from God unto you,  
Pulsate 'neath your own heart in sweet rhythm true,  
Saviors with Christ of the world!

# An Alphabet of Women.

Far, far back to the days of Babylon we go. Do you recall that when Cyrus captured that city Assyria was ruled by Labynatus? It is of his mother, Nictoris, whose successor he was that we speak.

Nictoris certainly kept her eyes open, and had the brains to recognize what her eyes saw, and the power of doing the necessary things. She watched the movements of the Medes, comprehended their growing strength and their ambition of conquest and immediately proceeded to make her defense strong. The river Euphrates, which was an almost straight line of approach from the sea, she turned completely aside by sinking canals so intricate that following the river was like being in a maze. Then she raised banks on the river sides that were marvellous for their extreme height and their strength. Since the river ran through the centre of the town and the only means of passage had been by boat, she built a bridge. It was a little over a half-mile in length, and thirty feet in width. Also, some distance from the city she dug an immense lake. The dirt removed went to strengthen the embankment of the river, while the hole left could accommodate the river Euphrates itself! When it was emptied into this great receptacle, what boats could come to Babylon along a dry river bed? That she had a strain of eccentricity is shown by the manner in which she had her tomb built over one of the chief gates, with an inscription, stating that if any of her successors had a great need of money, he should open the tomb, and take according to his judgment. But trespassers not in need were ordered

to beware. The resting place was not disturbed until Darius came to the throne. He thought he could put the money to better use than having it lie in a dead woman's coffin, so he investigated. He found a corpse only and the comforting assurance: "If your avarice had not been equally base and insatiable, you would not have intruded upon the repose of the dead."

NAOMI, the mother-in-law of Ruth, dwelt in Judea, but left her home with her husband and two sons to go to the land of Moab, leaving a land of famine behind her. For ten years they dwelt there. Then Naomi was robbed of their companionship by death and she determined to go back to her own land again. Her name which signified "sweetness" she changed to Mara, meaning "bitterness."

MADAME DE NAVARRO is better known as Mary Anderson. She left the stage in 1890, at the height of her fame. Her husband is an English gentleman with all gentility's prejudice against the stage as an occupation for his wife. She was born in Sacramento, Cal., 1859. She was sixteen when she made her debut as "Juliet." She had personal beauty as well as art. Her description (in her book, "A Few Memories") of her home-coming when she was a great actress is amusing. Everybody in the town was at the reception. All classes of people down to old "forty-niners" were out to greet "Sacramento's Daughter." Naturally, she looked for an ovation at night, but the house was small. And the paper

next morning stated that "most of Sacramento's amateurs could have played Galatea with far more effect"!

CHRISTINE NILSSON (born 1843) was one of Sweden's noted sopranos. *Adelaide Neilson* (1848-1880) was the exceedingly beautiful English actress whose "Juliet," it is recorded, has never been equalled. *Lilian Nordica*, like Emma Eames, was born in Maine. She has a lovely personality and a loveable character, as well as a dramatic soprano voice that has been described as "rolling pearls." As an interpreter of Wagnerian roll she is unexcelled. And she is the one American singer that has been called to Bayreuth (the Wagner shrine). German critics were enthusiastic over the brilliancy and thoroughness of her interpretation of the master. Salt Lake and Ogden have both been fortunate enough to have heard her in concert. And if her charm of manner made her friends the first time, her second appearance, made her lovers.

To speak of Florence Nightingale is speaking of one so well known that it seems needless to mention her name. She was born at Florence—(she was named after her birthplace)—May, 1829. She studied mathematics, classics, and science with her father, but through it all (or because of that broad education, more probably, she felt an intense desire to do something to ease the sufferings of the world. She toured Europe, looking into the hospital systems everywhere. Then she took a course of nursing. When the Crimean War broke out she

offered her services at the head of thirty trained nurses. She continued in charge of the military hospitals until the close of the war (1856). She is called the "Angel of Crimea." There wasn't a soldier in the ranks that did not worship her. She was the pioneer of the great good that so many women have done in patterning after her. She founded St. Thomas' Home. And has written much upon the subject nearest her. Among her gifts was a cross from Queen Victoria—the cross that means so much—and a bracelet from the Sultan. And she is canonized by one poet, at least. Longfellow, in *Santa Filomena* (saint nightingale—Spanish) sings of her:

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise.  
To higher levels rise.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good,  
Heroic womanhood.

LADY NAIRNE (1766-1845) is called by Thomas Davidson, "the sweetest and tenderest of all the Scottish singers." The song by which she is best known, "The Land o' the Leal," he says "for tenderness and genuine pathos has no equal in any language." "There is something about her songs that has no name,—something simple, natural, living, inevitable. The range of her work is not equal to that of Burns; but where she could go, he could not follow her. She knew where the heart-strings lie, and she knew how to draw from them their deepest music. In handling the Scottish language she has no equal."



# The Third Commandment.

*By Grace Zenor Robertson.*

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

Of all other commandments the above is perhaps the one most frequently broken, and with least thought of sin or remorse. Possibly it is because this broken law has brought no visible harm to our fellowmen, that the sin not being seen, is not sensed.

So often do we hear the name of our Master reviled by those whose many blessings should instead call to their hearts thanksgiving, and by those whose sufferings and trials should bring to their lips a prayer.

Strong men, who in their manhood and strength might make the way pleasant for many weary feet, repeat with sinful lips and mockery the name of Him who gave them life and light, and being.

There are children who are looking up to us, as we should now be looking up to God; they are watching our every act; they are striving to follow in our way. Surely children will not reverence one whose name is so commonly repeated by our lips. He of whom we speak so lightly will seem no more worthy their adoration than another.

There are little children who repeat the Father's name in anger, knowing not the sin of a broken command. Is it not sinful that perfect innocence should be thus soiled?

Even in the prayer that was given to disciples of old, His name is but once spoken: "Our Father which art in heaven; hallowed be Thy name." Could other words be at once, both so simple and so full of reverence?

We would little think of using our Creator's name is oftentimes used. We would deem it an irreparable disgrace to the whole nation should the names of our loved Washington and other heroes be thus profaned, yet what are these compared with Him who hath made all things?

No truly great aim in life can be realized except by those who love and respect the name of God. We may search history's pages for the noble of the earth; they who have made the world better for having lived, and we will also find that each has ever guarded His name most sacredly.

When those who stumble blindly on through the world, not seeing its beauty—when they do awake to God's great mercy, surely they will praise His name forever and ever.

THE Whole of your life must be spent in your own company  
and only the educated man is good company for himself.

—David Starr Jordan.



# GIRL · QUERIES

*Conducted by Catherine Hurst.*

*Address all communications in this department to Question Box,  
Bishop's Building 40 N. Main St.*

Please tell me what to do to prevent falling hair as a result of having the measles.—Mildred.

After measles, typhoid, or any disease that causes the hair to fall, cut the hair short, and then take the best possible care of it. Brush, comb, and massage the scalp regularly, and perhaps use a good hair tonic. Several formulas have already been published in the Journal. When a person is first attacked with above mentioned diseases, especially typhoid, the hair should be cut.

Why do so many people say the "stork" brings the children to the home?—Mrs. S. A. G.

It comes from a legend which says: St. Francis of Assisi once deamed that he was in heaven. He begged that God would give him those birds that he had loved on earth. Especially he desired the stork as a comrade. His prayer was granted, but the beautiful stork which was given him as a companion became homesick and acted in so wild and strange a manner that the saints begged that he should be sent away. It was ultimately decided that he should be sent to earth to take a little angel to a family that desired children. Then he might return, but from time to time again revisit the earth, taking with him some little angel to some longing parent.

I am troubled with insomnia, what can I do?—Harriet.

I will give you two or three remedies that others have tried with good results. Beat two eggs well; add one-half cup of milk and a little sugar; drink just before retiring, or take a cup of hot milk on going to bed. If you are troubled by awakening in the night and lying awake, get up, exercise a little, or read a short story that will not tax the mind, eat one or two

crackers, or a piece of bread, then go back to bed, and sleep will come. When going to bed leave all your troubles in the other room, then shut your eyes and say "I'm sleepy" and go to sleep. As the old "mammy" told Florinda, "Jes think of nothin', honey," and go to sleep.

I have just gotten married and moved into a new neighborhood. I have had several calls; how soon shall I return them?—Margaret.

Return the first calls made upon you within a week or two. Promptness in this regard will show your neighbors that you appreciate their interest in you and will also insure you an enjoyable time this winter, by being included in their social affairs.

Should bracelets be worn over gloves?—Dot.

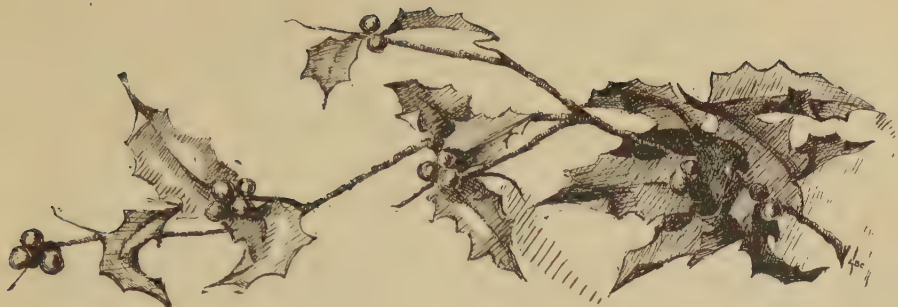
No; if one wears a bracelet with long gloves it should be worn under them, but better not worn at all.

To Shamrock's query: In writing to missionaries, the letters should be helpful, encouraging, and "newsy." If the young man be your lover you understand best what to write him; otherwise, friendly letters, expressing your belief in his success, will help him very much.

When a boy takes two girls to a dance, is it proper for one of the girls to dance the first dance with another boy?—Sunflower.

Yes; she may do so with propriety, although she might get the consent of her partner first. The last dance should be "sat out" unless the boy she came with secures a partner for her.

When wishing personal answers, please send an addressed envelope.



## Christmas Suggestions.

One girl writes to enquire about inexpensive Christmas decorations. Another wants to know what she can give grandpa and grandma for Christmas. The third query is from a boy—Jack—asking help in selecting a present for his sweetheart that will not exceed five dollars.

### INEXPENSIVE DECORATION.

Take dark colored twine and at intervals of an inch or two tie fir or pine sprays, cut from branches, and make long evergreen ropes. Suspend from corners of room and over the mantel. Pop corn and cranberries pinned here and there on the rope give a pretty effect.

Red crepe paper cut in narrow strips and draped on curtains looks pretty. If you have an opening between two rooms, take some small red apples, tie red and green cords to the stem of each, alternating the colors—and suspend from top of opening, forming an arch.

Red and green shades, made of paper and put over the light or lamp is also very attractive. Another pretty shade can be made of strawberry-boxes. Take five boxes, cover the corners and cracks with red, green, or yellow paper—red is preferable—fasten together and put on electric light. If you have ceiling lights and want something larger use five pound grape boxes. Where you have the drop light, twine the cord with red and green paper and make a pretty red bow for top of shade.

Holly and lycopodium wreaths are general when they can be obtained. A spray of mistletoe hung over the door has a significant as well as romantic meaning.

### FOR GRANDPA AND GRANDMA.

I am so delighted that some one has thought to give grandma and grandpa something beside slippers and silk handkerchiefs. Although they are past seventy they want something else. Make this Christmas a happy surprise for them. Thanks to "Julia" for the suggestion.

#### GRANDMA.

Picture  
Utility box  
Hand bag  
Surprise box of little things  
Shell comb  
Quilt  
Favorite toilet article  
Evening wrap

#### GRANDPA.

Umbrella  
New coin for watch chain  
Puzzle game  
Shears for writing desk  
Bath robe  
Paper cutter  
Renovate a favorite chair

### FOR EITHER.

Gold piece—any amount—suitcase, bath mat, surprise party, stationary, lamp table, paper weight, box of best mixed candy—pink, green, and white—tied with red ribbon. Book by favorite author.

### FOR JACK'S SWEETHEART.

Boquet of flowers and box of candy  
Picture—Madonna or pretty love scene, as, "Hanging of the Crane"  
Books, something to taste of girl

If college girl, college pennant, cushion or picture  
Something in china—vase, fancy dish, etc.

# Domestic Science.

By *Blanche Caine.*

## CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Clear Soup  
Roast Goose      Potato Stuffing  
                         Apple Sauce  
Potato Croquettes  
                 Creamed Cauliflower  
         Celery and Apple Salad  
Fruit Pudding      Sterling Sauce  
Macaroon Ice Cream      Cake  
Raisins      Nuts      Candy

One-half teaspoon salt  
One-eighth teaspoon pepper  
One-fourth teaspoon celery salt  
Few grains cayenne  
Few drops onion juice  
Yolk one egg  
One teaspoon finely chopped parsley.

Mix ingredients in order given, and beat thoroughly. Shape, dip in crumbs, egg, and crumbs again, fry one minute in deep fat, and drain on brown paper. Croquettes are shaped in a variety of forms. The most common way is to first form a ball by rolling one rounding tablespoon mixture between hands. Then roll on a board until of desired length, and flatten ends.

### *Creamed Cauliflower.*

Remove leaves, cut off stalk, and soak thirty minutes (head down) in cold water to cover. Cook (heads up) twenty minutes, or until soft, in boiling water; drain, separate flowerets, and reheat in one and one-half cups

### *White Sauce.*

Two tablespoons butter  
Two tablespoons flour  
One cup milk  
One-fourth teaspoon salt  
Few grains pepper

Melt butter, add flour mixed with seasoning and stir until thoroughly blended. Pour on gradually the milk, stirring until well mixed, then beating until smooth and glossy.

### *Celery and Apple Salad.*

Equal proportions of apple and celery cut in small pieces and held together by mayonnaise dressing. Serve on lettuce leaf. Nuts may be added.

### *Mayonnaise Dressing.*

Mix together one-half teaspoon each of salt and mustard, a speck cayenne, and one tablespoon each of lemon juice and vinegar. In another bowl beat the yolk of an egg slightly with fork or wooden spoon, and drop in the oil slowly; as it thickens add a little of the other mixture. Continue until one cup of oil and all the sea-

### *Clear Soup.*

After removing all fat, with each quart of cold stock put the white of one egg beaten slightly and more seasoning if required. Sometimes one-fourth pound of raw beef chopped fine is used to aid in the clearing and to give a fresh flavor of meat.

The kettle should be placed where it will heat gradually and the mixture stirred until near the boiling point, then allowed to cook gently for twenty minutes. All bits of solid substance should unite with the egg in a thick scum. After that is removed the stock should be strained through a cloth and is then ready to serve.

### *Roast Goose.*

The skin is so fat and greasy that a thorough washing is necessary, and warm soda water may be used for this purpose, before the bird is drawn. Then remove the internal organs as from a chicken or turkey, and wash quickly in clear water, and wipe dry. Roast like a turkey, pouring off the oil as it gathers in the pan. Serve with giblet sauce made by adding to a brown gravy the liver, heart, and gizzard, which have been boiled till tender and then chopped.

### *Potato Stuffing.*

Use hot mashed potato highly seasoned with salt, pepper, and parboiled onions or onion juice. Moisten with one tablespoon butter and the yolk of an egg to each cup of potato. A sprinkle of sage may be added.

### *Potato Croquettes.*

Two cups hot riced potatoes  
Two tablespoons butter



sonings have been used. A half cup of thick whipped cream may be added just before serving and also more seasonings.

#### *Fruit Pudding.*

One cup finely chopped suet  
 One cup molasses  
 One cup sour milk  
 One and one-half teaspoons soda  
 One teaspoon cinnamon  
 One-half teaspoon cloves  
 One-half teaspoon salt  
 One and one-fourth cups raisins, seeded and chopped  
 Three-fourth cup currants  
 Two and three-fourth cups flour  
 Add molasses and sour milk to suet; add two cups flour mixed and sifted with soda, salt, and spices; add fruit mixed with remaining flour. Turn into buttered mold, cover, and steam four hours. Serve with

#### *Sterling Sauce.*

One-half cup butter  
 One cup brown sugar  
 One teaspoon vanilla  
 Four tablespoons cream or milk  
 Cream the butter, add sugar gradually and milk and flavoring drop by drop to prevent separation.

#### *Macaroon Ice Cream.*

One quart cream  
 One cup macaroons

Three-fourths cup sugar  
 One tablespoon vanilla  
 Dry, pound, and measure macaroons, add cream, sugar, and vanilla, then freeze.

#### *Sponge Cake.*

Grate the yellow rind from one-half lemon, squeeze the juice over it, let stand awhile, then strain. Use from four to six eggs, according to their size. Beat the yolks thoroughly, add one cup sugar, and the lemon juice, and beat again. Sprinkle one-fourth teaspoon salt over the whites of the eggs and beat until stiff, but not too dry. Fold a part of the stiff whites into the yolks, sift over part of one cup of flour, then add the remainder of the whites, and of the flour. Do not stir to break the air bubbles. Bake in a moderate oven for nearly one hour if in one loaf.

A sprinkle of powdered sugar over the top of the cake before the pan is put in the oven produces a flaky crust.

#### *Lady Fingers, Sponge Drops, Layer Cakes.*

The sponge cake mixture may be used for sponge drops, or put through a pastry bag and tube for lady fingers, or baked in patty pans or in layers.

## OFFICERS' NOTES.

### ANNUAL REPORTS.

The report blanks for stakes and wards have been mailed to the Stake Secretaries. Please be as expeditious as possible in getting the blanks to the ward secretaries so that there will be no delay in filling them out and returning to the General Secretary. Promptness is an essential element of success, remember. Notify us at once if you have not received the blanks.

### HOME READINGS.

Hereafter all the report exacted of members will be from the suggestive reading course. And the report will be the number of books read, and not chapters, as formerly.

Question—If I am a Stake Officer, also a Ward Officer, how should I receive credit on the ward roll?

Answer—You receive credit as a Stake Officer only on official visits.

### DIME FUND.

The Dime Fund is supposed to be collected before the close of the year, and the amount sent to the General Treasurer, that this year's accounts may be straightened by December 31, 1910. Promptness in this matter will be greatly appreciated.

### DEBATES.

The pamphlet containing subjects for debates and also instructions for conducting the same, can be had upon

application at the office of the General Secretary of Y. L. M. I. A., Room 34, Bishop's Building, 40 North Main St., Salt Lake City.

#### PRICE LIST OF REFERENCE BOOKS.

History of the Church, per vol. . . \$1.50  
 History of Joseph Smith, by his  
 Mother . . . . . 1.00  
 Roberts' New Witnesses for God 1.25  
 Outlines of Ecclesiastical History  
 —Roberts . . . . . 1.75  
 (If M. I. A. members club together  
 and send for six books, they can get  
 20 per cent discount.)

#### REDUCED.

Plet can be had at the Deseret News Book Store for 50 cents.

### THE DRAMA.\*

*By Alice Calder Tuddenham.*

The successful production of a play depends in large measure upon careful rehearsals. Good organization also must be effected, to insure success; not necessarily organization of an exclusive dramatic club, but rather of a dramatic committee, to control affairs and direct details. The committee should include in its membership persons qualified as manager, as stage director, prompter, property man, music director, curtain man, scene shifter, and electrician or light-man.

**The manager** attends to the general business arrangements, secures house, dates, etc., and arranges the necessary advertising and detail of admission and convenience of the audience.

**The stage director** must be tactful and a good observer in his line, so as to give him experience in the effect of appearance and action upon an audience. He should be a good reader and have practical knowledge of the essentials of elocution. He should be the reader of plays to the committee which passes on their local adaptability, and to the persons who are to be assigned parts; he should also have the chief responsibility in casting the piece, or selecting the individuals who

are to take the various parts, and in the stage settings and arrangements. His is the work of general supervision in the actual production of the play, and his orders as to procedure should be prompt and judicious, as they must necessarily be obeyed.

**The prompter** should have a clear voice, and be able to speak in a strong whisper as well as in an open tone. He should occupy a position from which he can be heard readily by the players, without his voice carrying to the audience, and must be on the alert to pick up lines, correct errors, and lead the player where lapses of memory occur.

**The property man** dresses the stage, sees that various articles needed are in their proper place for the convenience of the players, while the performance is in progress, and is a handy man generally. He may also be scene-shifter and light-man, or may be used as prompter.

**The music director** has charge of all music required in the play, and often may be an efficient promoter and an efficient aid to the stage director.

**The curtain man** should give the raising and lowering of the curtain his first attention, and should be particularly alert on the occasion of recalls or tableaux. He may also act as light-man, and give general assistance when the curtain is down.

Each of these persons should attend rehearsals and be familiar with details to perform properly his especial part. The harmony and efficiency of the people behind the scenes is quite as important and as essential to success, as the same requirements on the part of those who "speak the lines."

The following are among the plays which have received approval as suitable for presentation by the associations:

"Sweethearts," comedy in two acts, for two male and two female characters; plays one hour; one exterior scene.

"The Ticket-of-Leave Man," drama in four acts, nine male and three female characters; plays two and a quarter hours; costumes and scenery easily arranged.

"The Old New Hampshire Home," drama in three acts; seven male and four female characters; plays two and a half hours; two exterior scenes, one interior; easily set.

\*See articles on the Drama in the August Journal and Era and in the November Journal.

"Engaging Janet," comedy sketch in one act; seven females; plays forty minutes; interior scene; costumes easy.

"Edendale," "Caste," "Meg's Diversion," "The Rough Diamond," "The Violin of Cremona," "Cricket on the Hearth," "The Finger of Scorn," "The Last Loaf," "The Patriot," "Our Boys," and "Rebecca's Triumph," also are suitable and easily prepared under the careful direction which should attend every presentation.

All players should understand that they owe to the audience the duty of

well-performed work. "It'll do," is an unfortunate watchword: "I'll do my best" has the right ring in all amateur dramatics.

#### OUR ADVERTISERS.

Those who wish to build up our state will use home products, and patronize home manufactures. This will give employment to hundreds of our own people.

Notice our advertising department. We can safely recommend any who advertise with us. When buying remember them.

## THE RELIGION CLASS.

This article tells how three boys were directed in their conduct and how one boy was not, and from the four situations deduces some principles according to which hundreds of other boys may be similarly guided.

First as to the boy who was not helped. He was a bright little fellow, with a genius for mechanics. His mother was dead; he was the only child; and his father was reckless. Some of the townspeople, seeing how things were going, called on the father time and again to see if they could not induce him to let the boy attend the religious organizations in the ward. The boy wanted to, but the father would not let him, and no amount of persuasion on the part of friends availed.

Now, the boy had nothing to do. So he tinkered with tools and wagons and things. He was always trying to make something. And a small crisis came into his life. One day a carpenter lost the key of his tool chest. The boy made a key for it. The thing becoming known, he was asked to make other keys for other chests, for drawers, and whatnot. After a while he took to making keys without being asked, and to opening other people's boxes and chests when the key was not lost and when they did not know he was doing it.

Then the boy was put into jail. And once, to show what he could do, he got out and went to the village, meeting on his way the jailor with his breakfast. But he returned to jail of his own free will, showing that he had honor. Presently three notorious criminals were lodged in jail as his companions.

They taught him all they knew of the art of crime and law-dodging, and in return he taught them how to escape, the boy escaping with them. Thus he got started on a career of crime, where the rest of his life would be spent skulking and dodging, with his hand against everybody and everybody's hand against him.

That is of a boy who was not helped. Altogether different are the three other cases.

Two boys were looking with anxious, lustful eyes at an apple tree. The tree did not belong to them or to anyone who was related to them. The fruit was ripe and tempting. The boys were there to be tempted. Cautiously they looked around to see if anyone was near. No one was. Cautiously they stole over to the fence, stopping to look about every now and then. They climbed the fence, shook the tree, hurriedly gathered some apples, and hastened away.

But someone had seen them. A Religion Class worker had been looking out of the window, her eyes vaguely taking in the neighbor's apple tree. She watched the boys. That evening the two lads happened to come to her house. She called them in and questioned them about their theft. They did not deny it.

"Didn't you hear a voice telling you not to do it?" she inquired.

Each declared he had not. Each protested that if he had heard it he would not have done it.

"You are sure you didn't hear a voice?"

They were sure-quite sure.

"Well, why did you stop and look about so often?"

Then they understood. And the good woman got them to feel that they ought to listen to the voice of conscience, for it always speaks distinctly, whenever we do anything in approval or disapproval, but gets ever fainter and fainter when it is unheeded.

Another boy in another place spent a good deal of time in the neighborhood of a house that was being built. His eyes often looked lustfully at the new shining tools the carpenter was using. At night, therefore, when no one was around but himself, he took now one tool now another.

The carpenter noticed that the tools were disappearing somewhere. He suspected the boy, but would not for the world accuse him, for he had no evidence on the point; and then, there was always the possibility that he might have suspected the wrong person. So he said to the boy, one day:

"Say, Jimmie, I wish you'd keep your eye on that tool chest of mine when I'm not here, to see that nobody bothers it. You know, someone may use the tools and either break them or dull their edges." He did not hint that they might be stolen.

The boy readily consented. He was proud of being trusted by a man. A boy is always flattered by the attentions of a grown man who knows how to do anything.

No more tools were taken. The tools that had been stolen were returned!

In another place there was a boy who used to lead other boys into a man's melon patch at night. He took melons at such a rate as threatened the whole patch. The man knew who it was that was responsible. It was a delicate situation, but he was equal to it. Meeting the boy one day on the street, he said to him—

"If you boys want any of my melons, come to me in the day time and I'll give you one once in a while.

After that not only did this particular boy not steal any melons, but he would not allow other boys to steal any.

The psychological process involved was this:

Here, then, are four boys, each of whom was confronted by a temptation to do wrong. Moreover, the teacher in each case (for the father in the first instance may be classed as a teacher) observed the temptation and knew, presumably, the tendency to wrongdoing in the boy's act. Here was a crisis. How should it be met? The first was met by the operation of a force external to the boy; the other cases by a force within the boys. The one was governed from without; the others were taught to govern themselves. This latter is the sound educational principle of self-government.

## Christmas in the Forest.

Cold night skies are bending lower,  
 Restless little snow flakes fall,  
 Hiding nature's leaves and flowers  
 Underneath a snowy pall.  
 Ghostly aspens now are whiter,  
 Pine boughs droop and brush the ground;  
 Here and there a lone bird's twitter  
 Is the only life like sound.

Stars are blinded by the snow flakes,  
 Moon light too gives place to snow.  
 In the west the night is sliding  
 Farther from the morning glow.  
 Daylight tints the snowy woodland,  
 Blue the cold sky smiles above;  
 It is Christmas in the forest,  
 And its herald is a dove.



# Young Woman's Journal

ORGAN OF THE YOUNG LADIES' MUTUAL  
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS.

IMPROVEMENT OUR MOTTO,  
PERFECTION OUR AIM.

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SALT LAKE CITY, - DECEMBER, 1910

## One Bishop's Plan.

Christmas is not a time of unalloyed joy to all. There are some who cannot help feeling sad because some of their loved ones who made so many celebrations of this day of days bright and happy have passed to the great beyond.

One Bishop, desiring to make glad those in his ward who might spend a sad Christmas were not something done to cheer them, for years carried out this beautiful plan. The Bishopric, accompanied by a quartette of good singers, visited on Christmas morning, every widow in the ward and others whom it was thought especially needed enlivening. Beautiful Christmas songs were rendered, kind wishes were expressed, and

a fervent "God bless you" was voiced.

These good men and women left peace and happiness where else might have reigned gloom and sad memories. And what came to those who had gone about in His name? The service was sweet to them. They returned to their own homes with more beautiful spirits, for in carrying the spirit of peace and good will to the sorrowing it found an abiding place in their hearts.



It is a beautiful close to the year to have its last days filled with the Christmas spirit of unselfish service and of loving thought for others—the spirit of peace and good will to men. How the soul expands under the beneficent sunshine of this glad time! Holier thoughts arise, more unselfishness is displayed, sweeter deeds of love are made manifest than at any other time. Hearts are full of gratitude as the survey of the year takes place and people realize that it has brought more joy than sorrow, more sunny days than cloudy ones, more friends have worked for than enemies against, the land has teemed with plenty, and there has been work for all to do.

With the realization of the largeness of blessings come to each the queries: What have I done to merit the favors that have been bestowed upon me with such a lavish hand? Have I comforted those who mourned? Have I visited the sick? Have I been charitable in word and thought and deed? Have I done faithfully the work the Master would have me do? Have I made a wise use of that wonderful gift—a year of time?

In the year which will soon dawn let each make out of his past failures stepping stones to higher and better things.

# GUIDE DEPARTMENT.

## The Story of the Restoration.

### XI.

#### THE SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

Less than a month after the organization of the Church in 1830, there happened at Colesville, New York, one of the most remarkable manifestations in the history of the modern world. Joseph Smith had gone to Colesville to visit at the home of Joseph Knight. The Knights were Universalists. They were interested, however in the message of the young Prophet. One of them, particularly—a son named Newel Knight—seemed to be much affected by the Prophet's teachings. Says the Prophet in his simple narrative:

"He and I had many serious conversations on the important subject of man's eternal salvation. We got into the habit of praying much at our meetings, and Newel had said that he would try and take up his cross, and pray vocally during meeting; but when we again met together, he rather excused himself. I tried to prevail upon him. \* \* \* He replied that \* \* \* he would wait until he could get into the woods by himself, and there he would pray. Accordingly, he deferred praying until next morning, when he retired into the woods; where, according to his own account afterwards, he made several attempts to pray, but could scarcely do so, feeling that he had not done his duty, in refusing to pray in the presence of others. He began to feel uneasy, and continued to feel worse both in mind and body, until, upon reaching his own house, his appearance was such as to alarm his wife very much. He requested her to go and bring me to him. I went, and found him suffering very much in

his mind, and his body acted upon in a very strange manner; his visage and limbs distorted and twisted in every shape and appearance possible to imagine; and finally he was caught up off the floor of the apartment, and tossed about most fearfully.

"His situation was soon made known to his neighbors and relatives, and in a short time as many as eight or nine grown persons had got together to witness the scene. After he had thus suffered for a time, I succeeded in getting hold of him by the hand, when almost immediately he spoke to me, and with great earnestness requested me to cast the devil out of him, saying that he knew he was in him, and that he also knew I could cast him out.

"I replied, 'If you know that I can, it shall be done;' and then almost unconsciously I rebuked the devil, and commanded him in the name of Jesus Christ to depart from him; when immediately Newel spoke out and said that he saw the devil leave him and vanish from his sight. This was the first miracle which was done in the Church, or by any member of it, and it was done not by man, nor by the power of man, but it was done by God, and by the power of godliness; therefore, let the honor and the praise, the dominion and the glory, be ascribed to the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, for ever and ever. Amen."<sup>a</sup>

Concerning the truth of this un-garnished account there can be no doubt. It has appeared in print for many years, and has never been called in question. Moreover, the miracle was witnessed by several adult persons, and was strongly attested by Newel Knight himself.

<sup>a</sup>Hist. of Church, Vol. I, pp. 82, 83.

Without question, then, with the very beginning of the Church, the gifts of healing, so common with Jesus and His disciples, were restored to those holding the Holy Priesthood.

Not more than a year and a half after the performance of this remarkable miracle, there was performed another which the Prophet passed over in his narrative with scarcely a notice. He says:

"About this time" (September 12, 1831) "Ezra Booth came out as an apostate. He came into the Church upon seeing a person healed of an infirmity of many years' standing."<sup>b</sup>

That is all. Fortunately, however, there is preserved for us an account of this case of healing; and it is the more valuable because it is written by a Campbellite historian, who did not accept the message of the Prophet Joseph Smith. The historian says:

"Ezra Booth, of Mantua, a Methodist preacher of much more than ordinary culture, and with strong natural abilities, in company with his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, and some other citizens of this place (Hiram, Ohio,) visited Smith at his home in Kirtland, in 1831. Mrs. Johnson had been afflicted for some time with a lame arm, and was not at the time of the visit able to lift her hand to her head. The party visited Smith partly out of curiosity, and partly to see for themselves what there might be in the new doctrine. During the interview the conversation turned on the subject of supernatural gifts, such as were conferred in the days of the apostles. Some one said, 'Here is Mrs. Johnson with a lame arm; has God given any power to men now on earth to cure her?' A few moments later, when the conversation had turned in another direction, Smith rose, and walking across the room, taking Mrs. Johnson by the hand, said in the most solemn and impressive manner: 'Woman, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I command thee to

be whole,' and immediately left the room. The company were awe-stricken at the infinite presumption of the man, and the calm assurance with which he spoke. The sudden mental and moral shock—I know not how better to explain the well-attested fact—electrified the rheumatic arm—Mrs. Johnson at once lifted it up with ease, and on her return home the next day she was able to do her washing without difficulty or pain."<sup>c</sup>

We can easily believe that the company was amazed at the manifestation of such power. The like of it had not been seen since the days of the Savior Himself; and by the imparting of such miraculous power to the young Prophet, another act in the great drama of the Restoration was accomplished. It was not the will of God, however, that the great Prophet alone should possess the power to heal the sick. On the contrary, it was known to be a gift bestowed upon all the Higher Priesthood. From the first the elders had practiced the order of anointing the sick and praying for them. But in 1832, a little more than two years after the organization of the Church, the Lord gave a revelation in which He declared to the elders that certain signs should follow the operation of faith. The words of the Lord are:

"As I said unto mine apostles I say unto you again that every soul who believeth on your words, and is baptized by water for the remission of sins, shall receive the Holy Ghost; and these signs shall follow them that believe:

"In my name they shall do many wonderful works;

"In my name they shall cast out devils;

"In my name they shall heal the sick;

"In my name they shall open the eyes of the blind, and unstop the ears of the deaf;

<sup>c</sup>Hayden's History of the Disciples, pp. 250, 251; quoted in Hist. of Church, Vol. I, pp. 215, 216, footnote.

<sup>b</sup>Hist. of Church, Vol. I, p. 215.

"And the tongue of the dumb shall speak;

"And if any man shall administer poison unto them it shall not hurt them;

"And the poison of a serpent shall not have power to hurt them."<sup>d</sup>

Thus wonderfully did the Lord repeat the promise made to the apostles of old.<sup>e</sup> And the promise has been fulfilled in an equally wonderful manner. The number of miraculous healings since 1832 is far too large to bear detailing here. On almost every page of Church history, from that day to the present, may be found the account of wonderful healings. And hundreds of thousands testify that the gift of healing is indeed operative among the Latter-day Saints.

The gift of healing is not the only supernatural gift, however, that has been restored in latter days.

"About the 8th of November," writes Joseph Smith, "I received a visit from Elders Joseph Young, Brigham Young, and Heber C. Kimball of Mendon, Monroe county, New York. They spent four or five days in Kirtland, during which we had many interesting moments. At one of our interviews, Brother Brigham Young and John P. Greene spoke in tongues, which was the first time I had heard this gift among the brethren: others also spoke, and I received the gift myself."<sup>f</sup>

So briefly does the Prophet mention the reappearance of the strange gift of tongues. Fortunately, however, we have again another and fuller account. Writing of the same incident, President Brigham Young says:

"A few weeks after my baptism I was at Brother Kimball's house one morning, and while family prayer was

being offered up, Brother Alpheus Gifford commenced speaking in tongues. Soon the Spirit came on me, and I spoke in tongues, and we thought only of the day of Pentecost, when the apostles were clothed upon with cloven tongues of fire.

"In September, 1832, Brother Heber C. Kimball took his horse and wagon, Brother Joseph Young and myself accompanying him, and started for Kirtland to see the Prophet Joseph. We visited many friends on the way, and some branches of the Church. We exhorted them and prayed with them, and I spoke in tongues. Some pronounced it genuine and from the Lord, and others pronounced it from the devil.

"We proceeded to Kirtland and stopped at John P. Greene's, who had just arrived there with his family. We rested a few minutes, took some refreshment, and started to see the prophet. \* \* \* \*

"In the evening a few of the brethren came in, and we conversed together upon the things of the kingdom. He called upon me to pray; in my prayer I spoke in tongues. As soon as we arose from our knees the brethren flocked around him, and asked his opinion concerning the gift of tongues that was upon me. He told them that it was the pure Adamic language. Some said to him they expected he would condemn the gift Brother Brigham had, but he said, 'No, it is of God.'"<sup>g</sup>

Since the incident here related, many hundreds of the Saints of God have been blessed with this divine gift. Some are given to speak in tongues and others to interpret. Always the miracle comes to those who have faith, to strengthen their faith; and never merely to create faith, nor to convert. Again, however, the number of these miraculous manifestations is far too large to be considered here. Hundreds of thousands, however, bear witness to the restoration of the marvelous gift. And it is the fact of

<sup>d</sup>Doc. and Cov. 84: 63-72. See Mark 16: 16-18.

<sup>f</sup>Hist. of Church, Vol. I, pp. 296, 297.

<sup>e</sup>See Mark 16: 16-18.

<sup>g</sup>Millennial Star, Vol. 25, p. 439; also quoted in part in Hist. of Church, Vol. I, p. 297, footnote.



restoration about which we are most concerned.

Besides the gift of performing miracles and of healing, and the gift of speaking in tongues and of interpreting tongues, there are yet other supernatural gifts restored in this dispensation. To Joseph Smith was given very early the gift of prophecy. In the book of Doctrine and Covenants may be found many remarkable predictions made by him. All these predictions have been literally fulfilled, in so far as the time has come for their fulfillment; and the fulfillment happened in many cases long after the martyrdom of the great Prophet. Not only Joseph Smith, however, but many others in the Church have been blessed with the same gift of prophecy. All the presidents of the Church have displayed the divine gift. Many men in exalted position, and many men of low degree, have likewise manifested the prophetic inspiration of the Holy Spirit. The gift of prophecy is common among the restored gifts of the Church. So also is the gift of discernment, and the gift of wisdom, and the gift of knowledge, and the gift of faith. Indeed, through the ministry of the Prophet Joseph Smith have been restored to man all the spiritual gifts known to the saints of old. To the great modern Church of Christ have been given those things enumerated by the Apostle Paul.

"Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant," wrote Paul to the Corinthians. "Ye know that ye were Gentiles, carried away unto these dumb idols, even as ye were led. Wherefore I give you to understand, that no man speaking by the spirit of God calleth Jesus accursed: and that no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost. Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And

there are diversities of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations but it is the same God which worketh all in all. But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. For to one is given by the Spirit, the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge, by the same Spirit; to another faith, by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing, by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discernment of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues: but all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will."<sup>h</sup>

#### QUESTIONS.

1. What relationship existed between Joseph Smith and the family of Joseph Knight?
2. What was the attitude of the Knights toward the message of the Prophet Joseph?
3. What promise did Newel Knight fail to keep when he met with the Saints in service?
4. How was he affected when he tried to pray alone in the wood?
5. Relate the story of the first miracle.
6. What is the Prophet's testimony concerning this miracle?
7. Show why the story as related by the Prophet is above the suspicion of a doubt.
8. What does the Prophet say about the miracle that brought Ezra Booth into the Church?
9. Tell how Mrs. Johnson's lame arm was healed.
10. Why is the testimony of the Campbellite historian of incalculable value?
11. Upon whom was the gift of healing bestowed in this dispensation?
12. Repeat what the Lord said on the subject in the revelation of 1832.
13. When and where was the gift of tongues first made manifest in this dispensation?
14. What did the Prophet Joseph say about Brigham Young's gift?

<sup>h</sup>I Cor. 12: 1-11.

15. How extensively has this gift been made manifest in the Church?
16. How is the gift of prophecy shown to be restored with other spiritual gifts?
17. Can you name a prediction made by the Prophet Joseph Smith that has been fulfilled since his martyrdom?
18. What other spiritual gifts have been restored besides those enumerated above?
19. Cite a particular instance of your own—one well-supported by evidence—of the operation of some miraculous gift.
20. Discuss the words of Paul concerning spiritual gifts.

## SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

- A. Study carefully what the folk of the middle ages believed concerning spiritual gifts; study also the beliefs of the modern sectarian world. Compare what you learn with what is taught in the New Testament, and with what is taught by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
- B. Read carefully the articles entitled "Remarkable Parallels," by Osborne J. P. Widtsoe, printed in Vol. 17 of the Young Woman's Journal. Can Joseph Smith be accented on the evidence as a divinely inspired prophet of God?

## XII.

## SACRED WRITINGS OF OLD.

*The Inspired "Translation."*

In December, 1830, the Prophet Joseph Smith received a revelation in which was contained an important promise pertaining to the sacred records of the Church. The Church had been in existence little more than six months. During those months it had grown phenomenally in numbers. And during those months, too, many discussions had been inevitably provoked concerning the infallibility of the scriptures. The Prophet who lived and moved among them, the saints accepted as the living oracle of God. His word they never questioned; and when they thirsted for the Water of Life, he was abundantly able to give it them. But the sacred writings of the Jews—the Bible—had not the power so to satisfy them as had the quick word of the Prophet. The words of the ancients were not clear. It seemed that there were mistranslations, omissions, and even interpolations in the Holy Book. Moreover, some valuable scriptures

seemed to have been lost. They appeared in the Book in name only; their invaluable contents were unknown. In view of these conditions, it is not surprising that the young Church should desire to know how much of the Sacred Word of God, as it had been preserved to them, might be accepted with authority. And what they longed to know was divinely given to them. In a revelation received by the young Prophet in December, 1830, the Lord God said to Sidney Rigdon,

"A commandment I give unto thee, that thou shalt write for him (i. e., Joseph Smith); and the Scriptures shall be given, even as they are in mine own bosom, to the salvation of mine own elect."<sup>a</sup>

This promise, with commandment, evidently signifies that the Lord purposes to make clear the dark sayings of Scripture, over which the infant Church was puzzling. In support of this fact may

<sup>a</sup>Doc. and Cov. 35: 20.

be cited another revelation, given only two months later, in which the Lord renews the promise:

"Thou shalt ask," he said to the Prophet Joseph, "and my scriptures shall be given as I have appointed, and they shall be preserved in safety."<sup>b</sup>

Already, however, six months or so before the promise was made in revelation, the Lord had prepared for its fulfillment. In June, 1830, only two months after the organization of the Church, the Prophet had received the revelation known as the "Words of Moses."<sup>c</sup> It is a kind of introduction to the book of Genesis; it tells how Moses came to know the story of the creation, and the relation of man to God. No finer introductory chapter to the book of beginnings could possibly be conceived. Again, in the same month in which the revelation with promise was given, the Lord revealed certain "doings of olden times, from the prophecy of Enoch."<sup>d</sup> "Much conjecture and conversation frequently occurred among the Saints," writes the Prophet, "concerning the books mentioned, and referred to, in various places in the Old and New Testaments, which were now nowhere to be found. The common remark was, 'They are lost books;' but it seems the Apostolic Church had some of these writings, as Jude mentions or quotes the prophecy of Enoch, the seventh from Adam."<sup>e</sup> To the joy of the congregation, extracts from this prophecy of Enoch were revealed to the Prophet Joseph, and added to the growing treasure-house of scripture. Already, too, the Prophet had begun

to make a kind of marginal translation of the Bible. Before the close of the year 1830, this "translation" was well under way.

Before the close of the year, however, the Prophet was commanded to desist from further translating until he should go to Ohio.<sup>f</sup> Again, in December, 1831, the Prophet and Sidney Rigdon were commanded to go upon a mission preaching the gospel.<sup>g</sup> Of necessity, the work of "translation" must rest while the Seer and the scribe were about these other duties. Except for such interruptions as these, however, the "translation" of the Bible made fair progress. And in addition to the textual "translation," there were received by the Prophet other revelations bearing upon the Holy Word. Thus, in January, 1832, there was received an explanation of I Cor. 7:14.<sup>h</sup> In February, of the same year, there came to the translators, while they were engaged with the Gospel of St. John, a wonderful vision of the glories hereafter.<sup>i</sup> The following March, the Prophet received explanation of the revelations of St. John.<sup>j</sup> One year later, there came a revelation on the authenticity of the Apocrypha.<sup>k</sup> Thus, by the spirit of inspiration and revelation, the sacred records of old were made plain. The mistakes of men were corrected; and important words that had been lost, were supplied. The "translations" of the New Testament was finished February 2, 1833; and that of the Old Testament, July 2 of the same year.

In a revelation given January 19, 1841, it appears that William Marks

<sup>b</sup>Doc. and Cov. 42: 56.

<sup>c</sup>Pearl of Great Price.

<sup>d</sup>Hist. of Church, Vol. I, p. 133.

<sup>e</sup>Hist. of Church, Vol. I, p. 132.

<sup>f</sup>Doc. and Cov. 37: 1.

<sup>g</sup>Doc. and Cov. 71: 1-11.

<sup>h</sup>Doc. and Cov. Sec. 74.

<sup>i</sup>Doc. and Cov. Sec. 76.

<sup>j</sup>Doc. and Cov. Sec. 77.

<sup>k</sup>Doc. and Cov. Sec. 91.

was appointed by the Lord to publish the New "translation." For some reason, however, the inspired version of the Bible was never published by the Church. It was not until after the martyrdom of the Prophet, and the institution many years later of the so-called Re-Organized Church, that a version of the Inspired Translation appeared, published by the "Reorganites." This version, however, has been altered in many places. It cannot be accepted as the authentic "translation" made by the Prophet Joseph. Meanwhile, the Authorized Version of King James, remains the standard Bible of the Church. The only other accepted publication of Biblical matter, is the Book of Moses as found in the Pearl of Great Price.

### *The Book of Abraham.*

In July, 1835, there came into the hands of the Prophet, Joseph Smith, other invaluable records of the times of the patriarchs. It appears that in the year 1828, a French explorer named Antonio Sebolo, secured permission from Mehemet Ali, the viceroy of Egypt, to explore for antiquities. Three years later, in 1831, he entered some catacombs near the place where stood formerly the ancient city of Thebes. Eleven of the mummies, found in a perfect state of preservation, Sebolo carried away with him to Paris. On the way to the French capital, however, M. Sebolo put in at Trieste, where he died after an illness of several days. The mummies were then directed to a nephew named Chandler. Mr. Chandler lived in Philadelphia, Pa., though it was supposed that his home was in Ireland. After a devious course, the mummies came finally to New York, addressed to

Michael H. Chandler. There the caskets were first opened, and the contents examined. "On opening the coffins," the Prophet tells us, "he (Mr. Chandler) discovered that in connection with two of the bodies, was something rolled up with the same kind of linen, saturated with the same bitumen, which when examined, proved to be two rolls of papyrus." These rolls of papyrus were beautifully written "with black, and a small part red, ink or paint, in perfect preservation."<sup>m</sup>

A stranger standing near at the time of the discovery recommended to Mr. Chandler that he seek out the Mormon Prophet, Joseph Smith, as probably the only man who could render a correct translation of the ancient manuscripts. Mr. Chandler, however, began to exhibit the mummies in the larger cities of the United States. They very soon became objects of peculiar interest. Mr. Chandler was assured by the learned men of the land that both mummies and papyrus were genuine. Indeed, from some he received certificates testifying to the genuineness of his display and to the characters of the papyrus. It was not until July 3, 1835, that Mr. Chandler reached Kirtland with the Egyptian mummies. Immediately, it appears, he sought out the Prophet Joseph Smith. "There were four human figures," the latter writes in his history, "together with some two or more rolls of papyrus covered with hieroglyphic figures and devices. As Mr. Chandler had been told I could translate them, he brought me some of the characters, and I gave him the interpretation, and like a gentleman, he gave me the following certificate:

<sup>l</sup>Doc. and Cov. 124: 89.

<sup>m</sup>Hist. of Church, Vol. II, pp. 348-350.



"Kirtland, July 6, 1835.

"This is to make known to all who may be desirous, concerning the knowledge of Mr. Joseph Smith, Jun., in deciphering the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphic characters in my possession, which I have, in many eminent cities, showed to the most learned; and, from the information that I could ever learn, or meet with, I find that of Mr. Joseph Smith, Jun., to correspond in the most minute matters.

"Michael H. Chandler,

"Traveling with, and proprietor of Egyptian mummies."

Soon after receiving this certificate from Mr. Chandler some of the Saints in Kirtland purchased from him both mummies and papyrus. Thereupon, the Prophet, with W. W. Phelps and Oliver Cowdery as scribes, began to translate the strange hieroglyphics. To their infinite joy, they found that one of the rolls contained the writings of Abraham, whereas the other contained the writings of Joseph, who was sold into Egypt. The first of these the Prophet translated, at least in large part, if not in full. It recounts the trials of Abraham in the idolatrous home of his fathers, and his own miraculous deliverance. It tells also of the creation of the world, and of the spirits before, and reveals the system of astronomy understood by the ancient patriarch. The Book of Abraham, an invaluable and truly authentic record translated by divine inspiration, forms now an important part of the Pearl of Great Price.

It appears that the papyrus-roll containing the writings of Joseph was never translated—nor can it be so now. The Saints retained possession of the mummies, and carried them along in their wanderings, until they became settled in their new home—Nauvoo, the Beautiful. There, the mummies were displayed in the Nauvoo Mansion, built by

the Prophet. After the death of the Prophet, however, the mummies and the papyrus-rolls were sold. For some time they were exhibited by a syndicate in St. Louis. Thence, they were sold to a museum in Chicago. When the great fire swept Chicago in 1870, the museum was destroyed; and with it, presumably, the historic mummies and the sacred records of old. All that we have preserved to us, then, of these interesting papyrus records is contained in the Book of Abraham.

Thus the knowledge of the Saints was extended, the hand-dealings of God with His ancient people were made known, and many sacred writings were added to the scripture already possessed by the Church. The King James version of the Bible was already accepted "as far it was translated correctly." The Book of Moses deals with the beginnings—with the fundamentals. It reveals how man came first to know of God, of His Son, Jesus Christ, and of the divine plan of salvation. It supplies the living truth of man's relationship to God, which the Authorized Version—through the interference of the opinions of men—had lost. And it looks hopefully forward to the future, when the earth shall cease weeping, and the King of glory shall come in. Without that portion of inspired scripture contained in the Book of Moses, we should lack much in our knowledge of the history of God and man.

In like manner, the Book of Abraham supplies a keenly felt want in the minds of religious men. Independent of the Book of Moses, it corroborates all that is taught there. And it goes further. From it we learn important truths concerning a pre-existent state; and from it we learn more fully, too, of the worlds, and the creation of worlds. The science of creation is perhaps no-

"Hist. of Church, Vol. II, p. 235.

where else so fully explained as in the Book of Abraham. Without this strange record, too, we should lack much in our knowledge of the history of God and man.

Another act, then, in the great drama of the Restoration has been accomplished. To knowledge has been added knowledge. To the sacred record contained in the Bible was added that of the Book of Mormon. And now, to both of these, are added two others, briefer than either of the first, but wanting nothing in significance to the people of God.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. What was the nature of the promise received by Joseph Smith in December, 1830.
2. How long had the Church then been organized? To what extent had it increased in numbers?
3. In your opinion, which is the more important, the living oracle of God, or the inspired written record? Why?
4. How had it become necessary to receive further revelation to make clear the ancient Scriptures?
5. Repeat the words of the two revelations giving promise that the Scriptures shall be preserved correctly among men.
6. What important words had the Lord already revealed before the promise was given?
7. What is the "Words of Moses?"
8. What is the prophecy of Enoch?
9. What was the nature of the "translation" of the Scriptures made by Joseph Smith?
10. Name and discuss the four special explanations received by the Prophet while engaged in the work of translation.

11. When was the translation completed?
12. Why was it never printed?
13. Of what value is the version printed by the Reorganites?
14. What is, then, the place of the Authorized Version of the Bible in our Church?
15. Tell the story of Antonio Sebolo and the Egyptian mummies.
16. How did the mummies happen to come to America?
17. How was Mr. Chandler first informed of the divine gift possessed by the Prophet Joseph?
18. What opinion did the learned men of America express concerning the mummies and the papyrus rolls?
19. What was the nature of the certificate given by Mr. Chandler to the Prophet?
20. How did the mummies come into the possession of the Church?
21. What did the Prophet find the papyrus rolls to contain?
22. Outline the contents of the "Book of Abraham."
23. What became of the mummies and the original manuscripts?
24. How can you use the fact that Joseph Smith presumed to make an inspired "translation" of the Scriptures, and to give to the world a record written by Abraham, the Friend of God, as evidence that the great American Prophet was not an imposter, but a truly inspired Man of God?

#### SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

- A. Study "How We Got Our Bible," by J. Patterson Smyth (published by James Pott & Co.); justify our belief as expressed in the eighth article of faith.
- B. Read "The Divine Authenticity of the Book of Abraham," a pamphlet by President George Reynolds. Make oral, or written, reports on the objections to the book and the answers to those objections.









